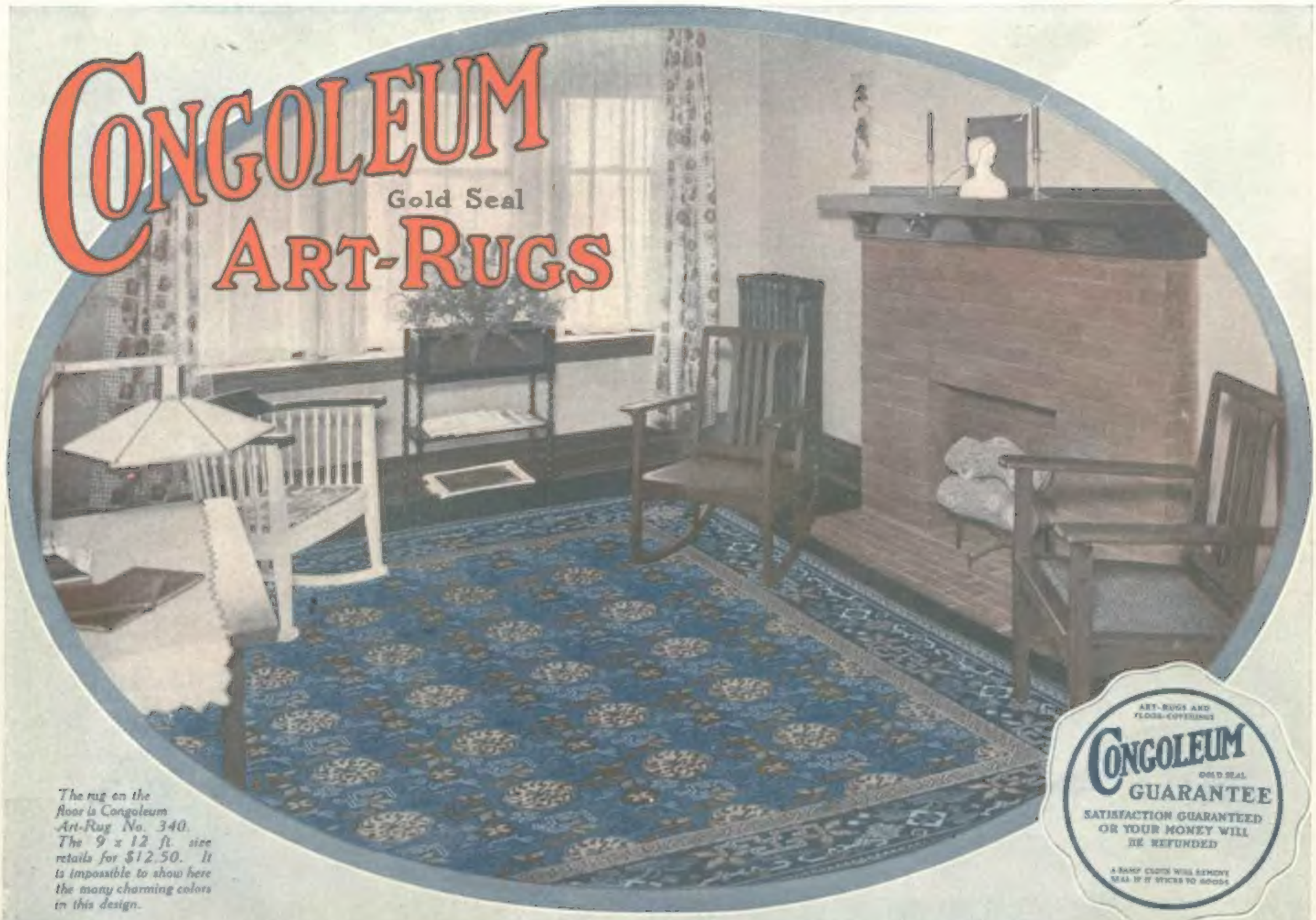
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° [illegible] by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JANUARY 26. 1918 — 5cts. THE COPY

Captain Schlotterwerz—By Booth Tarkington. **England After the War**—By Isaac F. Marcosson



The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 340. The 9 x 12 ft. size retails for $12.50. It is impossible to show here the many charming colors in this design.

ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SEAL IF IT STICKS TO GOODS

The Up-to-Date, Economical Floor-Covering

THE low prices of Congoleum Art-Rugs offer the patriotic American housewife a way to practise war-time economy in floor-covering. And they also bring to her many advantages which hitherto she could not find in rugs of this quality.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are rapidly taking the place of low-priced carpets and fabric rugs because, in addition to their remarkable beauty, they combine genuine sanitation with ease of cleaning and real economy.

For Every Room in the House

Congoleum Art-Rugs should not be confused with woven rugs, because they have a surface that is firm, non-absorbent and positively waterproof. They are made in a wide range of sizes and patterns, offering appropriate rugs for every room in the house. Sizes and prices as follows:

3 feet x 4½ feet	.....	$1.56 each
3 feet x 6 feet	.....	2.08 each
6 feet x 9 feet	.....	6.25 each
7½ feet x 9 feet	.....	8.00 each
9 feet x 9 feet	.....	9.50 each
9 feet x 10½ feet	.....	11.25 each
9 feet x 12 feet	.....	12.50 each

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Lie Flat without Fastening

Congoleum Art-Rugs never curl or "kick up" at the edges and corners; no need of tacking or fastening them down; the dust cannot accumulate underneath.

Waterproof—Sanitary—Easy to Clean

It takes but a few seconds to clean a Congoleum Art-Rug. A damp mop is all you require. There is no unsanitary and laborious beating and sweeping; no dust and dirt to fill the air you breathe.

Don't fail to see these beautiful money-saving rugs before you decide upon any floor-covering for your home. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.

FREE — Beautiful Rug Chart

We have a new Rug Chart showing the Congoleum patterns in colors. You really should send for a copy to see the assortment of stunning patterns. This chart will be sent free upon request. Write nearest office today before you forget it and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

Look for this new Gold Seal if you want genuine Congoleum Rugs

All genuine Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings can be quickly and easily identified by this Gold Seal which is pasted upon the face of every rug or on every two yards of Congoleum By-The-Yard. If you do not find the Gold Seal, have your dealer show you the name "Congoleum" stamped upon the back of the material. This slight precaution will protect you against the inferior substitutes which are sometimes offered as genuine Congoleum. Don't be misled. Look before you buy.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and foreign countries.

Congoleum Rug-Borders

You will find Congoleum Rug-Borders, or "Rug Surrounds," far superior to painting or staining old wooden floors. When laid around the edges of a large center-rug, the resemblance to a genuine hardwood floor is perfect. Lies flat without fastening. Made in rolls 36 and 24 inches wide at 60c. and 45c. a yard respectively. You can buy any length you need from your dealer.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

An absolutely waterproof, sanitary covering for the entire floor. *Contains absolutely no burlap.* Lies flat without fastening. Sold in rolls 72 inches wide at 75c. per square yard. Made in many attractive patterns.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

WAR TIME ECONOMY and ECONOMY renewable FUSES

This war on autocracy resolves itself into a war on *waste*. Intelligent conservation "over here" is essential to victory "over there."

Conserve fuses and the materials used in their manufacture. When an enclosed fuse on a wiring circuit operates, don't replace it with a new fuse of the "One-Time" type. Use an ECONOMY FUSE, and after operation, an inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link, replacing the blown link, renews the fuse and makes it available for continued duty.

Conserve finances by fusing your electrical circuits the ECONOMY way and cutting your annual fuse maintenance cost 80%.

Follow the lead of the U. S. Navy, prominent powder and munition plants, steel mills and large and small industrial establishments by adopting this method of obtaining positive electrical protection and saving on protection costs.

Economy renewable Fuses are sold by leading electrical jobbers and dealers, who will gladly show you the complete line and quote prices.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.

Kinzie and Orleans Sts., Chicago, U. S. A.

Also made in Canada at Montreal.

The ECONOMY "Drop Out" Renewal Link

is used only in Economy Fuses and can be obtained in no other type or make. A new "Drop Out" Renewal Link instantly restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency and makes it available for use over and over again to protect lives, plants and machinery against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits. A stock of "Drop Out" Renewal Links always on hand represents only a small investment.

"ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator—is now made and marketed only by Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.

Crisco in one-pound packages —a new size

YOU can buy Crisco, as good as ever, as sweet and wholesome as ever and at a price within the reach of any pocket-book. This pure, all vegetable cooking fat now sells by the pound package for no more than you pay for the same amount of lard dug from a pail.

Realize that it reaches you in air-tight, clean, sanitary packages; an advantage you cannot get in using cooking fats exposed to the dust and dirt stirred up in a busy store.

CRISCO
For Frying · For Shortening
For Cake Making

The National Food Administration has asked the American housewife to use fats other than butter in cooking. The superior quality of Crisco makes it easy for everyone to comply with this request. Use it wherever a cooking fat is required for shortening, for baking, or for frying. You then will be doing your share in helping forward the plans of the Food Administration for food conservation. At the same time, you will enjoy foods that are delicious. And you will save money.

Crisco still may be had in all the larger size packages

An exact reproduction of the one-pound can

A Book Every Housewife Needs

Food conservation does not mean the giving up of foods required for mental and physical strength. "Balanced Daily Diet", the new book by Janet McKenzie Hill of the Boston Cooking School, tells what to eat and how to prepare it. It is a valuable text book on a vital subject, illustrated in color. Menus are given for every month with recipes for many tasteful, economical foods. The interesting Story of Crisco is well told. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send you a copy of this work for five 2-cent stamps. Address Dept. K-1, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

A War Time Recipe

How to Make Eggless, Milkless Cornbread

1 cupful cornmeal	3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt	3 tablespoonfuls Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls flour	1 cupful water
1 tablespoonful sugar	

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Mix dry ingredients. Add melted Crisco. Then add water. Beat well and bake in small well-Criscoed bread pan for 20 or 25 minutes. To make a lighter loaf slightly reduce the quantity of cornmeal and add a like amount of flour.

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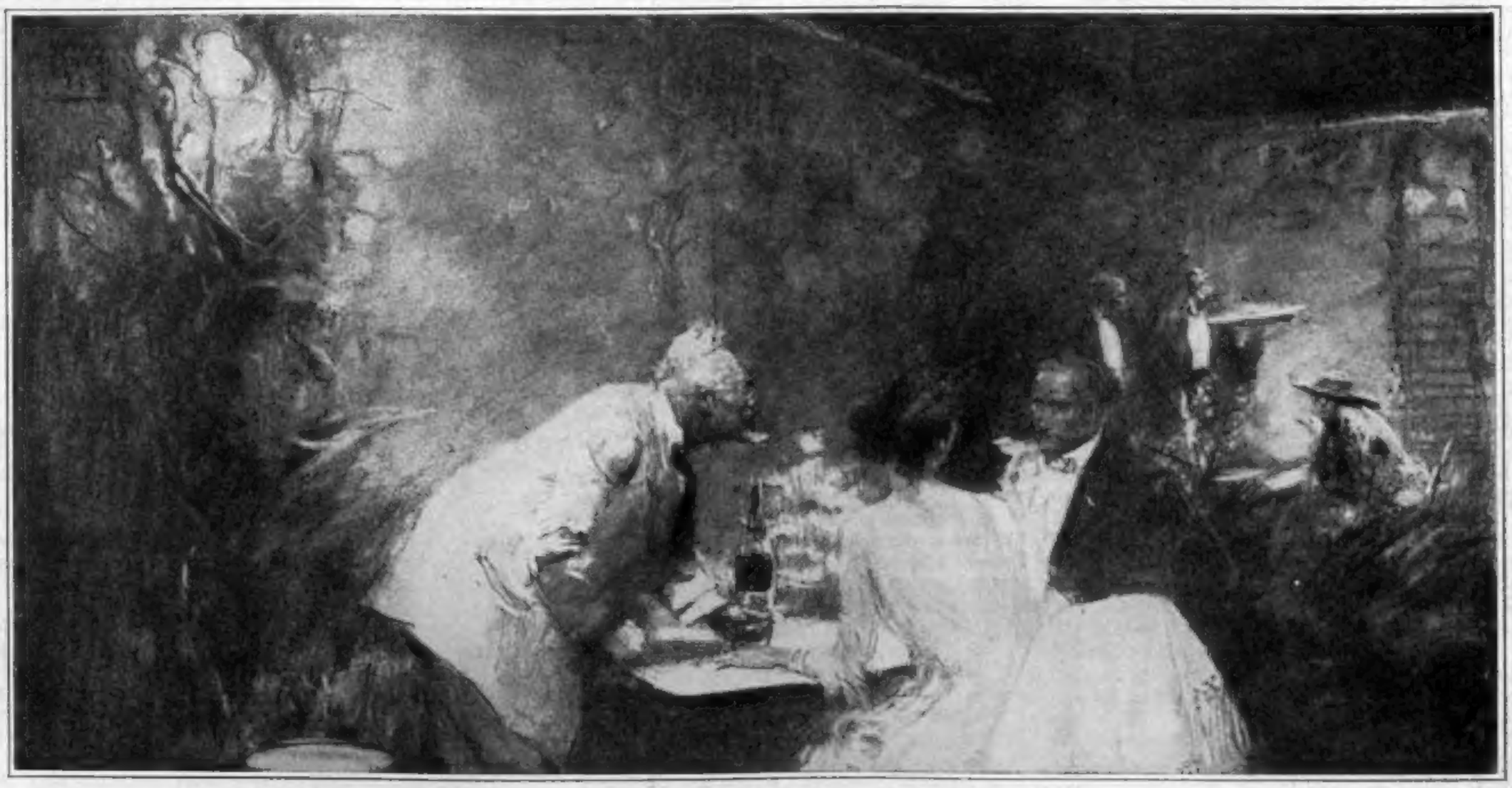
CAPTAIN SCHLOTTERWERZ



"What You Jubbose, You Flubdubber?" He Shouted. "Git Back and Try Some More How Long You Can Fool the People!"

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

MISS BERTHA HITZEL, of Cincinnati, reached the age of twenty-two upon the eleventh of May, 1915; and it was upon the afternoon of her birthday that for the first time in her life she saw her father pace the floor. Never before had she seen any agitation of his expressed so vividly; on the contrary, until the preceding year she had seldom known him to express emotion at all, and in her youthfulness she had sometimes doubted his capacity for much feeling. She could recall no hour of family stress that had caused him to weep, to become gesticulative or to lift his voice unusually. Even at the time of her mother's death he had been quiet to the degree of apparent lethargy.

Characteristically a silent man, he was almost notorious for his silence. Everybody in Cincinnati knew old Fred Hitzel; at least there was a time when all the older business men either knew him or knew who he was. "Sleepy old Dutchman," they said of him tolerantly, meaning that he was a sleepy old German. "Funny old cuss," they said. "Never says anything he doesn't just plain haf to—but he saws wood, just the same! Put away a good many dollars before he quit the wholesale-grocery business—must be worth seven or eight hundred thousand, maybe a million. Always minded his own business, and square as a dollar. You'd think he was stingy, he's so close with his talk; but he isn't. Any good charity can get all it wants out of old Fred, and he's always right there with a subscription for any public movement. A mighty good-hearted old Dutchman he is; and a mighty good citizen too. Wish we had a lot more just like him!"

His daughter was his only child and they had a queer companionship. He had no children by his first wife; Bertha was by his second, whom he married when he was fifty-one; and the second Mrs. Hitzel died during the daughter's fourteenth year, just as Bertha was beginning to develop into that kind of blond charmfulness which shows forth both delicate and robust; a high-colored damsel whose color could always become instantly still higher. Her tendency was to be lively; and her father humored her sprightliness as she grew up by keeping out of the way so artfully that to her friends who came to the house he seemed to be merely a mythical propriety of Bertha's.

But father and daughter were nevertheless closely sympathetic and devoted, and the daughter found nothing indifferent to herself in his habitual seeming to be a man half asleep. He would sit all of an evening, his long upper eyelids drooping so far that only a diamond chip of lamplight reflection beneath them showed that his eyes were really open—for him—and he would puff at the cigar, protruding between his mandarin's mustache and his shovel beard, not more than twice in a quarter of an hour, yet never letting the light go out completely; and all the while he would speak not a word, though Bertha chattered gayly to him or read the newspaper aloud. Sometimes, at long intervals, he might make a faint hissing sound for comment or, when the news of the day was stirring, as at election times, he might grunt a little, not ungenially. Bertha would be pleased then to think that her reading had brought him to such a pitch of vociferation.

The change in old Fred Hitzel began to be apparent early in August, 1914; and its first symptoms surprised his daughter rather pleasantly; next, she was astonished without the pleasure; then she became troubled and increasingly apprehensive.

He came home from his German club on the afternoon when it was known that the last of the forts at Liège had fallen and he dragged a chair to an open window, where he established himself, perspiring and breathing heavily under his fat. But Bertha came and closed the window.

"You'll catch cold, papa," she said. "Your face is all red in spots, and you better cool off with a fan before you sit in a draft. Here!" And she placed a palm-leaf fan in his hand. "You oughtn't to have walked home in the sun."

"I didn't walked," said Mr. Hitzel. "It was a trolley. You heert some noose?"

She nodded. "I bought an extra; there're plenty extras these days!"

Her father put the fan down upon his lap and rubbed his hands; he was in great spirits. "Dose big guns!" he said. "By Cheemuny, dose big guns make a hole big as a couple houses! *Badoom!* Nutting in the worlt can stop dose big guns of the Cherman Army. *Badoom!* She goes off. Efer'ting got to fall down! By Cheemuny, I would like to hear dose big guns once yet!"

Bertha gave a little cry of protest and pretended to stop her ears. "I wouldn't! I don't care to be deaf for life, thank you! I don't think you really would, either, papa." She laughed. "You didn't take an extra glass of Rhine wine down at the club, did you, papa?"

"One cless," he said. "As utsual. Alwiss one cless. Takes me one hour. Chust. Why?"

"Because"—she laughed again—"it just seemed to me I never saw you so excited."

"Excidut?"

"It must be hearing about those big German guns, I guess. Look! You're all flushed up, and don't cool off at all."

Old Fred's flush deepened, in fact; and his drooping eyelids twitched as with the effort to curtain less of his vision. "Litsen, Bairta," he said. "Putty soon, when the war gits finished, we should go to New York and hop on dat big Vaterland steamship and git off in Antvorp; maybe Calais. We rent us a ottomobile and go visit all dose battlevielts in Belchun; we go to Liège—all ofer—and we look and see for ourselfs what dose fine big guns of the Cherman Army done. I want to see dose big holes. I want to see it most in the worlt. *Badoom!* Such a—such a power!"

"Well, I declare!" his daughter cried.

"What iss?"

"I declare, I don't think I ever heard you talk so much before in my whole life!"

Old Fred chuckled. "*Badoom!*" he said. "I guess dat's some talkin', ain't it? Dose big guns knows how to talk! *Badoom!* Hoopee!"

And this talkativeness of his, though coming so late in his life, proved to be not a mood but a vein. Almost every day he talked, and usually a little more than he had talked the day before—but not always with so much gusto as he had displayed concerning the great guns that reduced Liège. One afternoon he was indignant when Bertha quoted friends of hers who said that the German Army had no rightful business in Belgium.

"Eng-lish lovers!" he said. "Look at a map once, what tellss you in miles. It ain't no longer across Belchun from dat French Frontier to Chermany except about from here to Dayton. How can Chermany take such a chance once, and leaf such a place all open? Subbose dey done it: Eng-lish Army and French Army can easy walk straight to Aix and Essen, and Chermany could git her heart stab, like in two minutes! Ach-o! Cherman Army knows too much for such a foolishness. What for you want to listen to talkings from Chonny Bulls?"

"No; they weren't English lovers, papa," Bertha said. "They were Americans, just as much as I am. It was over at the Thompson girls', and there were some other people there too. They were all talking the same way, and I could hardly stand it; but I didn't know what to say."

"What to say!" he echoed. "I guess you could called 'em a pile o' Chonny Bulls, couldn't you once? Stickin' up for Queen Wictoria and turn-up pants legs because it's raining in London!"

"No," she said, thoughtful and troubled. "I don't think they care anything particularly about the English, papa. At least, they didn't seem to."

"So? Well, what for they got to go talkin' so big on the Eng-lish site, please answer once!"

Bertha faltered. "Well, it was—most of it was about Louvain."

"Louvain! I hear you!" he said. "Listen, Bairta! Who haf you got in Chermany?"

She did not understand. "You mean what do I know about Germany?"

"No!" he answered emphatically. "You don't know nutting about Chermany. You can't speak it, efen; not so good as six years olt you could once. I mean: Who belongs to you in Chermany? I mean relations. Name of 'em is all you know: Ludwig, Gustave, Albrecht, Kurz. But your cousins chust de samie—first cousins—my own sister Minna's boys. Well, you seen her letters; you know what kind of chilten she's got. Fine boys! Our own blut—closest kin we got. Peoble same as the best finest young men here in Cincinneti. Well, Albert and Gustave and Kurz is efer'one in the Cherman Army, and Louie is *offizier*, Cherman Navy. My own nephews, ain't it? Well, we don't know where each one keeps now, yet; maybe fightin' dose Russishens; maybe marchin' into Paris; maybe some of 'em is at Louvain!

"Subbose it was Louvain—subbose Gustave or Kurz is one of dose Chermans of Louvain. You subbose one of dose boys do somet'ing wrong? No! If he hat to shoot and burn, it's because he hat to, ain't it? Well, whatefer Chermans was at Louvain, they are the same good boys as Minna's boys, ain't it? You hear Chonny Bull site of it, I tell you. You bedder wait and git your noose from Chermany, Bairta. From Chermany we git what is honest. From Chonny Bull all lies!"

But Bertha's trouble was not altogether alleviated. "People talk just dreadfully," she sighed. "Sometimes—why, sometimes you'd think, to hear them, it was almost a disgrace to be a German!"

"Keeb owt from 'em!" her father returned testily. "Quit goin' near 'em. Me? I make no attention!"

Yet as the days went by he did make some attention. The criticisms of Germany that he heard indignantly repeated at his club worried him so much that he talked about them at considerable length after he got home; and there were times, as Bertha read the Enquirer to him, when he would angrily bid her throw the paper away. Finally he stopped his subscription and got his news entirely from a paper printed in the German language. Nevertheless he could not choose but hear and see a great deal that displeased and irritated him. There were a few members of his club—citizens of German descent—who sometimes expressed uneasiness concerning the right of Germany to be in Belgium; others repeated what was said about town and in various editorials about the Germans; and Bertha not infrequently was so distressed by what she heard among her friends that she appealed to him for substantiation of defenses she had made.

"Why, papa, you'd think I'd said something wrong!" she told him one evening. "And sometimes I almost get to thinking that they don't like me any more. Mary Thompson said she thought I ought to be in jail, just because I said the Kaiser always tried to do whatever he thought was right."

Hitzel nodded. "Anyway, while Chermany is at war I guess we stick up for him. Kaisers I don't care; my fotter was a shtrong Kaiser hater, and so am I. Nobody hates Kaisers worse—until the big war come. I don't want no Kaisers nor Junkers—I am putty shtrong ratical, Bairta—but the Kaiser, he's right for once yet, anyhow. Subbose he didn't make no war when Chermany was attackdut; Chermany would been swallowed straight up by Cossacks and French. For once he's right, yes. You subbose the Cherman peoble let him sit in his house and say nutting while Cossacks and French chasseurs go killing peoble all ofer Chermany? If Chermany is attackdut, Kaiser's got to declare war; Kaiser's got to fight, don't he?"

"Mary Thompson said it was Germany that did the attacking, papa. She said the Kaiser ——"

But her father interrupted her with a short and sour laugh. "Fawty yearss peace," he said. "Fawty yearss peace in Europe! Cherman peoble is peaceful peoble more as any peoble—but you got to let 'em lif! Kaiser's got no more to do makin' war as anybody else in Chermany. You keep away from dose Mary Thompsons!"

But keeping away from the Mary Thompsons availed little; Bertha was not an ostrich, and if she had been one closing eyes and ears could not have kept her from the consciousness of what distressed her. The growing and intensifying disapproval of Germany was like a thickening of the very air, and the pressure of it grew heavier upon both daughter and father, so that old Hitzel began to lose flesh a little and Bertha worried about him. And when, upon the afternoon of her birthday—the eleventh of May, 1915—he actually paced the floor, she was frightened.

"But, papa, you mustn't let yourself get so excited!" she begged him. "Let's quit talking about all this killing and killing and killing. Oh, I get so tired of thinking about fighting! I want to think about this lovely wrist watch you gave me for my birthday. Come on; let's talk about that, and don't get so excited!"

"Don't git so excidut!" he mocked her bitterly. "No! Chust sit down and smoke, and trink cless Rhine wine, maybe! Who's goin' to stop eckting some excidut, I guess not, efter I litsen by Otto Schultze sit in a clob and squeal he's scairt to say how gled he is Lusitania got blowed up, because it would be goin' to inchur his bissnuss! He wants whole clob to eckt a hippsicrit; p'tent we don't feel no gledness about blowin' up Lusitania!"

"I'm not glad, papa," Bertha said. "It may be wrong, but I can't be. All those poor people in the water ——"

"Chonny Bulls!" he cried. "Sittin' on a million bullets for killin' Cherman solchers! Chonny Bulls!"

"Oh, no! That's the worst of it! There were over a hundred Americans, papa."

"Americans!" he bitterly jibed. "You call dose people Americans? Chonny Bulls, I tell you; Chonny Bulls and Eng-lish lovers! Where was it Lusitania is goin' at? England! What bissnuss Americans got in Eng-land? On a ship filt up to his neck all gunpowder and bullets to kill Chermans! Well, it seems to me if it's any American bissnuss to cuss Chermans because Chermans blow up such a murder ship I must be goin' gracy! Look here once, Bairta! Your own cousin Louie—ain't he in the Cherman Navy? He's a submarine *offizier*, I don't know. Subbose he should be, maybe he's the feller blows up Lusitania! You t'ink it should be Louie who does somet'ing wrong? He's a mudderer if it's him, yes? I guess not!"

"I Know I'll Go Crazy the First Time I See a Tarantula!"

"Whoever it was, of course he only obeyed orders," Bertha said gloomily.

"Well, whoefer gif him dose orders," Hitzel cried, "ain't he got right? By golly, I belief United States is all gracy except peoble descendut from Chermans. Chust litsen to 'em! Look at hetlines in noosepapers; look at bulletin boarts! A feller can't go nowhere; he can't git away from it. 'Damn Chermans!' 'Damn Chermans!' 'Damn Chermans!' You can't git away from it nowhere! 'Chermans is mudderers!' 'Chermans kills leetle bebbies!' 'Chermans kills womans!' 'Chermans coocify humenity!' Nowhere you go you git away from all such Eng-lish lies! Peoble chanche faces when they heppen to look at you, because maybe you got a Cherman-lookin' face! Bairta, I yoos to love my country, but by Gott I feel sometimes we can't stay here no longer! It's too much!"

She had begun to weep a little. "Papa, let's do talk about something else! Can't we talk about something else?"

He paid no attention, but continued to waddle up and down the room at the best pace of which he was capable. "It's too much!" he said, over and over.

The long "crisis" that followed the Lusitania's anguish abated Mr. Hitzel's agitations not at all; and having learned how to pace a floor he paced it more than once. He paced that floor whenever the newspapers gave evidence of one of those recurrent outbursts of American anger and disgust caused by the Germans' use of poison gas and liquid fire or by Zeppelin murders of noncombatants. He paced it after the Germans in Belgium killed Edith Cavell; and he paced it when the Bryce reports were published; and when the accounts of the deportations into slavery were confessed by the Germans to be true; and he paced it when the Arabic was torpedoed; he walked more than two hours on the day when the President's first Sussex note was published.

"Now," he demanded of Bertha, "you tell me what your Mary Thompsons says now? Mary Thompsons want Wilson to git in a war, pickin' on Chermany alwiss? You ask 'em: What your Mary Thompsons says the United States should make a war because bullet factories don't git quick-rich enough, is it? What she says?"

"I don't see her any more," Bertha told him, her sensitive color deepening. "For one thing —— Well, I guess you heard about Francis; that's Mary's brother."

Mr. Hitzel frowned. "Francis? It's the tall feller our hired girls says they alwiss hat to be letting in the front door? Sendut all so much flowers and tee-*a*-ters? Him?"

Bertha had grown pink indeed. "Yes," she said. "I don't see any of that crowd any more, papa, except just to speak to on the street sometimes; and we just barely speak, at that. I couldn't go to their houses and listen to what they said—or else they'd all stop what they had been saying whenever I came round. I couldn't stand it. Francis—Mary's brother that we just spoke of—he's gone to France, driving an ambulance. It kind of seems to me now as if probably they never, any of that crowd, did like me—not much, anyway; I guess maybe just because I was from Germans."

"Hah!" Old Fred uttered a loud and bitter exclamation. "Yes; now you see it! Ain't it so? Whoefer is from Chermans now is bat peoble, all dose Mary Thompsons says. Yoos to be comicks peoble, Chermans. Look in all olt comicks pabers—alwiss you see Chermans is jeckesses! Dummhets! Cherman fools was the choke part in funny shows! Alwiss make fun of Chermans; make fun of how Chermans speak Eng-lish lengwitch; make fun of Cherman lengwitch; make fun of Cherman face and body; Chermans ain't got no manneras; ain't got no sense; ain't got nutting but stomachs! Alwiss the Chermans was nutting in this country but to laugh at 'em! Why should it be, if ain't because they chust disspise us? By Gott, they say, Chermans is clowns! Clowns; it's what they yoos to call us! Now we are mudderers! It's too much, I tell you! It's too much! I am goin' to git out of the country. It's too much! It's too much! It's too much!"

"I guess you're right," Bertha said with quiet bitterness. "I never thought about it before the war, but it does look now as though they never liked anybody that was from Germans. I used to think they did—until the war; and they still do seem to like some people with German names and that take the English side. That crowd I went with, they always seemed to think the English and French side was the American side. Well, I don't care what they think."

"Look here, Bairta," said old Fred sharply. "You litsen! When Mitster Francis Thompsons gits home again from French em'ulances, you don't allow him in our house, you be careful. He don't git to come here no more, you litsen!"

"No," she said. "You needn't be afraid about that, papa. We got into an argument, and he was through coming long before he left, anyway."

"Well, he won't git no chance to argue at you when he gits beck," said her father. "I reckon we ain't in the U. S. putty soon. It's too much!"

Bertha was not troubled by his talk of departure from the country; she heard it too often to believe in it, and she told Evaline, their darky cook—who sometimes overheard things and grew nervous about her place—that this threat of Mr. Hitzel's was just letting off steam. Bertha was entirely unable to imagine her father out of Cincinnati.

But in March of 1917 he became so definite in preparation as to have two excellent new trunks sent to the house; also he placed before Bertha the results of some correspondence which he had been conducting; whereupon Bertha, excited and distressed, went to consult her mother's cousin, Robert König, in the "office" of his prosperous "Hardware Products Corporation."

"Well, Bertha, it's like this way with me," said Mr. König. "I am for Germany when it's a case of England fighting against Germany, and I wish our country would keep out of it. But it don't look like that way now; I think we are going sure to fight Germany. And when it comes to that I ain't on no German side, you bet! My two boys, they'll enlist the first day it's declared, both of 'em; and if the United States Gover'ment wants me to go, too, I'll say 'Yes' quick. But your papa, now, it's different. After never saying anything at all for seventy-odd years, he's got started to be a talker, and he's talked pretty loud, and I wouldn't be surprised if he wouldn't know how to keep his mouth shut any more. He talks too much, these days. Of course all his talk don't amount to so much hot air, and it wouldn't ever get two cents' worth of influence, but people maybe wouldn't think about that. It might be ugly times ahead, and he could easy get into trouble. After all, I wouldn't worry, Bertha; it's nice in the wintertime to take a trip south."

"'Take a trip south!'" Bertha echoed. "Florida, yes! But Mexico—it's horrible!"

"Oh, well, not all Mexico, probably," her cousin said consolingly. "He wouldn't take you where it's in a bad condition. Where does he want to go?"

"It's a little place, he says. I never heard of it; it's called Lupos, and he's been writing to a Mr. Helmholz that keeps the hotel there and says everything's fine, he's got rooms for us; and we should come down there."

"Helmholz," Mr. König repeated. "Yes; that should be Jake Helmholz that lived here once when he was a young man; he went to Mexico. He was Hilda's nephew—your papa's first wife's nephew, Bertha."

"Yes, that's who it is, papa said."

Mr. König became reassuring. "Oh, well, then, you see, I expect you'll find everything nice then, down there, Bertha. You'll be among relatives—almost the same—if your papa's fixed it up to go and stay at a hotel Jake Helmholz runs. I guess I shouldn't make any more objections if it's goin' to be like that, Bertha. You won't be near any revolutions, and I expect it'll be a good thing for your papa. He's too excited. Down there he can cuss Wilson as much as he pleases. Let him go and get it out of his system; he better cool off a little."

Bertha happened to remember the form of this final bit of advice a month later as she unpacked her trunk in Jacob Helmholz's hotel in Lupos; and she laughed ruefully. Lupos, physically, was no place wherein to cool off in mid-April. The squat town, seen through the square windows of her room, wavered in a white heat. Over the top of a long chalky wall she could see a mule's ears slowly ambulating in a fog of bluish dust, and she made out a great peaked hat accompanying these ears through the dust; but nothing else alive seemed to move in the Luposine world except an unseen rooster's throat which, as if wound up by the heat, sent at almost symmetrical intervals a long cock-a-doodle into the still furnace of the air; the hottest sound, Bertha thought, that she had ever heard—hotter even than the sound of August locusts in Cincinnati trees.

She found the exertion of unpacking difficult, yet did not regret that she had declined the help of a chambermaid. "I'm sure she's an Indian!" she explained to her father. "It scared me just to look at her, and I wouldn't be able to stand an Indian waiting on me—never!"

He laughed and told her she must get used to the customs of the place. "Besides," he said, "it ain't so much we might see a couple Injuns around the house, maybe; it don't interfere, not so's a person got to notice. What makes me notice, it's how Jake Helmholz has got putty near a Cherman hotel out here so fur away. It beats efer'-t'ing! Pilsner on ice! From an ice plant like a little steamship's got. Cherman mottas downstairs on walls: *Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und* —— He's got a lot of 'em! He fixes us efening dinner in a putty garden he's got. It's maybe hot now, but bineby she coolss off fine. Jake, he says we'd be supp'iced; got to sleep under blankets after dark, she cools off so fine!"

Old Fred was more cheerful than his daughter had known him to be for a long, long time; and though her

(Continued on Page 68)

"Kaisers I Don't Care: My Fetter Was a Shtrong Kaiser Hater, and So am I. Nobody Hates Kaisers Worse—Until the Big War Come"

ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR

Preparedness for the Trade Conflicts of Peace

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE Minister of Munitions, Winston Spencer Churchill, walked up and down his office and talked about the war. With brilliant eloquence he spoke of the new world to be wrought out of havoc.

"What will become of the Ministry of Munitions when the war is over?" I asked.

"It will make the munitions of peace," was his swift reply.

It was more than a phrase. In this sentence a master workman of war proclaimed the policy that would make him a superartisan of peace; that would convert one of the mightiest of swords into the most effective of plowshares. It sums up the whole commercial creed of Britain after the war, because the stupendous conflict now shaking the world has developed into a training school for the bloodless business battles that are sure to follow. By one of the many contrasts of a war of contrasts the hands that feed the guns are already shaping the agencies that conserve.

PHOTO. BY THE CENTRAL NEWS, LTD., LONDON

Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, and General Sir Newton Moore Inspecting Australian Soldiers at Their Headquarters

What Winston Churchill said to me that October day in London, when the air still shook with the shock of German raiders' bombs, is echoed throughout the whole nation. It means that the roused empire is as alert to the responsibilities and opportunities of peace as it is geared up to the demands and sacrifices of war.

A year ago I went to Europe to study conditions with special reference to the colossal readjustments that will inevitably come when the sword is sheathed. The Paris Allied Economic Conference had just declared a war after the war, and had run up the flag of bitter and uncompromising economic reprisal against the Central Powers. It meant that the nations which fought together would trade together. The whole strategy of boycott, discrimination and exclusion, which recast the world of commerce, was staked out. The delegates drew up the war map of peace. They were determined that the fruits of victory should be garnered.

In all this proposed deployment of economic forces there was no reference to the then greatest nonbelligerent nation. The United States was still out of the war—an object of suspicion to friend and foe alike. By the decree of the supreme court of world trade regulation we were sentenced to a seat on the economic doorstep of the universe. We faced the alternative of being hurled into the trade lap of Germany or going it alone. The prospect was not pleasant.

The Trump Card in the Big Game

NOT long ago I went to Europe again to study the same conditions. But there had been a mighty change. America was in the war—a prop of the Allied cause—sharing a common hazard, a target of Teuton hate. The vital questions, therefore, are: Will she likewise inherit the economic rewards that peace will bestow upon her comrades of the firing line? What will be her new place on the vast checkerboard of future world business, now that she has come in?

I went to England, France, Italy and Spain to try to find out. I got the point of view of ally and neutral alike. I talked with masters of men and of money; with statesmen, soldiers and civilians in the ranks of battle and of business. What follows, therefore, in this and succeeding articles, was gathered at first hand in many climes and under varying and picturesque conditions.

Before we go into details, however, one preliminary must be stated: Peace may or may not come this year. No man can tell, and prophecy has no place in the shifting vocabulary of the war. Everything rests on the knees of the red gods. But one thing is certain: The war must cease some day; and when it does conclude the most compelling serial of sacrifice and slaughter that history has ever known, the important facts will be the economic facts. War ends, but business never does! In the midst of stupendous tumult and dislocation the eyes of the world are being slowly focused upon the era of rehabilitation, which will spell prosperity or disaster for the nations of the earth. The business problem is a permanent problem.

Economic pressure has already played the trump card in the big game. As the prospect of peace from military operations in the field wanes—and nearly every man who has seen much of the war shares this belief—the force and effect of the economic weapon as the final factor becomes more apparent. It will not only force the decision but will dominate all reconstruction.

Here you get the real significance of America's entry into the strife. The moment she swung into the battle line, that moment she swung the balance of an economic power more potent than shot and shell. Military strategy will be subordinate to economic advantage. No one realizes this better than the Germans themselves. In other words, the means of effecting a radical decision in the war are slipping away from the armies and taking up their abode in the citadels of cash, credit and commerce. If Uncle Sam did not strike a single physical blow he already would have rendered his colleagues an inestimable service.

Let us now begin an economic appraisal of Europe after another year of war has registered its fateful progress, and more particularly in the light of the entry of the United States into the struggle. Let us first take the case of England, because every month now advances her to a more commanding position in the readjustment of peace.

She remains a marvel of energy and organization; the spectacle of a nation completely mobilized in men, money and materials; an inspiring picture of dogged determination, not only to see the war through to the bitter end but to gird herself up for all trade eventualities, whatever they may be.

But there are changes; none more striking than the reversal of feeling about the future of German trade. Two years ago, and also a year ago, I found England breathing the fire of commercial hate. "Capture German trade!" was the pat phrase on the tongue of every war orator; it ran like a familiar strain through the columns of the sensational press. "We must annihilate German industry and put it out of business forever" was the familiar refrain.

Under the eloquence of W. M. Hughes, of Australia—the peddler who became premier—a whole new school of reprisal developed. Fresh from the Paris Economic Conference, he wandered up and down the kingdom like an imperial prophet come to preach the gospel of a self-sufficiency that would make the empire a thing apart among the nations.

Hughes departed and England settled down to some sober thinking. The more she thought the more she realized that capturing German trade and waging a war of economic extermination was easier said than done. It did not mean that there was any lack of hostility toward the baby killers, as the Zeppelin raiders are rightly known in England, but because reason had succeeded fury. The price of business anger is always failure.

Probe the situation to-day and you find that a cold but calculating campaign is being developed to substitute organized preparedness for reckless threat. This campaign grew out of the realization of some uncompromising truths about the Paris conference—some truths, by the way, I had the privilege of pointing out in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a year ago.

The Pact of Paris Impractical

FIRST of all, England realized that those Paris resolutions, though providing excellent campaign documents and material for Win-the-War orators, were impractical. As you may recall, they committed the Allied nations to the policy of trading together as nations and waging commercial war as nations. But individuals and not nations do business! Being human, these individuals—no matter what national flag they fly—are very apt to be susceptible to all the traditional weaknesses that begin and end with the pocketbook. Nations propose; individuals dispose. Thus Britain has come to the conclusion that, though you cannot wage bitter and successful economic war upon a nation, you can make it costly and difficult for that nation to get the materials with which to trade. This is the keynote of the new British preparedness.

Another important realization has brought Britain to an understanding of the utter impracticability of those Paris resolutions. The declaration of a ruthless trade war—heralded with brass bands and fastened upon the very walls of the world—has made the Germans fight all the harder. It has given them an impetus to struggle on under the belief that they were battling for their economic existence. I have heard this stated by German officers who were captured by the British. Thus I offer first-hand evidence of one major mistake of that conference which, so far as concrete result is concerned, has achieved no end save to give the enemy a new battle cry.

England is not bent upon economic destruction, but upon setting up economic security for herself and her

dominions. This security lies in self-sufficiency, made possible by the mobilization of every imperial resource. It is the one insurance against German trade aggression, and it likewise lines up the post-war business struggle on a practical and working basis.

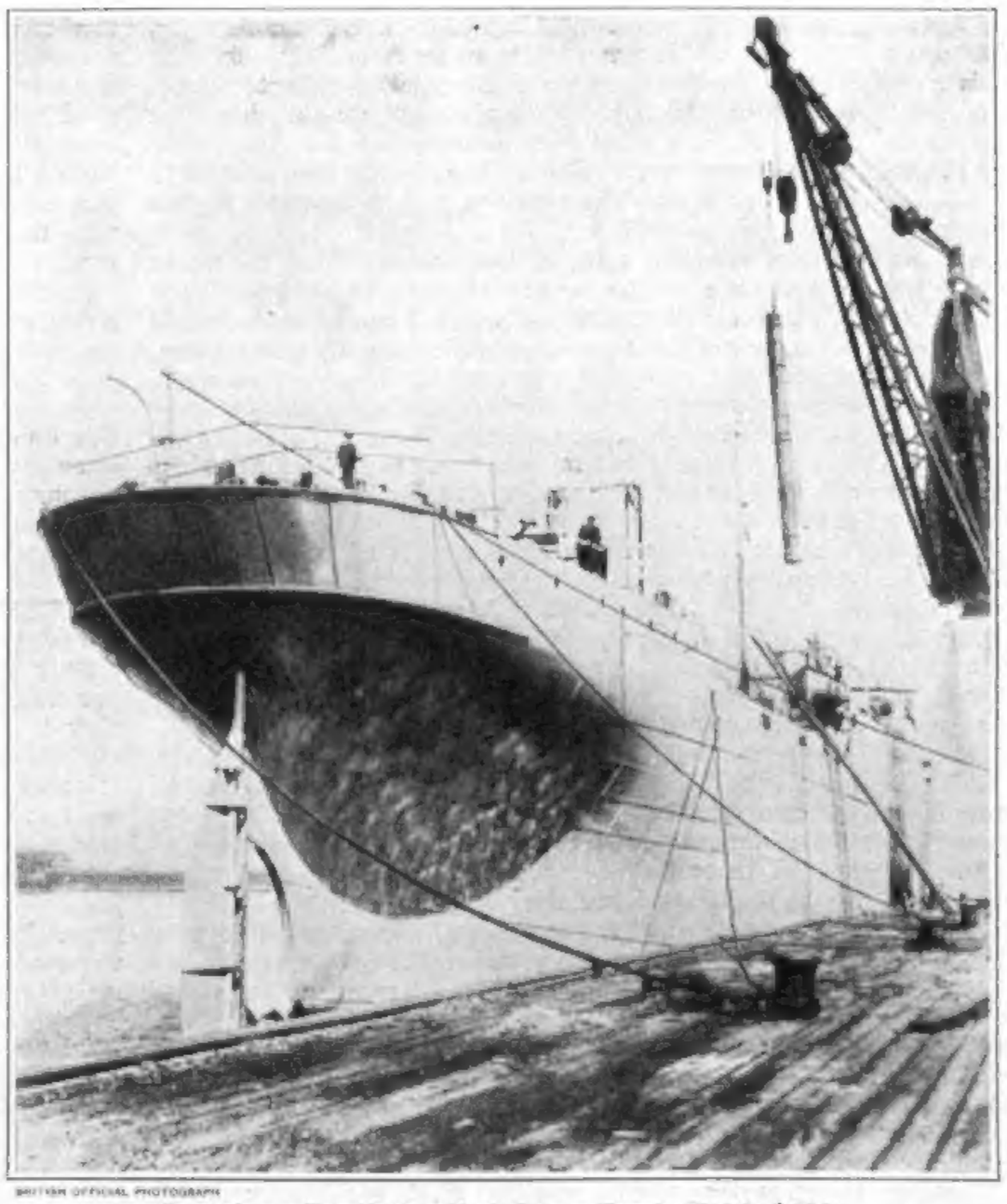
The long-headed British economic statesmen believe that the "German tendon of Achilles"—to use a phrase once made by a clever American business man—is her far-reaching commercial ambition. It is Germany's vulnerable point. Therefore, the best plan of attack is—to employ the phraseology of medicine—to sterilize the world against future trading with her. This policy will take a natural place in the large and growing domain of preventive medicine. In short, an ounce of organized trade prevention now is worth a pound of ruthless trade warfare later on.

A distinguished British economist summed it up in this way:

"The war's labors would be lost if the Allies do not settle upon some method of preventing Germany from resuming business as usual; but it is not necessary to put Germany out of business altogether. On the contrary, the aim of the Allies should be to impose upon the whole German people a fine which, as a sort of national debt, will rank in priority to her war loans, but which may not be so conveniently redeemed. This fine can take the shape of a permanent reduction of her world trade, due to organized effort to prevent her from getting raw materials."

The old and meaningless phrases are being buried. You hear a man like Sir Edward Carson saying:

"You must get rid, above all things, of old catchwords. Take a few of them: 'Imperial preference.' Looking back at it now, it seems to me that imperial preference was a preference for the imperial empire of Germany. 'Most-favored-nation clause.' How well it sounds! It meant a combination of our enemies to make treaties that pleased them, but left us at a disadvantage. So I could go on with innumerable instances that occurred while I was a law officer of the Crown."



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Lowering a Ventilating Shaft Into a Nearly Finished Ship

Fighting the Devil With Fire

ENGLAND now regards the phrase "Capture German trade!" merely as mental gymnastics. One of the best-known of her contemporary statesmen made this epigram about the situation for me: "Look after the war now, and the war after the war will take care of itself."

Still another said: "The big thing to do to-day is to win the war. If we win, the biggest of all problems afterward will be easy; if we lose the easiest will become the hardest. If Germany is beaten and Prussianism dethroned, then why not admit the German people into the councils of the nations?" He merely emphasized the point President Wilson has constantly made in discriminating between Hohenzollernism and the great mass of the Teutonic population.

One reason why the trade-reprisal fever is subsiding is that some of the great combinations of European capital intrenched in England, France, and what was once Belgium, which have or had big financial interests with the Central Powers, are not so keen about commercially annihilating the lands out of which they once drew profits, and which will offer another opportunity for trade intercourse when the war is over. Another is, people are realizing that you cannot sell without buying. Someone must purchase the German output. Still a third reason is that, if there is to be any indemnity for Belgium, Serbia and ravaged France the boche must be given an opportunity to raise it.

The big activity, therefore, in England to-day, aside from war work, is the building up of a machine that shall provide the economic security to enable her to cope with the trade enemy on its own terms. The merciless efficiency that drove Germany to her shining place in the world-trade sun will be met by a weapon of the same caliber. Instead of destruction there will be imitation. The devil will be fought with fire.

What concerns the whole United States is the way Great Britain has gone about this job; the things she is doing and how they may be duplicated over here. Once the war is over, it will be a case of each nation for herself. The game will go to the best prepared. England will be prepared.

This preparedness is rooted in a reorganized and speeded-up industry. Lloyd George once said to me: "This is a war of machines. It is a contest between the British workmen on the one hand, and the German workmen on the other." He was referring to shell output; but when the war is over his statement will convey the same truth, because the machines that now produce the tools of destruction will then turn out the munitions for trade conflict. Arsenals of war will become arsenals of peace.

England industrially revisited is contact with a standardized and intensified industrial machine, which will generate a whole new trade supremacy when peace comes. A year ago I felt that quantity output of shells for war meant quantity output of motor cars, safety razors and typewriters for peace. I am more than ever convinced of it now, for I have seen the concrete evidence of the transition. One of the newest of arsenals is being converted into a factory for low-priced automobiles.

When I first went to the war there were scarcely a thousand government-controlled British factories; to-day there are considerably more than four thousand, working day and night, and impressing upon employer and employees alike the lesson that those old years of restricted output—now part of the peaceful past—are gone forever. "Winning by weight of metal" at the Front will be succeeded by the slogan "Winning by weight of output" on the battlefields of business.

New Tendencies

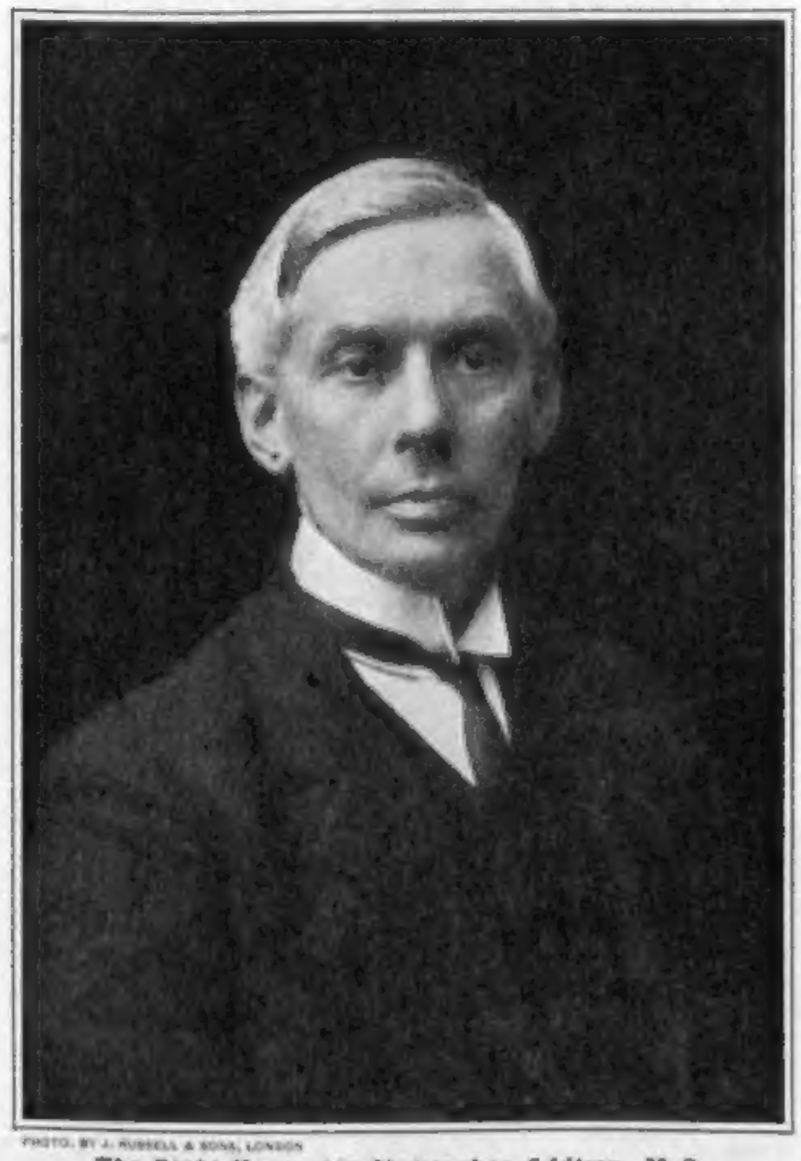
WHAT the average American manufacturer does not realize is that his British brother has begun to think in terms of money instead of thinking in terms of time.

The old British industrial idea reverenced the traditions of output. If an article was made in five hours instead of eight, as prescribed for generations, the labor market was being injured. Big production was always confounded with overproduction.

War speeding-up has made the Britisher think in terms of money—the American way. He has figuratively seen two blades of grass grow where only one sprouted before. He has got the habit of expansion; and, unless I am very much mistaken, it is going to stick. He will have this alternative: With peace he must go back to what in the light of war output is the primitive productive era, or he must keep on speeding up. To quote an Englishman I know: "Either we shall have the biggest national scrap heap ever witnessed, or we must make the biggest effort ever recorded in industrial organization."

England will not go back to the old order; and this means that for America and the future Germany she will be a formidable trade rival. If any man thinks there will be a demobilization of British industry that will impair her productivity he will have to make another guess.

Let us go back for a moment to our old friend, the priority system, inaugurated by the Ministry of Munitions, which I described in a previous article. Through the workings of this system all nonessential production, whether of pleasure cars or bathtubs, is forbidden. The net result is that England is doing without a great many things. It is the provision of what she has done without that will help to make the factory wheels hum when the war is over and solve the whole problem of what might have been a costly dislocation of industry.



PHOTO, BY J. RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON

The Right Honorable Christopher Addison, M. D., Minister of Reconstruction

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Winston Spencer Churchill, Minister of Munitions and a Master Workman of War

This list of nonessentials that must be supplied will be increased by the tremendous inroads the war has made upon present equipment. Whole British railroads have been transported bodily to France; hundreds of great ships have been sunk. Industry itself will have to be renewed because of the tremendous wear and tear of war work.

What is happening? When a shipowner seeks to replace his loss through torpedo attack he must take his place as a cog in the priority system. But the bigger fact is that his order is entered at once upon the shipbuilding company's books. The draftsman has ample time to plan a perfect ship. The British ships built after the war will be among the best in the world.

Here is a case in point: I know an English shipowner who has lost three ships since October, 1916. The Government paid him four and a half million dollars, because they had been taken over by the Admiralty, which makes reimbursement for all losses. He immediately put this fortune into the war loan. His chief draftsman, whom he placed at the service of the Admiralty, has ample leisure and is now developing a plan for a new line that will represent the very last word in ship comfort and construction. My friend's money is perfectly safe and yields him five per cent; and under what amounts to a government subsidy he is preparing for a more productive and a more profitable peace. It is a typical case.

Remember, too, that when hostilities cease there will be tremendous development in transport. If you have seen anything of the war you know that mechanical transport is just beginning. So, too, with aëroplanes, which everybody must admit have a commercial future.

England's Industrial Expansion

ELECTRIC supplies will loom large in post-war industry. The world will try to do its work electrically. The shortage of coal, no less acute in the United States than in Great Britain, will increase hydro-electric development.

England will want labor-saving devices to an almost incredible extent, because it will be a new and scientific England that will rise out of the ruins of the war. The craft, the experience, and the machines with which to supply all these needs are all in the British arsenals to-day. Thus her industrial awakening not only guarantees a growing self-sufficiency but certain future independence of American products now imported.

I was talking one day not long ago at the Ministry of Munitions with one of the new wizards of British output. On the mantelpiece in his office was the fuse of a big shell. He held it up and said:

"The arsenals that made this fuse can make typewriters, adding machines and cash registers; and they will."

In this picture you get a hint of the England that is to be. The Ministry of Munitions alone will provide, as Winston Churchill pointed out, a whole empire of production. It has taught millions of hitherto untrained men and women to use lathe, drill and engine. These men, and more especially the women, are not going back to the humdrum tasks of grooming horses, serving dinners or dusting off furniture.

The Ministry of Munitions has become the great provider of all British industry. Through its machine-tool department it has become the national clearing house for every variety of machine, from the smallest tool or lathe to the mightiest crane. In seven months it released 42,638 machines of all kinds from nonessential to productive war work.

The Ministry of Munitions has done more than give Britain a rebirth of industrial efficiency. With its great department of industrial research it has bulwarked the self-sufficiency of the nation. Potash is a case in point: Germany thought for years, and still thinks, that the world is dependent upon her for it. By mobilizing its scientific resources the ministry has discovered a process for obtaining great quantities of this much-needed chemical. It is made from blast-furnace flue dust, previously thrown away. Enough has already been secured to use in British munitions making, and in the whole British glass trade as well.

Take sulphuric acid: It has been said that the whole progress of a country may be measured by the quantity of sulphuric acid it requires per capita. England has increased her output of this necessary chemical exactly fifteen times. It has been made possible through the investigations of the explosives supply department of the Ministry of Munitions, which has been a pioneer in many chemical paths. It has produced more than a million tons of superphosphate, half a million tons of basic slag and nearly half a million tons of sulphate of ammonia.

Before the war began Britain could rely upon her own resources for only about ten per cent of all the optical glass she required. The rest came from Germany and Austria. Now she is in a position not only to supply all her own needs but to ship optical glass to some of her Allies. It is used for gun sights, cameras for aëroplane photography, and for commercial and scientific work.

This naturally leads to another large and permanent benefit the war has bestowed upon British industry. It will contribute to economic security and become the principal insurance against Germany's commercial comeback—I mean the control of raw materials. Here you touch the key to the industrial mastery of the future.

This is a war of raw materials. Germany's ability to carry on the war depends upon her ability to get the materials with which to wage it. In a larger way her whole industrial revival will hinge upon the same thing. If the Allies can prevent her from getting raw materials, she is weakened—almost disarmed industrially.

England to-day is the center of a world-wide marshaling of these raw materials. For the purposes of war she controls all the ore, coal, wool, rubber, copper, brass, timber, paper, gasoline and oil produced within her dominions, and all that enters her kingdom. This war measure will become a peace measure. It spells continuous output and prosperity for the British producer, because it backs him up with all the imperial resources. When you do business with John Bull after the war you will be dealing with the whole British Empire.

In a larger way Great Britain and her Allies, including the United States, will control four-fifths of the raw materials of the world. This mighty asset will be the strongest card that can be laid on the peace table. It will offset the bargaining value of all the land seized and despoiled by the Hun. It guarantees the new economic freedom.

You must not imagine, however, that British control of raw materials will establish what might be called a dead level of output. It merely insures the steady and unfailing source of supply. The supply for the individual will be regulated by his enterprise. The man who wants to use his steel for swift output and for new inventions will get much more than the old fogy who runs along in a rut. Among all the big British manufacturers with whom I have discussed this subject the unanimous desire is for free competition after the war. "Let us have fair, not free, trade," is the idea.

In this connection it may be interesting to add that a strong movement is growing in British industry to encourage individual enterprise after the war in every possible way. One proposed measure is to mitigate the income tax of firms when their funds are used for business expansion. The burden of taxation, therefore, will fall upon the income of the individual. He will be encouraged to invest it in constructive enterprise or pay a heavy premium for not doing so.

Is Free Trade Near Its End?

EVERY organization devoted to a discussion of the post-war trade problem—and when I left England there were exactly thirty-eight such bodies—is wrestling with the question of taxation after the war. Among them—and they include the imposing assemblage known as Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy—there is a unanimity of opinion about one important fact of vital interest to the American business man: No matter whether free trade, as the world once knew it, stands or falls, there must be some kind of protection for the so-called key industries, like dyes and glass. England will never again permit German dyes and German novelties, made with cheap labor, to flood her markets by any sort of dumping process.

The world got a forecast of what Germany has in mind for the future when the Kaiser's envoys imposed upon the Bolsheviki delegates, at their first informal peace parley, the drastic conditions that all German goods must be admitted to Russia duty-free, and that Germany must have control of the Russian wheat market for at least fifteen years. There is nothing modest about the boche economic aspirations.

While committees are indulging in discussion, the British captains of industry have gone ahead and organized on a definite and practical basis. Just as the machines of the kingdom have been mobilized under the Ministry of Munitions for a continuous output of shot and shell, so have the producers themselves, who own thousands of these machines, been joined for a common front, which will face the trade enemy when the war is over.

This coördination of industry grew out of the acute realization that the day of solitary individual enterprise in large business operations in England has gone forever. The war has taught the value of teamwork among the nations dedicated to a common fighting cause. British manufacture is heeding the lesson. The Go-it-Alone policy is wiped off the slate. Into the British industrial consciousness is being pounded the big fact that the producer must have a larger sense of personal responsibility for the national and the imperial prosperity. There must be collective economic effort. It is creating a whole new nationalism.

Two constructive agencies will illustrate the scope and extent of British industrial coördination. The first is the Federation of British Industries, which grew out of a very interesting episode. The father of this organization is F. Dudley Docker, the George Pullman of England and one of the first builders of the tanks that caused such consternation among the Germans at the first battle of the Somme. He is big, wide-awake and upstanding; and he regards the world as his trade field.

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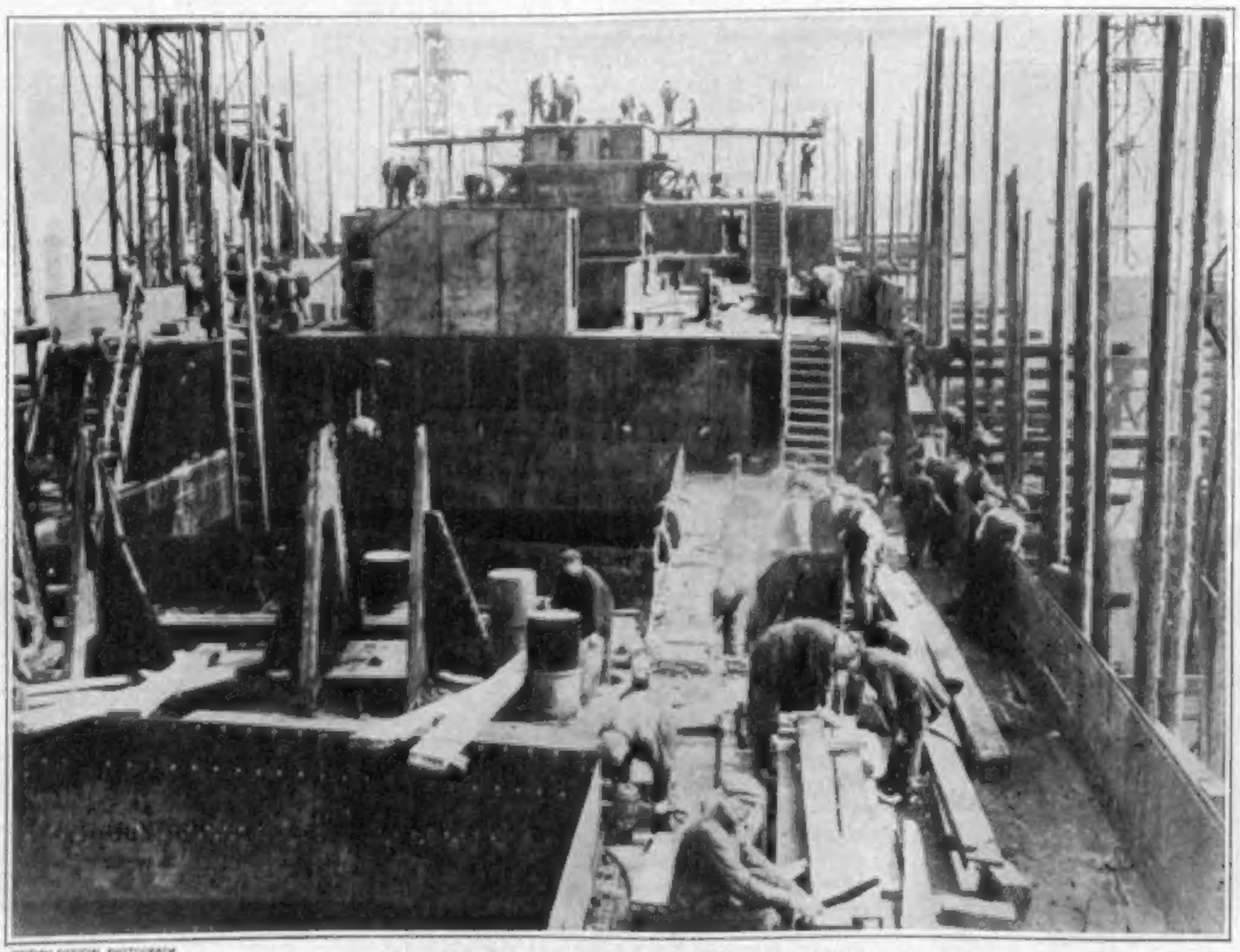

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Busy Scenes on a Tramp Steamer at a Less Advanced Stage

The Girl Who Wasn't Refined

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

THE moment I saw her I knew that somehow she was different from the others—yes, the moment she stepped from the ambulance which had been sent to the station to meet them.

The rest of the nurses, for instance, jumped out like so many sociable young crickets and began chirping to each other almost as soon as they hit the ground, happy no doubt in the thought that the greatest adventure of their lives was about to unfold before them like some incredible moving picture in which each beholder was to see herself as the heroine.

But this other girl got out last, and though it was dusk I thought she yawned as she looked up at the hospital, and a moment later, when the thunder of distant guns came over the Vosges, she blew her nose with such a resounding blast that old Doc Didier stopped primping his autumn foliage and winked his eye at me in his usual excitable manner.

"Mary," I Said, "You're a Good Little Sport, if Anybody Happened to Ask You"

"*Mon Dieu, mon ami!*" he exclaimed, "she bring her own—what you call eet?—her own oom-pah! But if she play it at night, with that boche aëroplane *en haut—sacre bleu, mon ami!*—we all keeck the bucket, ker-bang!"

But that, of course, was going a step too far.

"Doctor, old stocking," I gently reminded him, "that girl has come from the same country as myself. She has traveled a good many miles and has blown that bugle of hers against a good many submarines. Now it seems to me ——"

"*Mon Dieu, mon ami!*" cried my excitable colleague, "it seem to me the same. *V'ld!* I kees my finger at a bravery more beautiful than my own! We are friends and comrades! *Oui? Quel diable!* Then let us go down and welcome these brave, these charming compatriots of your own!"

That was Doctor Didier all over. He and I had the new south ward of Hôpital Militaire Number 26, which, as you may have already guessed, was Somewhere in France and not a thousand miles from the firing line. Our new ward with its ninety empty cots was a gift from many places in the United States, and the American Red Cross in Paris had now sent us the five nurses whose arrival I have just recorded.

The first four had graduated the month before from St. Clement's Hospital, in New York, and with the assistance of my gallant colleague we were soon exchanging those happy little pleasantries which are generally used on such occasions. I then advanced to the fifth girl, who was still standing aloof from the others with that studied nonchalance which I had previously noticed in the courtyard.

"And this ——?" I smiled.

"Milligan—Miss Milligan," she answered in a surprisingly hearty voice considering her slight stature; "Miss Mary Milligan, if anybody wants to introduce me."

Whereupon, of course, I immediately introduced her to old Doc Didier, though I couldn't help the feeling that her remark was a slap at the four other girls.

"And you, too, are a graduate of St. Clement's?" I asked.

"Not so you'd notice it!" she said again in her hearty voice. "I came over on my own—paid my own expenses, too, if anybody asks you." Then, evidently feeling that she hadn't answered my implied question, she added: "Cook County Hospital for mine."

I have used the word "hearty" in describing her voice, perhaps because I didn't like to use the better adjective "bold." As a matter of fact there was something defiant about her tone; more than that—something belligerent—a tone and manner that seemed to say "This is my style; see? And those who don't like it can lump it!"

Though he was standing behind me I knew that Doctor Didier's smile was on us both, and again I felt that rising instinct which I had experienced before when he had laughed at the music of Miss Milligan's nose.

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?" I asked, determined not to notice her manner.

"Yes, I did—nit!" she exclaimed, studying me with eyes that were brighter than they should have been. And then, perhaps because she instinctively guessed my feeling of championship toward her, she turned her head with deliberation as though to look at a bulletin on the wall, and the light of the sunset fell full upon the mark on her cheek.

It was a birthmark, purple in color and nearly covering one side of her face. And by some freak of Nature it was the silhouette of a mirthful face—the face of a vulgar man who had his head thrown back and was shaking with Rabelaisian laughter.

II

WHEN I next saw Mary Milligan which was the following morning, the white hood of her uniform nearly concealed the mark on her cheek. She was standing by the window, eating a biscuit and looking thoughtfully over the hills toward the distant firing line. She didn't know that I was watching her, and in her attitude and expression I caught such an air of mournful tenderness that to see her then you would never have dreamed this was the girl who the night before had blown her nose with such a note of epic unconcern.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked.

At the sound of my voice her face hardened into its customary cast of cynical defiance.

"Yep!" she said, biting into her biscuit. "Little Mary snored all night and nearly missed her breakfast." Whereupon she looked down herself and brushed away a few crumbs which had lodged on her blouse.

"Darn crumbs!" she scolded; "always sticking on my top shelf!"

Miss Bailey, one of the four other nurses, who was making up cots near by, looked over at her in open disapproval and gave me a glance that seemed to say, "Isn't she awful—talking about her top shelf!"

"Say," continued Miss Milligan, "isn't there some way of getting to a hospital that's closer to the Front than this? I told them I wanted to go 'way up Front, and that's where they said they were sending me—darn old bluffs!"

"I think you'll find this one close enough before you're through," I told her.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, we've had a German aëroplane trying to get our number nearly every week for the last two months"

"He wasn't here last night, was he?" she challenged.

"No, he wasn't," I smiled. "He probably saw who had just arrived, and he flew away again, scared to death."

Now I hadn't meant anything by that, but under the hood of her uniform I saw the edge of her birthmark turn crimson. "You're a great little kidder, aren't you, doc?" she said.

"Yes, I am—Mary," I added, to pay her out for her "doc." "And I can be a great little friend, too, if anybody asks you."

"Aw, tell it to Tuttle!" she said, and that ended that.

And yet, for all the defiance of her manner—defiance which I somehow felt was born of that disfigurement on her cheek—as the weeks passed by Doctor Didier and I both came to the same conclusion: That little Mary Milligan was the best nurse that ever blessed a hospital and caused the good physician to rejoice.

Work? There seemed to be no end to her capacity for it. Whether it was washing patients or windows or instruments, or rolling bandages, or getting rid of those affectionate little insects which are best described as "cuties," or making minor dressings, or keeping the patients cheerful, little Mary—to give her the name that she liked the best—was always on the job, as belligerent as you please, but a doctor's good right bower and a surgeon's one best bet.

Now and then a patient would show that interest in her which is the sign of an early convalescence, and whenever this happened Mary would carelessly push aside the white hood that half concealed her face.

And that would end that.

Then there was the matter of godsons. It had been the custom at Number 26 that from among the patients each nurse should adopt a *filleul*, or godson, and look after him with a little extra care, as a mother would look after her child.

But "Nixey for mine," said Mary one day when I called her attention to her lack of a godson. "I came here for work, not for spooning." Which was a libel, of course, on Miss Bailey, who was listening near by; but it will give you a good idea of Mary's methods.

Sometimes, too, she had a spat with the four other nurses, sudden little flurries in which she asked no odds of the whole quartet.

"What's the matter with you and Miss Milligan?" I asked Miss Bailey another day, when the St. Clement's graduates were going round frowning at Mary in particular and at life in general.

"Oh, doctor, she says the awfulest things!" And in a tone of horrified reflection she added, "I don't believe I ever knew a girl who was less refined!"

"Well, yes, perhaps she is a little bit that way," I admitted—and regretted it the moment after, for fear Miss Bailey might start the statement: "The doctor himself says she isn't refined." "But even admitting that," I continued, "do you think that you and I would be any better than she is if we had a mark on our faces like she has got?"

Miss Bailey giggled, and I suspected that I had said something worse than ever, especially when she tossed her head and said, "Well, I'm through with her, and so are the other girls. I suppose if that's her way—poor thing!"—sniff—"there isn't anything that can change it."

However, I believed that I had a plan which might work some sort of change; and the more I thought about it the better it looked to me.

"How's little Mary?" I asked her one evening after she had had a particularly hard day preparing for a new batch of *grands blessés* who were expected that night.

"Oh, kicking, doc," she said—"though not very high. Not much spring in the little old knee to-night."

At the next cot Miss Bailey was brushing her godson's hair, getting him ready for his departure farther south that night. And over her brushes she gave me a look that

seemed to say, "Talking to you about the spring in her little old knee! Isn't she awful?"

Now what I had to say next was strictly private, so I led Mary to the window where we had spoken before—that window which looked over the hills toward the distant firing line. In planning this interview I had looked upon myself as a sort of herald whose words would be hailed with exceeding great joy. But when I stood there by Mary's side trying to get my first words out I felt more like a boob than a herald—more like a country schoolboy than a gracious messenger of hope.

"Now, Mary," I began at last, "I don't want you to get mad at what I'm going to say ——"

She gave me a quick, suspicious glance and then looked out of the window again. "Shoot!" she said.

"Well—you know Doctor Didier's a great old boy with the knife"—she gave me another quick, suspicious look—"and if I were you I'd let him get after that mark on your cheek ——"

It was then that I saw how badly I had put my foot in it. All the blood in Mary's circulatory system seemed to rush into that laughing face on her cheek, and for a moment I was ready for anything, from a slap in the face to a call-down that would make my hair curl. Instead, the tears suddenly brimmed to her eyes, and partly, I think, because she was ashamed that I saw them, and partly because she was too full to speak, she threw her head back and stuck out her tongue—a vaguely familiar gesture from which, in a flash of comprehension, I was able to get some slight idea of what her childhood must have been.

"I'm awfully sorry," I tried to tell her.

But she was gone by then—a slight, pathetic little figure—and I was still staring out of the window, engaged in a masculine task of such universal character that the description of it has become a classic, namely: "Cursing myself for a clumsy fool," when I felt a hand on my arm—and there was Mary by my side again.

Personally I Was Set Against Her in Advance, But Soon I Had to Acknowledge That I Had Probably Never Seen Such Beauty and Grace

"Say, doctor," she said, her braver "doc" temporarily forgotten, "I—I didn't mean it quite like that. But I don't believe I can ever tell anybody just how I feel about—about this. Ever since I can remember I've had to stand so much because of it—that I've nailed it to the mast, if you know what I mean. To try to take it off now—after all I've stood and fought for—well, it's too much like flying the white flag; and I'm no quitter or I'd have quit long ago."

"Sure, you're no quitter!" I told her. "Anybody can see that. But that's no reason why you should go on fighting all your life, if you can have it taken off."

"No use, doc," she said, and I could see that she was nearly herself again. "Once some of the surgeons at the Cook County Hospital took a good look at it before I knew what they were up to, and they all said it was in too deep—they'd darn near have to cut the whole cheek out. And anyhow, I've sort of got used to it now. And if it doesn't bother me ——"

The inference was plain enough: If it didn't bother her it needn't bother me.

"Mary," I said, "you're a good little sport, if anybody happened to ask you."

"Aw, tell it to Tuttle!" she gruffly replied, quite in her manner again. But I didn't. I told it to Doctor Didier instead, he being a great old dreamer in his hours of ease and a keen old controversialist on such fruity topics as dreams, signs, portents, heredity, primal causes, ultimate ends—and such topics, which he generally brought to a close by the reflection, "*Eh bien!* The good Lord halways knows what he is doing!"

That night we talked about Mary's birthmark, and perhaps because of my youth and perhaps because I am a born partisan and can never help taking sides I remember taking Mary's part with all the eloquence at my command, which wasn't much, but made a noble noise.

"And I want to tell you this," I concluded: "It's a wicked thing—yes, a wicked thing—to put a mark like that on an innocent child and set her out to face the world!"

The old doctor quietly leaned over and placed his hands upon my knees as though he would press my silent pedals.

"Hush, hush, *mon ami*, and listen to me," he said. "Some day, if you live, you will be as old as I am now—*n'est-ce pas?* And when you are you will remember the words I tell you now: The good Lord, he halways, halways knows what he is doing! Deny that, and you deny everything. Admit it—and there you are!"

III

AT ELEVEN o'clock that night we loaded up the ambulances with those patients who were well enough to be moved south, and started them off to the station. This left twelve empty cots in our ward.

It was nearly two o'clock when the ambulances returned to Number 26 with their exchange loads of *grands blessés*—poor, mud-coated, blood-stained forms, some of whom had been picked up off the battle field since evening.

As you can imagine, we were all waiting for them—every member of the staff, every day and night nurse in the hospital who could possibly be spared—and almost till daybreak we were cutting off their uniforms, performing such supplementary operations as were necessary to those which had been hurriedly done in the dugouts, renewing bandages, bathing the patients, giving them soup, broth and, whenever we could, a cigarette—a grim scene such as Doré might have drawn; the doctors working in silent intensity, every patient a stoic, every nurse a heroine.

Yet here and there the scene had its lighter side.

As one by one our ward was allotted its twelve patients to fill the empty cots, the four other nurses began to choose their *filleuls*—their godsons.

"I'll take this one," said Miss Bailey, immediately adopting a handsome young giant with a smashed shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mary, pretending to wring her hands with dismay, "haven't you picked a homely one!"

A few minutes later two of the other nurses simultaneously tried to adopt an olive-complexioned lieutenant who was smoking a cigarette to show his unconcern for a shattered hip. "What? Both of you want him?" demanded Mary. "Heh! Must be either Francis X. Bushman or William S. Hart!" And winking her eye at me she added, "Me—I'm waiting for Charlie Chaplin, but I hope he hasn't hurt his cunning little feet before I get a hold of him!"

Now up till that moment I don't believe that Mary had meant for a moment to adopt a godson, but the next patient who was sent to our ward had lost his leg above the knee and had been badly burned in the face by a flame thrower. His head had been bandaged till no opening remained except an indeterminate cavern that led to his mouth.

"Hey, girls!" said Mary as we wheeled him along to our corridor, "here's a chance for you noble nurses. Who's going to adopt this little beauty? Now don't all speak at once!"

"Oh, you can have him," said one of the nurses, who had perhaps been stung a little deeper than it showed. "He'll just suit you."

"All right, ma'am," said Mary, grimly enough. "Just to show that I'm a good sport I'll take him!"

And take him she did; and because she was so amazingly thorough in everything she handled I doubt whether a godson was ever better looked after in the whole Vosges sector. Whenever she had a spare minute she was by his bedside, making him comfortable, easing his bandages, bathing him, propping him up in bed, letting him down again. Twice at least during the next fortnight I am sure he would have died if it hadn't been for Mary, but at last he safely turned the corner.

"Yes, he'll live," nodded Doctor Didier, watching him one afternoon as he slept, his hand clasped round Mary's fingers. "But ah, poor devil, not much for the heep-hurray! One leg—and nearly blind as well. *Ah, quel dommage! Quel dommage!*"

Mary swallowed hard.

"Look, mademoiselle!" said Didier, trying to divert her thoughts. "Another patient calls you."

"Aw, let him call," said Mary in a sulky whisper; "I'm on night duty this week."

"But haven't I seen you here all day?"

"That's all right, too, darn it," she gruffly replied. "He's my godson, ain't he?"

A lucky godson, too, if I am any judge in such matters. As he began to mend, for instance, he developed an appetite for fruit, and fruit immediately became open game so far as Mary was concerned. She could almost point it, as a Gordon setter points a bird. She could almost detect an apple up two flights of stairs and round three corners, and more than once I have seen a patient feel under his pillow for the orange he had hidden there, and quite exhaust himself before he gave up trying to find it.

Meanwhile Mary was busy learning French, Doctor Didier making it his business to see that she had the proper pronunciation and was learning no tricky slang.

"*Bonjour, m'sieur,*" I heard her saying to her godson as he stirred round in his bed one morning. "*Avez-vous bien dormi?*"

Whether or not it had been another all-night vigil I couldn't tell, but his hand was tightly held round her fingers as though with that physical desire for human contact which is characteristic of the newly blind. Not that he suspected his approaching blindness yet. For the present his eyes were sick, that was all; his eyes were sick and he must accept his bandages with as much patience as God could give him.

"*Bonjour, m'sieur,*" repeated Mary, as her godson moved round again. "*Avez-vous bien dormi?*"

I could see then that he was dreaming—or at least I thought he was—for he made a sleepy sound and lifted Mary's hand to the indeterminate opening among the bandages on his face.

"He's kissing your hand," I whispered.

Sitting very proudly in her chair Mary proudly nodded.

"Sure!" she said. "Listen; what's he saying now?"

Whatever it was he was saying it over and over again, in the drowsy, contented voice of one who is happily dreaming. Spoken like that it was too much for me; so I beckoned Doctor Didier, who was at one of the adjoining cots.

The gallant old French *médecin* bent his head and listened. "He's calling you his little beautiful," he said, raising himself at last.

Mary looked at us both for a moment with the mute and helpless inquiry of a child. Then suddenly turning her face away she bowed her head over the drowsy bandaged figure on the bed.

IV

THE next morning I was working in the medicine room when Mary appeared in the doorway. "I'm taking up a collection," she said, "and I thought you might like to chip in."

"What's it for?" I asked.

"Wooden leg for my godson."

"'Chip in' for a wooden leg is good," I told her; "and if there's one thing I've got it's money."

She took the bill absent-mindedly, hardly looking at it at first, and then it came out with a rush. "Say, doc," she said, "how can a blind man make a living? Or how can he throw a bluff at making one?" she corrected herself. "Of course I can make my little old twenty-five dollars a week when I get back home"—the mark on her face reddened—"sometimes, anyhow," she corrected herself again. "But I've been wondering what he could do—you know—to keep him from fretting about what ails him."

"Mary," I began, "if I had my hat on I would take it off to you."

"Aw, tell it to Tuttle!" she said with a flash of her old manner.

"I would," I said. "But look here—now don't get mad—but how do you know that you aren't going too fast? This godson of yours—we don't know a thing about him. He had no tag on. How do you know he isn't married, for instance?"

Mary blushed. "He told me," she said. "I'd been doing some wondering myself, so this morning I had my little speech ready for him. 'Don't you want to write to your wife?' I asked him. I had to say it three times before he got it, and then I could feel him smiling under his bandages. 'Wife?' he said. 'I have none—yet.' Just like that! 'I have none—yet.' I got him the very first time, and then he made to kiss my hand—you know ——"

"Mary," I said, "let me tell you a secret; and never mind Mr. Tuttle. If your godson doesn't marry you I will."

"Aw, quit your kidding!" She laughed. "But say, doc, don't you think it's funny the way things turn out?"

"You bet your life it's funny the way things turn out!" I heartily agreed.

"To think that he—being blind—will never see this on my face, but will always be able to kid himself that I'm a good-looker ——" It was then apparently that she noticed the bill in her hand. "Gee-whiz!" she said; "do you know what you gave me?"

"Sure I know what I gave you," I indignantly told her. "Do you think I'm blind too? Now you beat it, and get him that wooden leg just as quick as you can. Hurry up now! Perhaps he'll want to take you a walk to-morrow!"

At that she skipped away with a saucy little flourish of the back of her skirt, saying "Hoop-la!" as she disappeared. But a moment later she was back again. "He wants to write a letter to somebody," she said. "Do you know whether Doc Didier's down in the office? All right; I'll go and wait for him on the stairs. Say, doc ——"

"Yes?"

"Heh! His name's Paul." And that time, just before she disappeared, she not only made that saucy little flourish of her skirt, but she blew me a kiss as well.

It was about half an hour later when Doctor Didier came into the medicine room, excitedly waving a sheet of note paper in his hand. "*Mon Dieu, mon ami!*" he exclaimed, "but onless all signs fail we are about to have a most distinguish' visitor!"

"Is Teddy Roosevelt coming?" I asked. But that, of course, was over his head.

"I have just written a letter," he excitedly continued, "for the godson of Mam'selle Mary. She was waiting for me on the stairs. Leesten!"

He spanned his nose with his glasses, as handsome and as impetuous an old practitioner as you would have found in the Vosges sector that day, and read this note:

COMTESSE DE VIGNY.

Dear Adèle: Just a few lines to let you know that I am at the hospital here. Come and see me; it will make my poor eyes better. I kiss your hands—the tips of your fingers. YOUR PAUL.

My first thought was of the happy girl who had just been collecting for a wooden leg—and it was that which made me whistle.

"Does Mary know about this?" I asked.

"Why not?" he retorted, evidently suspecting nothing of Mary's love for her godson. "She was there when I wrote it down."

At that I whistled again, but I think my excited colleague misunderstood me. "*Mon Dieu*, yes!" he cried. "Think of it! The Comtesse de Vigny!"

"Some punkins, eh?" I asked.

"What?" he cried. "You haven't heard of her? Leesten, *mon ami!* She was once the most beautiful singer in France—Adèle Pelcher, the Girl with the Golden Voice. I saw her in Louise—Thaïs—Le Jongleur. Then all of a stroke she closed her grand career to marry the Comte de Vigny, one of the last of the old régime, one of the richest old men in France. In less than a year the Comte had died, and his wife was left the richest, most beautiful yo'ng widow in all the world! And that is she to whom he writes 'Come and see me; it will make my poor eyes better. I keess your hands—the tips of your fingers'—Ah!" From the soulful abandon which he put into the words they might have been the gallant old *médecin's* sentiments too.

"And how do you say he signed his letter?" I asked, my thoughts going back to poor Mary.

"'*Votre Paul.*' Just '*Votre Paul.*' But take it from me, *mon ami*, the man who can write to the Comtesse de Vigny like that—he is—what you call eet?—*oui, oui*, he is some punkins too!"

When next I went into the ward Mary was standing at her favorite window, staring out toward the distant firing line, and from the way the other nurses were looking at her godson's cot I could see that Doctor Didier had already spread the news of the wonderful letter.

I was still working round the ward when Mary's godson made a motion with his hand. Miss Bailey hastened to see what he wanted, but Mary, who must have been watching with eyes at the back of her head, sprang to his bedside and faced the other with an expression that wasn't far from being downright gladiatorial.

"Darn your nerve!" she said. "You beat it! He's my godson—yet!"

V

THE following Monday afternoon I was trying to get some sleep when Doctor Didier burst into my room with the air of a man of urgent affairs who can stay only for the briefest of moments.

"Wake up, *mon ami!*" he breathlessly cried, shaking my shoulder. "She has arrived!"

"Who has arrived?" I grumbled, still half asleep.

"*La Comtesse de Vigny!* Queeck! She is in the office now and is due to ascend at any moment!"

I was wide enough awake by then, and it wasn't many minutes later when I strolled out into the ward, making some show of reading the temperature cards, but really keeping my eyes open for what I had come to see.

Evidently Mary's godson had been told of the arrival of his visitor, for in spite of his bandages I could see eagerness written large all over him. Mary, her face set, had just washed his hands and was now brushing his hair, her head on one side, her eyes intent, like an anxious little mother who wishes her son to look a credit to her care.

Presently the door at the end of the corridor opened and a young woman entered with the unmistakable air of a *grande dame*, and yet somehow with the subtle effect of one who walks before a large and attentive audience. Personally I was set against her in advance, but even I had to

His Fingers Went Groping Out Till They Found Mary's Hand, With That Pathetic Desire for Human Contact Which is Characteristic of the Newly Blind

acknowledge that I had probably never seen such perfect beauty or finished grace—grace and beauty, indeed, that were almost too perfect, too finished, and would have reminded you more of a flawless statue of marble than of any living being of flesh and blood. Still, as I have said, I had already set myself against her. It was evident that her escorts of state—the *directeur-général* of Number 26 and Doctor Didier—it was evident that at least they were sincere enough in their homage, and the wounded men who were able to move and look at her—it was easily seen that they found no fault either.

Doctor Didier bowed her to Paul's bedside, where Mary, her face still set and pale, drew a chair forward for the visitor.

"Well, Paul?" she said.

"Adèle!" cried Mary's godson, and held out his hand.

After a moment's hesitation the Comtesse took it. "*Mon pauvre Paul!*" she said, and still with that air of speaking to a larger audience.

By that time I had worked my way to the next cot, and when I looked at our distinguished visitor from this closer vantage point it struck me again that I had never seen features or complexion of such exquisite refinement. Even Nature seemed to have hall-marked its product as perfect, for on one side of her face was a crescent-shaped beauty spot, and though at first I thought it was artificial I presently saw that it had been placed there by the gods themselves, as though to call attention to the perfection of their work.

"Poor Mary!" I couldn't help thinking, and yet when I looked at her—this girl who wasn't refined—and studied her profile, its expression softened and made beautiful by approaching sacrifice, I knew of course that I was espousing a lost cause, but mentally I rooted for Mary. Suddenly, however, I dropped all consciousness of these and similar thoughts. My attention was diverted by a byplay on the bed.

Paul had attempted to kiss his visitor's hand, but the bandages preventing he had tried to lay it on his heart. This the Comtesse was resisting, chatting away in her grand manner but quietly matching her strength against the other's weakness, looking at Paul's bandages with a cool, intelligent eye.

"Oho!" I thought: "our Comtesse doesn't think so much of her Paul when she sees that he's blind and has only one leg!"

Mary, it seemed, had also noticed something of this, for the color began to come back to her face, and when Paul finally released the Comtesse's hand Mary's head went up like that of a little duchess who doesn't want to have her coronet fall over her eyes.

The Comtesse still continued to chat, asking Paul question after question, eying his bandaged face narrowly as she did so: but after that silent tussle with her hand Paul didn't have a great deal to say for himself. He lay quiet and I think it was then for the first time that he began to suspect the truth about his eyes. Before long the conversation began to die of onesidedness.

"My patient is tired now," said Mary in a clear voice. "Perhaps if you let him rest a little ——"

The Comtesse rose and moved away—the *directeur-général* and Doctor Didier accompanying her like two stars following the moon. "You think there is no hope for his sight?" I heard her ask.

"Practically none," Doctor Didier answered. "The flame and the gas together seem to have dried up all the sacs—all the ducts—and what with the inflammation and complications ——"

He shrugged his shoulders and followed this with an expressive sigh. "And now, *Madame la Comtesse*," he continued, almost nervously for him, "if you would care to grant us all a favor most exquisite! I know that if some of these poor devils who may never leave here alive—could only hear you sing ——"

She graciously nodded, looking at the bed where Mary's godson lay. The *directeur-général* rapped a pencil on the window sill for silence. For as long as it might take you to count ten the Comtesse stood there, dressed as though for the occasion, black tulle on black tulle, tassels on laces, and laces on silks: the faultlessness of grace and beauty, a crescent-shaped beauty mark upon her cheek as though placed there by the gods themselves to call attention to the perfection of their work.

Then suddenly she graciously nodded again, this time as though to an invisible orchestra, and turning toward the bed where Mary's godson lay she began Coppée's famous song:

It is all in vain to implore me
Not to let her image beguile,
For her face is ever before me,
And her smile.

It is all in vain to implore me
All memories of her away to keep,
For even though she wishes to ignore me
I can weep.

It is all in vain to entreat me
Memory's recollections to defy,
For even though she willeth to defeat me
I can die. . . . I can die. . . .

Perhaps acting for that larger audience it was thus that she visualized herself and Paul. However that may be, when she went to his bedside a few minutes later Mary's godson made no sign.

"I think he's sleeping," said Mary in her clear voice.

"Then if I shouldn't see him again—I am going on the hospital train to-night—will you bid him *au revoir* for me?"

"*Avec plaisir, madame!*"

I think then that the Comtesse caught the significance of that clear crisp tone of Mary's, for she slowly turned and gave Paul's godmother such a long, lingering look—such a look that seemed to say, "Who is this poor, insignificant fish of a nurse who uses this manner to me?"—that I felt the hair on top of my head growing hot for Mary's sake. And a moment later when the Comtesse looked at Mary's birthmark—looked and drew back and pretended to shudder—well, perhaps you can guess how I felt about that, too—to say nothing of how Mary felt.

And yet Paul wasn't asleep.

The Comtesse had hardly gone when I saw him turn his head on the pillow, and though he tried to hide it I saw that, like the lover in Coppée's song, he, too, could weep, especially when his fingers went groping out till they found Mary's hand, as though with that pathetic desire for human contact which is characteristic—God help them!—of the newly blind.

VI

AFTER a time I went back to my room, intent upon retrieving that lost sleep, but the more I thought of Mary and her godson the less I was able to saw any wood. And later when I went down into the medicine room to fill some capsules I put more thoughts of Mary into them than quinine.

"She'll be able to buy that wooden leg for him now, after all," I thought. "Poor kid, she certainly thought it

(Concluded on Page 34)

Will Democracy Work in Russia?

By ERNEST POOLE

WILL democracy work in Russia? When I think of that question I recall a drizzling Sunday morning in Petrograd last summer. I was in a railroad station, a place of somber, dirty halls, with a gray light straggling in through high narrow windows. A harsh buzz of voices rose from dense crowds of people there; and the women and children sitting upon heaps of baggage gave me a vivid impression of a nation moving; of Russia in a state of change; jarred loose from her old moorings—restless, anxious, eager, hungry, groping her way blindly on. From the little chapel in a recess in one wall the red lights of the icons, which are sacred images, gleamed like little danger signals. The great road was not clear ahead.

At one of the ticket windows, which had not yet been opened, a long line of waiting travelers had gathered in a noisy throng. Tickets were forgotten. "Where am I going?" had been changed to "Where are we going, brothers? Where is Russia going?" There was a babel of argument, with workingmen and soldiers and well-to-do people all mixed in, men and women and young boys. Here and there laughter would break out; but again they would grow fiercely intent—while a Cossack perched on a high crate frowned down in his effort to comprehend.

"But meantime how about their trains?" I could hear some impatient American ask. "Why isn't the ticket seller here to attend to his business? Why don't these Russian people insist on a decent train service? Big social ideals are all very well, but they're not worth a cuss if the trains won't run!"

Quite true. And, because we are in this war to make the world safe for democracy, we must help them run their trains. For if we don't do it Germany will; and if she succeeds in imposing her influence upon the Slavs, the world will be a dangerous place for liberty to live in. We may have to hold off for a little now; but the moment we can, we must go in again. And really to help we must not try to force our American methods on the Russian habits of mind. We must adapt our ways to their conditions and their needs.

The Kipiton, Where You Fill Your Canteen With Boiling Water on the Siberian Road

What Russia Needs To-day

WHAT does Russia need to-day? What big problems must be solved by any government there, Bolshevik or Bourgeois, if it is to long endure? That question is simply answered. The people must have food to eat and fuel and clothes to keep them warm; and to get these things and distribute them the railroads and mills and mines and factories must be brought back to life; and the peasants must be supplied next spring with millions of new plows and tools, for their old ones are now all worn out. These problems are all interacting, one upon the other; and all of them depend on the question: "If Russia disbands her armies now, how shall she get ten million men back into productive labor?"

The railroads were demoralized before the revolution; and even before the war began they were most inadequate. Vast areas of the country still depended on post roads. An engineer told me that to reach his Siberian mine in winter he had to drive twelve hundred miles in a big covered sledge piled with rugs inside.

"We never stopped to eat," he said. "I heated food on a lamp inside; and so we went on day and night, only stopping to change horses, or between times to jump out and beat the horses' noses to keep them from freezing."

There are tens of thousands of sledges still on the long icy roads of Russia to-day, and another large share of the traffic is borne by a tremendous network of canals and rivers. More than half of the population still live in lonely villages miles from any railroad line. The railroads, for the most part owned and run by the government, are slow and inefficient, a system honeycombed with graft. About half the locomotives still burn wood instead of coal, and this requires more frequent stops because the wood burns faster. Their railroad sections are too short. Every sixty or seventy miles both locomotive and engineer are changed; and this increases the delay. The average speed of the passenger trains is fifteen miles an hour.

Such conditions were made worse by the war, and still worse by the revolution. For weeks the soldiers rode about on trains they had captured. Gradually things settled down; but meantime the trainmen, by repeated threats to strike, not only forced up wages but insisted on conditions that further blocked the traffic. They even considered the idea of having each section of the road managed by a local committee of the workingmen; but even the calm philosophical Russian train dispatcher set up such a howl at this that he was able to make himself heard.

In brief, Russia was clogged. The numberless veins and arteries that give to a nation industrial life were fearfully congested. To get a sleeper to Vladivostok I applied in Petrograd about the end of August, and was told that the next available berth was for the end of November. I could get a berth for that same week, but only from a speculator for three hundred rubles extra. The same applied to the one night's trip from Petrograd to Moscow. The regular price of a ticket and berth was about thirty-five rubles. The speculator charged seventy-five, but you paid him and were thankful.

It was hard for those who could not pay. I remember a scene late one night in one of the Petrograd stations: Across the platform from our train was a local, guarded by soldiers from a frantic, shouting mob. These people, to get their tickets, had had to stand in long lines for many hours on the street. Now they came down the platform with a rush and crowded into the cars. I have an ugly memory of two peasant women with babes in their arms trying to enter the narrow train door of a car already packed and jammed, screaming and shaking their fists into each other's faces. It was not a cheerful sight. I saw the same thing in other cities and in many little towns. I saw men and women and children covering whole tops of trains and clinging to their luggage.

Both the mails and the telegraph were thoroughly demoralized. A letter from Moscow to Petrograd took a week or more in going; often it never arrived at all; and the average telegram was equally uncertain. This hampered the government in its attempt to bring system out of chaos. Orders were sent and not delivered; things happened and people never knew. The power of false rumor was tremendously increased. In September, when Korniloff was marching upon Petrograd, I started home through Siberia, and at every station our train was met by crowds who begged for the latest news.

Who controlled the government now?

To me it was amazing that life went on as well as it did. On that Siberian journey, when Russia for the moment was without a government, you might have expected disorder and rioting all along the line. It was not so. There were crowds of idle soldiers, but not one of them entered our car. I remember one cold, rainy night when our conductor stood off for ten minutes a score of angry soldier lads who wanted to climb on and ride. The next train was not due for three hours, they said. Why should they stand and wait in the rain? They only wanted to reach the next town. But our conductor was obdurate. Orders were orders and must be obeyed. And that little mob of soldiers obeyed, rather to my own regret. And so it was all along the line. The Slavs have a deep instinct for getting along without any law. The engineer ran his engine because it was his daily job; and he stopped to chat as usual with the man who ran the water tank or the man who loaded the tender with white birch logs from the forest close by.

Chaotic Railway Operation

AND back in Northern Russia, late one summer afternoon, a crowd that had been waiting for a train long overdue, instead of growing impatient, sat quietly on their luggage; and soon they were talking absorbedly. In one group my interpreter heard a discussion as to what had become of the two million Russian soldiers killed. Where had they gone? Was there really a God? . . . Then at last the train arrived and there was the usual scramble. But later, when we were all packed in and the train was creaking slowly along at twelve miles an hour, the conversation went on again, with argument and anecdote, with laughter and with friendliness and with the deepest interest—while to me, poor practical Yankee, we seemed to go slower all the time. I yanked out my watch. "Now we're five hours late!"

At one station, when I was nearly asleep, I was roused by a heart-rending chorus of bellows from close by. I jumped out with my interpreter and found that two freight cars filled with calves had just been hitched on to the train. About fifty calves were packed in tight, homesick, frightened, bleating like mad. But nobody seemed in the least surprised at these additional passengers. The brakeman, with that frankness so common among his countrymen, explained to us confidingly:

"A fellow asked me to hitch on these cars. And I said: 'Why not, brother? We'll go no slower than before.' So he gave me ten rubles for each car. And is anyone troubled? Not at all."

But there was trouble, all the same. Everywhere I saw long lines of freight cars upon sidings—empty, broken-down perhaps; or as often filled with food supplies that were sorely needed somewhere. And at Tornea early last summer, when I entered Russia from Norway, I saw acres of boxes, barrels and crates reaching through the train yards and off under the trees of the forest.

To help remedy such conditions our American Railroad Commission arrived. But at first our men were met with distrust; for both the German agents and the Bolshevik exiles who were returning from New York had described us as a nation utterly honeycombed with graft; and this picture had been strengthened by the indisputable fact that Russian Government agents here had been forced by our manufacturers to pay enormous prices. When we entered the war these agents could hardly believe it when they were told that our Government would now take charge and see

that they got goods nearly at cost. This had not been our record hitherto. And so in Russia our railroad men had to face suspicion on all sides.

Another obstacle in their path was the open hostility of the railroad officials. For, after an investigation of the Russian railroads, Mr. Stevens had declared that, without any great addition to the present rolling stock, the efficiency of the roads could be raised nearly forty per cent. And this had set Russian engineers buzzing like so many hornets. One high official in the Ministry of Railroads, with whom I talked, told me most emphatically:

"There is nothing the matter with our system. Our only trouble is the lack of cars and locomotives."

It was a most unpromising start; but after weeks of argument Stevens was told to go ahead. His first work was on the Siberian road. Tens of thousands of tons of our goods were piled up at Vladivostok, waiting for cars to haul them. Our commission soon discovered that many cars and locomotives, idle on sidings or in yards, were still available for use. All they needed was repair. There had never been many adequate repair shops in Russia, and half of them had now shut down. So our commission started two huge repair shops of their own, one at Vladivostok and the other at Harbin.

Meantime more locomotives began to arrive from America and were quickly assembled. The troubles that Russian engineers had been having with our engines were soon remedied in our shops. And all along the line Mr. Stevens made technical changes in the system of operation. The result was that within a month he had raised the road's efficiency at least twenty-five per cent. I came out about that time on the Siberian Express. In the nine days' journey we were only two hours late; and our consul in Harbin, where I turned to go down into China, told me that in Vladivostok most of our goods had already been moved.

Having started the work there Mr. Stevens went to Mohileff to see what could be done on the railroads that supplied the Russian Front. But only a few weeks after that came the Bolshevik *coup d'état;* and at the time of this writing it is impossible to tell whether or not the new Government can come to some agreement with ours, under which our railroad men will continue to give aid. The Russian railroads must be now in worse confusion than ever before. I shut my eyes and see long lines of cars all over Russia waiting—while the people wait. Will the people keep on waiting? Can the Bolsheviki move all those cars in time? If they cannot they will have to give way to some more practical régime.

The Kerensky Government had at least made a beginning. Not only, with our help, had it started to clean up the railroads, but its Ministry of Supplies was working hard to get the grain, the meat and sugar, clothing, leather, plows and tools the people need, and to distribute these supplies to the places where they were wanted most.

To do this in true Russian fashion they had built up a system so elaborate and complete that when you saw it on paper you felt all Russia's troubles were solved. If red tape could feed people then the Russians were to be gorged. The plan included a network of committees, large and small, in cities, towns and villages in every section of the land. But then, also in true Russian fashion, some of the planners began to despair. One with whom my interpreter talked, in the Ministry of Supplies, was a tall thin man with a hollow chest and rather long, disheveled hair. He had honest, likable, friendly eyes.

"The general position is this," he said in a tone that implied it was hopeless: "My department of this ministry controls all the agricultural tools, domestic or imported; another controls the wheat and rye; and another is beginning to control the oats and hay. The plan is, later, to control all the cotton goods as well, and leather, fuel and sugar. We are in communication with our district committees of supplies, and are getting information as to where the things are needed most and where there is a surplus stock. We are acting as a clearing house. But the plan is so enormous that it is impossible to direct the work from here. It would take a perfect army. So we are leaving things to be done by committees out in the provinces.

"I hope it will go better," he continued patiently, "when the entire mechanism of our plan is understood. But, to tell you the truth, we are getting but little coöperation yet, for the country is quite unprepared for a socialistic plan of this kind. I myself am a Socialist; but in the last few months I have found this is not a socialist country. Our people are not made like that. Each one is greedy for his own and thinks very little of the state. We discovered this almost at the start; but, in the exaltation prevailing in those wonderful days, no one cared to point out the fact. We had clothed the people with ideals, and now we found them naked.

"It reminds me of a fable: In olden times there was a prince who wished to be clothed in the thinnest garb that any mortal had ever worn. There came to him a shrewd tailor, who took his measure carefully and promised that the material should be as thin as the air itself. As a matter of fact, he did use air; and when he came back with the costume it was wholly invisible. But the tailor talked so convincingly that at last the prince was made to believe that this was a real suit he was wearing. When he appeared before his court the courtiers all applauded and cried: 'How beautifully our prince is clothed!' But suddenly a little child rose up and cried out shrilly: 'The prince is only naked!'" The Russian turned with a tragic smile. "That is the trouble now," he said. "In Russia the prince

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The Way of a Maid With a Man

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

YAWNINGLY wriggling round to inspect his car's glistening taximeter—quite superfluous this inspection perhaps!—Bill Burkins blandly announced: "Twelve dollars and sixty-five cents."

"Ah!" Rather blankly the young man standing beside the taxi repeated: "Twelve dollars and—a-and sixty-five cents!"

"Yep," said Bill with some impatience of tone and of mien.

The time was two-fifty-six A. M. The place was the cement curb in front of a trim suburban cottage owned by one elderly Thomas Owenson. The front door of this cottage had just closed after the yawned but polite good night of the girl—Elsa Owenson, brown of eye, red of lip, slim of brown chiffon waist and brown silken ankle.

From a pocket the young man slowly drew a two-dollar bill, a one-dollar bill and some silver. Not thirty pieces by any means.

"Um-m—twelve dollars and—and sixty-five cents," he repeated thoughtfully.

"Yep! That's what I said," snapped Bill Burkins, cynically and belligerently eying the cash being turned over and over in the young man's nervous hands.

Old was Bill; nearly sixty. And wise was Bill; he had driven horse cabs observingly for two decades before taxicabs rolled out of the faster future. And now he gazed with cold astuteness at Mr. Arthur McArney, knowing full well that he, Bill, could any time drop a brief plumb line into any surface coach, L crowd, subway jam, fire-fan mob, time-clock crush, popular-park-concert audience, movie house, Y. M. C. A. reading room or cabaret and touch one of the young man's kind. Two-dollar straw hat, eighteen-fifty blue-serge suit, salary seventeen dollars or so—at the most twenty-five! coldly calculated Bill—fifty-cent necktie. Lot of cheek, in Bill's opinion, for such a chap even to look sidewise at a taxi. Ain't there street cars?

"That's what I said," he repeated with hostile emphasis.

Arthur McArney nervously counted his loose change. It amounted to a dollar and five cents.

With the bills, four dollars and five cents. And twelve dollars and sixty-five cents ——

Involuntarily he gasped—like a drowning man. Oh!

And oddly, as a drowning man sees, they say, all his past days in one swift second, so now, as for a second Arthur McArney stood staring helplessly at that small heap of cash, he saw flashingly all the outstanding incidents of the past eleven years since he left his small home town in Indiana—his embarrassed arrival, nineteen years old, shabby suit case in hand, at the big station; that first panic when for a week or so he didn't find a job; that first job—clerking, at eight dollars; the blotched light-green calcimine of his first hall bedroom; the lumpy mattress of the third; the first blue-serge suit, bought on the installment plan; the second; the third.

Mabel, a thin, blondish saleslgirl who once courteously scorned his weekly clerical twelve dollars for the larger wage of a beefy-necked, assured mechanic; dumpy, sallow Marian, a controversial milliner who accepted patronizingly his sundae and movie attentions; several other girls. At the time he had been rather hurt over Mabel; later, rather relieved.

His gradual uneventful rise to his present twenty-one dollars at a shipping desk of the National Notions Company; his occasional discontent over the fact that the National had apparently stopped him permanently at the twenty-one mark; his occasional self-reminder that a whole lot of fellows on the National and on other pay rolls were striking only the twelve and fifteen dollar marks and therefore he ought to be hugely satisfied; his occasional tolerant spleen over the National's trick of laying him and some other fellows off for three days when business was dull—and docking three days' pay; his trivial spat the week before with Hallett, the bulging-eyed, always rushing supermanager, because of his occasional trivial lateness.

The smooth, waxy floor of the Purple Gondola restaurant where, two weeks before, he had been introduced to Elsa Owenson, who at the time was resting her pretty brown eyes with gay impartiality on a fat tanguing old broker, a thin fox-trotting middle-aged lawyer, an ammunition maker's plump son, a chortling wine-filled feather salesman and several other men.

Bick Olson, of the Continental Notions Company, had introduced him. Bick knew very well indeed a blue-eyed maiden who took dictation in the same real-estate office where brown-eyed Miss Owenson worked.

Being introduced to Elsa Owenson, Arthur McArney had instantly been conscious of a great benevolent pity for such slighted-by-nature girls as Mabel, Marian and others.

But it had been two eager, ardent, telephoning weeks before he had persuaded the popular Elsa to allow his humbler self to dine her and wine her and have an escort's right to the most of one evening's hesitations, Blue Danubes and fox trots. And at the gay late close she had turned matter-of-courselv toward an inviting, waiting taxi.

And now ——

"Where are You Going Now?" Gargled Arthur. "Lunch," Calmly Said Elsa, Powdering Her Nose in Front of All State Street

He gasped again—this time with relief. His watch! Of course. It was a good gold watch, his eighteenth-birthday gift.

Questioningly he handed it and the four dollars, withholding the nickel, to Bill.

Bill examined it carefully, then accepted it with scorn.

"Say, there's one of you born every minute!"—impudently casting a cynical grin toward a lighted window in the trim cottage's second floor, where presumably brown-eyed Elsa was sleepily getting into her trim bed.

"How dare you!" said Arthur haughtily. "This is merely a temporary inconvenience!"

"I'll redeem it to-morrow—or"—hedging thoughtfully—"in a week or two."

"All right. You can usually find me round Randolph and Dearborn," yawned Bill, and rolled off, humming: "It's gay to be gay while you're gay!"

Arthur McArney walked twelve blocks south and four west, guiding himself partly by intuition and partly by a faint rail rumble. Somewhat pensively he carefully gave the nickel to the L person, and an hour and fourteen minutes later let himself in at his rooming house.

Waking in the morning he missed his watch. Then he remembered thoughtfully that when he met Elsa Owenson the preceding seven P. M. he had in his pockets just forty-two dollars—two weeks' pay in its entirety.

Forty and two dollars. In one evening. H'm!

From a fellow across the hall he borrowed a quarter for breakfast and car fare to work.

At noon he sought Bick Olson to borrow five dollars for running expenses till pay day—which was thirteen days away. The National's custom was to pay its employees semimonthly. Arthur McArney reflected, as he requested the loan, that the National had a lot of little customs that he didn't like. He had often made this same reflection before.

Bick kindly handed the money over at once. Bick was an under-manager at the Continental establishment and drew forty-five dollars a week; as he was a somewhat careful spender he usually was in easy financial circumstances.

But with the money he threw in some advice; also a few comments that were truer than tactful.

"I knew it!"—regretfully. "Every fellow that meets that pretty Elsa Owenson does it—till he gets wise to the fact that she likes a gay, grand good time better than she likes any man. Say, Art! There's nothin' in this blowin' a wad of coin on girls like Elsa ——"

"Well, that's all right," said Art stiffly, pocketing the money. "I'm not an infant. I can take care of myself and my own busi ——"

"Oh, I ain't sayin' a word against Elsa, you understand," hastily explained Bick. "I've known her a long time. I know her brothers and her married sister. She's a nice girl, but she's loony about restaurants and dancin'. I'm tellin' you: Pass her up!"

Arthur McArney smiled weakly.

"I guess I'll have to—*for a couple of weeks anyway.*"

Bick slapped him on the back. "You've got her right!"—wisely. "The day after pay day—that's the only time to see Elsa. Say, I ain't sayin' nothin' against her, you understand. But this always-orderin'-a-taxi stunt gets my goat. She—and some others I know"—darkly—"who live nineteen miles from the loop—seem to think that every fellow they get an introduction to has a pocketful of dough. Not that I'm tight, you understand, Art. But we ain't millionaires. I ain't; and you ain't half so close to bein' one as I am ——"

"I know," agreed Arthur stiffly. Bick, as a submanager, frequently assumed a certain tone of mentorship, not to say patronage, toward his mere shipping-clerk friend.

"Then why did you let her work y——"

Arthur McArney interrupted restively: "Well, I'm not whining. I notice that most nights there are three or four chaps with pocketfuls of dough hanging round to call a taxi or anything else she wants! Last night I beat 'em to it"—with a decided touch of pride. "So I figured it was up to me to make good—and treat a girl as she is used to being treated."

Sorrowfully Bick Olson surveyed him. "Say, d'ye know what you are, Art? You're nutty!"—with decision. "Plain nutty!"

"All right"—curtly. "Maybe I am"—glancing after a passing girl in brown shoes greatly like the ones Miss Owenson had worn the night before.

"You bet you are!" And then Mr. Bick Olson proceeded at some length to explain that he, Bick, or he, Art, or anyone else, could drop a brief plumb line into any matinée crowd, L jam, movie house, office building, department store, musicale, concert, Folly chorus, cabaret, *thé dansant* or Red Cross bandage room and find a handful of Elsa Owenson's kind: pert, pretty, powdered, addicted to laughter, orchestras, high sixteen-dollar shoes, expensive salads and French pastry, admiration, candy and flowers—and cannily aware of her own charms and the treatment they could gain her in the great modern amusement mart.

Arthur McArney listened restively, looked brightly after another brown-shoed girl, then strolled off to his own place of employment. He was thoughtful—moody, in fact. But it was perhaps just as well that his sincere friend, as Bick would have styled himself, could not look after him and into his mind and know that he was moody over the fact that two weeks must elapse before he could jingle a few dollars again, and was wondering hostilely if that fat tangoing broker would be escorting Elsa Owenson home very soon. He had not liked well any of the men smiling round that girl after every dance and clamoring for their turn. But he had especially not liked Sankey, this broker, who besides being fat wore a continual insolent smile which seemed to brag: "When I'm not dancing with pretty girls in pink-lighted tea rooms I'm frightfully busy throwing whole granaries of three-dollar wheat from one of my ledgers to another."

Her Cool, Clear Little Voice Gave Him to Understand That Her Employer Objected Stringently to His Employees' Using His Telephone Except on Business

But though scowling at mere memory of him and his bragging smile the young man was not exactly melancholy as he punched the time clock and set himself down at desk. In that homing taxi Elsa had been friendly to intimacy. Though rich, Sankey was also oldish and fat. Nice old law that—compensation. And though he himself was in debt, after several careful years of keeping out of debt—well, he wasn't swamped with liabilities.

For some ten minutes he used his pencil in personal calculation, instead of on a white and black thread shipment to Omaha, where it should have been used. He found that by cutting down running expenses sharply he could get back his watch next pay day, pay Bick and still have a few dollars to blow—on Elsa.

Pretty name that—Elsa. He could not remember ever having heard a prettier. He scribbled it gently at the edge of the Omaha bill sheet and wished hard that he could chop the next two weeks from the tree of time.

It upset his calculations somewhat when late that afternoon the general manager stopped by his desk brusquely to tell him to take a three-day lay off, with four other men, beginning the next morning. Business was dull and the National Notions Company was a morbid stickler for trimming its expenses according to its business.

Now in seven years past Arthur McArney had frequently been subjected to this brusque lay off. He had never complained to his superiors, though in private he and the others so subjected had exchanged bitter opinion on the downright meanness of it. But as a matter of fact he had rather enjoyed, usually, the two or three days of freedom to sleep later in the morning and loaf afternoons round at ball game or vaudeville.

But this day expostulation shot from his lips before he knew what he was saying: "Oh, say, Mr. Hallett! I can't exactly afford a lay off right now!"

Hallett paused, astonished, and stared at him. The general manager was a full-chinned, corpulent man, with a despotic nose and bulging, greenish eyes. His stare, even when amiable, was disconcerting. "Married?" he now snapped. "It must be recently; if so ——"

"No, but ——"

"Anyone dependent on you? We have not been made aware of it; if so ——"

"No—but a—a little matter of debt ——"

"I guess you can stand it, then." Hallett's tone was as cold as the wind in Nova Scotia round February. And his bulging greenish eyes sneered that if the objecting young man didn't care to take his three days off he might take himself permanently off. Not at all would the National care. Hallett moved on down the room.

"He's darned liable not to see me back here at the end of his three days!" growled Arthur to the clerk at the adjoining desk, who, too, was one of the five. The growl was not throated low. Hallett's ears seemed to twitch back to it. "And I hope he heard that," added Arthur viciously.

"Gosh, he wouldn't worry," cynically brooded his confrere. "Not a whit."

"No, I don't suppose so," gloomily agreed Arthur. Glumly he leaned back in his chair to cogitate over his insignificance in the world and in the National's regard. Going down the room Hallett's back had reminded him of that fat, insolent, important broker, Sankey.

It was a scowling half hour before Arthur McArney quit thinking of those two corpulent backs and got back to his work on the Omaha thread shipment. And when an hour later a bookkeeper pettishly reported three errors in the record he sullenly told the reporter to like those errors or lump 'em. The bookkeeper retorted that he didn't like 'em and wouldn't lump 'em either. But as it was closing time Arthur did not care.

That evening he dropped in at the Purple Gondola restaurant. But Elsa was not to be seen on its waxed floor. Neither was Sankey. After loitering round a while Arthur sulkily and disappointedly sought his rooming house, trying to tell himself that, considering his financial state, it was just as well that he hadn't seen her.

The next day he found idleness heavy. To break its tedium he telephoned Elsa twice at the office where she was employed. But it proved that gay Elsa of the evenings was a different young woman from Elsa of office days. The second time he phoned, her cool, clear little voice gave him to understand that her employer objected stringently to his employees' using his telephone except on business or death in their families.

Her cool tone nettled Arthur. Surely it was a trifle ungrateful—considering the forty-two dollars, watch and everything!

Sense of being ill used by all the world settled hard upon him. He hoped old Hallett really heard that growled threat! And with the sulky hope came a sudden decision to fulfill the threat. This three-day-lay-off business every now and then was an outrage!

Why, Bick Olson could wedge him in at the Continental company and be glad to do it. Bick had often demanded of him why he stuck round a joint that had apparently forgotten the word promotion was in the dictionary.

Without doubt Bick, too, would see that more than a measly twenty-one dollars came his way. Once or twice in the past he had thought of using his friendship with Bick to better himself. But a certain squeamishness at thus using friendship had deterred him; also—this must be admitted—a certain distaste at coming daily under Bick's patronizing authority. But now he realized that he had been too finical, and straight to telephone booth he made his way.

Bick's answering hello was cordial but preoccupied.

"Say, Bick," Arthur began brightly, "I'm calling up to tell you that I'm clear through with the National. That firm hasn't treated me right. So I'm quitting it cold. And I've decided to come over to the Continental ——"

"What's the National been doing to you?" demanded Bick.

"Same old thing—no raise—three days' lay off when I can't afford it"—bitterly. "I'm through. Now what can you do for me?"

"Me?"

"Yep. You know I've had quite a few years' experience in our line. And, darn it all, experience ought to count! But the National"—resentfully—"doesn't seem to think so." Then Arthur waited expectantly.

But Bick Olson's response was slow in coming. And when it did come it was hesitant:

"Well—I tell you, Art—I —— Fact is, the Continental's pay roll is pretty well loaded with names just now ——"

"What of that?"—in surprise. "Can't you always find room for one more?"

There was a short silence. Then Bick Olson cleared his throat. Then he spoke:

"Well—the fact is—I'll tell you, Art: I like you awfully well. Always did. You're a good friend of mine, Art. And I'm a friend of yours. And I hope nothin' will ever interfere with our friendship. But—but ——"

"But what?"—sharply.

"Well—you see—I like my friends all right, Art. I'm the greatest fellow in the world for friends. I—I appreciate friendship awful well. But—but I don't like to hire my friends to work under me! You see—I gotta look after my own interests with the firm. And a friend"—with aggrievement of tone—"is always takin' advantage of

you; comin' to work late and quittin' early and loafin' on the job. And, you see, Art, the Continental expects its men to put more pep into the day's work than the National seems -er—to expect. So—you see ——"

"Oh—I see!" Red of face, throat swelling with Simon-pure rage, Arthur McArney slammed receiver on hook and stamped out of telephone booth.

In the next two days he found no tedium. He was too bitterly busy making the city's round of various firms that might be able to appreciate an experienced shipping clerk. He even forgot Elsa Owenson, the original cause of the effect, in his furious decision to get, by any hook or any crook, another job which he could flaunt not only in old Hallett's face but in Bick Olson's as well. Friendship! He hoped never again to hear the word.

But the three days' lay off given by the National company proved an indication of general apathy in the notions trade. He found no job with twenty-one dollars attached.

He found instead—what he had always known subconsciously—that plenty of fellows were running round glad to get eighteen. And several gentlemen with air of authority and wisdom seemed to think that he was looking for a job because someone had just fired him, and they didn't care for fired folks.

So the fourth day saw him sheepishly but necessitously back at his own desk in the National building. Hallett, coldly expressionless of full face, seemed to take his return as a matter of course; merely admonishing him in acidulous tone in future not to let quite so many errors creep into a record as had marked the pages of the last Omaha thread shipment.

In a way this reception was comfortably matter of course. In another way it was uncomfortably uncomplimentary. It nicely relegated Arthur McArney to the ranks of those whose comings or noncomings are of little concern.

Suddenly he realized this. But he accepted it with a shrug and a cynical grin at the chap at the next desk, who grinned cynically back.

And it is probable that the young man, after more or less sulky, cynical meditation on the ways of crabbed managers, friends and brown-eyed girls, might have relapsed quite soon into the old routine of living. But a few days later, one noon when State Street overflowed with shoppers and toilers, he met Elsa Owenson again, face to face.

The sight of her ultra-short red upper lip, her ultra-shapely white little nose, the winking black fringes of her ultra-bright brown eyes, the smart music of her cool, clear little voice—all combined to send a sharp, almost painful tingle through the young man's body, mind and soul. He forgot everything else in his life except that now, as two weeks before, he wanted nothing on earth so much as to kiss her mouth.

"H-hello," he stammered.

At sight of him Elsa stopped still and put out a small hand.

"You're mad—aren't you?" she cooed sadly. "But you know old Maugerton simply storms when we girls use the phone! And when you called up last time he was sitting right there! I didn't know what to say to you! My throat was so dry I could hardly talk."

"You poor girl!" cried he. "Say, it was darned cheeky of me to call up and risk getting you into trouble! If I'd had a grain of gumption I'd have thought of it."

"Oh, it's all right now"—cheerfully. "And—I just want to tell you that he—he goes to lunch from one-thirty to three. So—at that time"—with a demure flirt upward of black fringes.

"I'll sure remember," gurgled Arthur, grinning fatuously. "Where are you going now?"

"Lunch," calmly said Elsa, taking a white puff out of her hand bag and coolly powdering her nose in front of all State Street. Arthur McArney laughed aloud at her audacity and unconcern.

"Isn't this awful for me to do?" she chuckled. "But I noticed you looking at my nose. I know it was red."

"It wasn't," he contradicted warmly.

"Where are you going?" she asked interestedly.

"Lunch"—carelessly.

And at once his throat got dry—parched, in fact. Up at him smiled the bright brown eyes. Oh, that smile was an assent, unmistakably, indubitably, to an invitation that he had not put, would not put, could not put! Out of the five dollars borrowed from Bick remained only some sixty-odd cents. Desperately he tried to think how to evade the issue.

Elsa continued to smile up at him. Provocatively she smiled.

"I—I—let's lunch together!" In spite of himself the words spoke themselves. And, having spoken, he grew rigid.

"Delighted," said Elsa, turning to fall into step with him. "Where'll we go?" vivaciously.

Her question proved his life-saver. In two seconds his wits worked faster than they doubtless had worked in five years past. He recalled that in all the large Chicago loop he had speaking acquaintance with but one restaurant personage. That was Bick Olson's elderly brother Hub, who had managerial charge of the Très Elite Inn, a fairly good though not exclusive place. To the Très Elite Inn he took Elsa Owenson. In the Très Elite Inn he hastily drew Hub aside.

"Well, I ain't in the habit of doing it," said Hub. "But I know you ain't in the habit of going in debt, Art. So, seein' it's you and no regular dead beat, go ahead and tell the cashier to charge it to me until next time you're in."

"Hub," chokily whispered Art, "I'll never forget this."

After that luncheon in the Très Elite Inn life never again wore its old complexion for Arthur McArney.

In after years he could grin—could even chuckle—at memory of the mad days, weeks, months that he spent in one wild, determined endeavor to corral money to spend on the pretty, careless, brown-eyed devotee of the fox trot and all the expensive accessories that the fox trot had accumulated. But not till some years after. At the time he grew to own a singularly tense, worried look that sat incongruously on a thin but hitherto unworried countenance.

He soon had cause to worry. Did he, that next pay day, settle up with Bick and Hub, pay his wondering landlady and redeem his watch? He did not. Instead he clutched the forty-two dollars firmly and met Elsa Owenson for dinner at the Purple Gondola restaurant. And when at the end of a dancing evening that young woman, sleepy-eyed but smiling gayly, turned matter-of-courselv to the always-at-hand taxi he helped her in happily, maliciously aware that from the glittering glass doors of the Purple Gondola a fat broker named Sankey was looking after him and her displeasedly.

Which knowledge encouraged the young man the next week to borrow money from several fellows whom he knew more or less well. His own running expenses, luncheons with Elsa, flowers for her—she let out that Sankey sent plenty l—candy ——

Well, he knew quite a good many fellows; naturally, after eleven years in a town. He borrowed more money.

But—naturally this couldn't go on indefinitely. Even while he was borrowing panic's shadow fell before him. Debt had never been easy to him. He had been born at an economical conjunction of the planets.

Other things worried him too. The more he saw of Elsa the more he wanted an exclusive right to her brown-eyed company. Which didn't coincide with pretty Elsa's wants. She tartly told him she had a lot of friends and expected to retain 'em. He took too much for granted.

Being proud, like many young men, Arthur McArney resented this and sulked for a week. It was a long week. Toward its end the evenings dragged horribly.

To fill them and at the same time to reduce his rapidly mounting debt he agreed to help Hub Olson on his books two nights a week. This netted him four dollars. Did he apply these four extra dollars to his debts? He did not.

The following Tuesday, Elsa cooingly phoned him: "Are you mad?"

"I should say not!" he declared instantly, and forthwith sent a two-pound box of chocolates to prove it.

Nevertheless the week had brought him a little common sense. He realized plainly that a week had more evenings than his pocketbook or Elsa's favor would fill. So he resigned himself to occasional jaunts and dinners with her and decided that he might as well keep on with the bookkeeping for Hub and fill two superfluous nights and in addition reduce his debts—slightly at least.

It is possible—mind, we are not saying it is probable, but it is within the bounds of possibility—that Arthur McArney might have kept steadfastly and resignedly on this route of common sense. He might have—had no one disturbed him while traveling this route. In time he might have schooled himself to float spasmodically along at the edge of pretty Miss Owenson's large circle of admirers. He might have, we say ——

But he was jolted off this common-sense route. By whom? By a fat broker named Sankey. It happened late one evening. Arthur and Elsa were crossing the waxed floor of the Purple Gondola. A fox trot had ended and the orchestra was thrumming its strings preparatory to a seductive hesitation. They passed the table at which Mr. Sankey was consuming his sixth dry Martini. And the gentleman chose to say coldly, loudly and offensively: "If I was'some folks I'd stay home from these places a few months till I could save sixteen dollars to buy a blue-serge suit that wasn't shiny at the cuffs; and three dollars, too, for a pair of shoes with up-and-down heels!" Which is nothing for one son of Adam to deliver to another—even with the excuse of six dry Martinis.

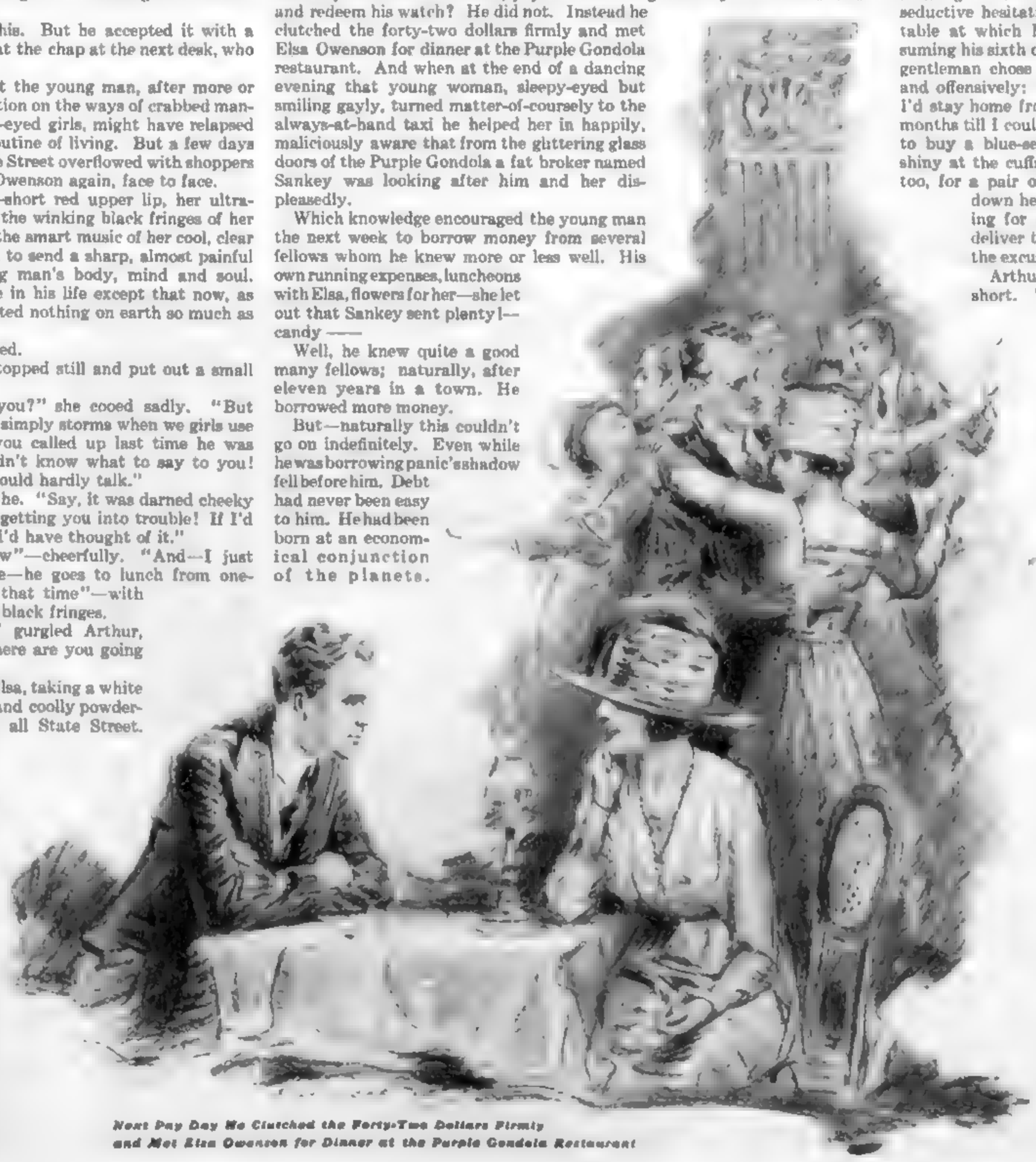
Arthur McArney stopped short. Two or three bearers standing by had snickered. But a waiter at hand curtly commanded: "Say, youse two! Don't have trouble here—or we'll t'row you out. This place is run genteel!"

Just then the orchestra struck up sharply. Everyone began to dance. Arthur swung off, his arm round Elsa's slim chiffon waist—or was it Elsa who swung him off? Red specks floated before his eyes. Mortification had seared him.

It seared him further. The hesitation was seductively leisurely. So that he had time to notice presently that Elsa's brown eyes were furtively downcast—at his runover heels.

The red specks multiplied. They multiplied a million-fold as he went home. It was another young man's turn to taxi Elsa to her home. They—the red specks—might have dissipated themselves

(Continued on Page 37)



Next Pay Day He Clutched the Forty-Two Dollars Firmly and Met Elsa Owenson for Dinner at the Purple Gondola Restaurant

HIDE AND SEEK AFLOAT

By RALPH D. PAINE

GREEN hills guard the harbor and the town climbs steeply, its narrow streets almost standing on end. One looks down at little misty islands and many ships that swing at their mooring buoys; convoys of cargo steamers, sea-scarred and uncouth; a gray cruiser or two; and a fleet of American destroyers tricked out in fantastic camouflage. Silently these lean hunters come and go on arduous business, roving perhaps two thousand miles in peril of mine and submarine before they gain another brief respite.

Six months of this battering service have not dulled their fighting edge, and no praise could be more gratifying than that of the British admiral who commands the base and flies the white ensign from his station on the hill. He is a man whom the American destroyer captains greatly admire and respect, and with whom Admiral Sims finds it a pleasure to cooperate.

Merchant Ship Survivors Picked Up by a Destroyer

On the hillside there is also a hospital. Through its ancient doorway has passed one melancholy procession after another, survivors of the crews of merchant vessels who were taken from open boats, men wounded, frozen, dying or mad from hunger and thirst, women and children whom the infamous code of the Hun had condemned to sink or swim for it. Such sights have become very commonplace along the waterside of the port, the landing of these pitiful castaways from patrol boat or destroyer, but they help to an understanding of the fact that sinking German submarines is regarded by those engaged in it rather as the extermination of noxious vermin than as warfare.

A few days ago there were brought in the remnants of a boatload of survivors from the English steamer East Wales, bound out to the United States in ballast and torpedoed without warning off the Irish coast. This boat had been wantonly shelled after pulling away from the ship. One man was literally blown to pieces, another died of his hurts and seven were badly wounded. Luckily the boat was not too shattered to stay afloat until its bloody cargo of derelicts was picked up and the submarine driven off by a naval vessel.

Survivors Shelled by U-Boats

THEY were the mixed assortment of the average merchantman's crew—some Englishmen, a few Americans, a brace of Norwegians, a Spanish fireman. The wounded lay in a row on their cots in the hospital ward, where the injured have often been so many that there was not enough room for them. Bandaged, suffering, these humble victims of the Hun bore their lot with the patient uncomplaining fortitude of the seafarer, to whom the bitterest vicissitudes are merely in the day's work. There was no display of hatred. They had been inscrutably chosen as a target for explosive shells, and those who should recover their strength would go to sea again and risk the same mischance.

A young Norwegian, twenty years old, would never again stow his dunnage in the dingy fo'castle of a British tramp. A fragment of shell had smashed his foot and the surgeon was compelled to cut it off.

"I vas not much goot any more," said he quite bravely, "so I vill home to my fadder in Norway go bimeby. Dey smashed all but two boats mit da shells before we abandon ship. Nobody on board vas hurted but da steward. A leetle bit of shell bumped his stomach but he vas not hurted much. I yumped into da skipper's boat and we rowed ahead of da ship, clean away, a hundred yards anyhow. One submarine had ducked under da sea but the odder one hauled up close alongside and shelled da ship some more. Den, sudden, while we vas pullin' hard as we could, she turned her guns on us fellers.

"It vas bad, I tell you. One American horseman is yust blown to hell, noddings left but his legs. He gets shooted right in two. It vas bad to look at so we hove his legs over da side. Pretty soon anodder feller is shooted up so much that he dies bimeby. Da bottom boards is full up mit wounded men. Me? I had two goot feet when I signs on dis East Wales ship. Now I got only one. Yaas, I can't understan' why dose Germans shell us fellers in da boat. Pretty bad luck, I tank."

An Irishman, Frank Donahue, from Philadelphia, was stretched upon another cot, shot clean through the hip and perhaps crippled for life. Like the Norwegian he uttered no curses, but viewed it as unfair to slay men who had to earn their bread at sea. The wounded shipmates nearest him in the ward were Robert Barclay, a horse tender from Boston; Jerry Houlihan, of the old sod, who had shipped in England; and a Spaniard with a swathed head, one of whose eyes had been shot out.

"There could have been no mistake?" I suggested to Donahue. "The submarine was surely trying to get you in the boat?"

"She had to swing her gun round to pot us, sir, for we were nowhere near bein' betwixt her and the ship," he answered with labored exertion, for he was quite weak. "An' it was only the fear of the patrol boat comin' up in reply to our S O S calls that kept her from sinkin' us an' the mate's boat besides. They shot straight, the divils. 'Twas what had worried us beforehand, this bein' shelled while adrift, sir. A sailorman gets used to bein' torpedoed nowadays. There was men with us that had been blowed up three or four times, in one ship after another, but the boats had been spared. 'Tis wicked hard to be turned adrift in a rough sea and hundreds of miles from land maybe, to be swamped or to be dyin' for lack of food and water—without bein' shelled like rats in a trap."

"And did you have any British gunners aboard, Donahue?"

"One gun mounted astern, sir; and the pair of bluejackets popped away at first, until the two submarines ranged close up. The ship was soon disabled an' the old man couldn't turn her, so the gun was no use after that. This dead American mule-whacker, Flinger his name was, had been a good, game lad. Sure, he never knew what hit him. Maybe he was luckier, after all, than one or two of us here that cannot be patched up shipshape again.

"They do tell me, sir, that some of these Hun skippers go crazy like after bein' in submarines for a while. The strain and the work is too much for 'em an' they turn desperate cruel to their own men an' to the ships they sink. 'Twas a wicked one that scuppered us, an' his government will not punish him. The Iron Cross for his, most likely. 'Tis a large fat score the Kaiser will have to settle with that God of his he is always gassin' about."

It is such moving and vivid incidents as this, occurring as part of the routine at the American naval base, that had taught the destroyer fleet what kind of foe they are helping to suppress and obliterate from blue water. It is a game of hide and seek, far more difficult for the hunter than can be realized on the American side of the Atlantic. There it is easy to fancy these seas as swarming with periscopes and Yankee gun crews blazing away at them, whereas the fact is that a destroyer may cruise for week after week with never a glimpse of periscope or conning tower running awash, or the tiny outline of a superstructure picked out against the horizon.

And yet the indomitable, tireless destroyer, with the Stars and Stripes whipping from her mast, is doing her part to clear the sea and make it safe for lawful traffic. She has bagged her share of submarines, deftly dropping the depth charge that blows the Hun to kingdom come, and safeguarding the deep-laden ships of the convoys which she shepherds into port. In several instances the British admiral on the hill has seen fit to recommend for the Distinguished Service Order an American destroyer commander who has summarily removed a submarine from the active list of the Imperial German Navy.

The officers so honored will tell you that it was a matter of sheer luck. They happened to get Fritz where they wanted him and he was unable to dodge in time. Any other destroyers would have done the trick, given the opportunity. True enough, perhaps, but this readiness to meet the instant crisis, to know what is to be done and how to do it without the slightest hesitation, is the result of incessant training and a personnel which no navy has ever excelled for fitness and efficiency.

These officers and men are too modest to confirm such a statement, so I must take the opinion of the foremost British naval authorities. Absurd are the tales of friction or jealousy between the working forces of the two navies which have joined hands across the sea. The spirit of coöperation and mutual respect could be no finer and there is not a trace of condescension in the British point of view, but rather an admiration, ungrudging and outspoken, for the services of the American destroyers.

High Praise From British Officers

ALL that England asks is that more of them be sent over, as fast as they can be launched and commissioned. They are needed by scores, and more than any other factor they will subdue the submarine menace and make it possible to send in security overseas the vast fleets of transports and merchantmen required to move and supply the American armies in France.

"Your chaps came into it fresh," said a British naval officer of the highest rank. "They are as keen as can be; right on the job every minute, as you say. They were anxious to learn from us the tricks of the trade, and all that, and we showed them what we could about chasing the Hun. Then they were ready to carry on, and they are doing it most extraordinarily well. Nothing better was ever done by British destroyers, with the advantage of working in their own home waters. I might even go a bit farther than this: You can't put it too emphatically that we are delighted with the Americans and their boats, and consider it an honor to play the game with their sort of a navy."

What is the game that these hard-driven destroyers play? Mostly patrol service during their earlier months at this base, scouting over designated areas in quest of submarines, escorting ships into port, picking up survivors of torpedoed ships. The waters to which they were assigned were littered with wreckage, lumber, cotton bales, fragments of deckhouses, life belts, empty boats strewn where the Hun had been working havoc among the helpless cargo steamers. Upon his bridge the destroyer commander read the S O S calls which the messenger brought him from the radio room, and stuffed them into his pockets, wads of them, frantically sent, it seemed, from every quarter of the horizon. Roaring through the gray seas, in fog and gales and darkness, the destroyer sped to help where she could, but the tragic signals were too numerous to find response and succor.

England was doing her best to protect the shipping of the seven seas, which converged along the crowded routes that led to and from her ports, but her naval forces could not be concentrated on this task alone. Vital and dominant were the duties of keeping a clear path to France

and distant Canada, of blockading the enemy in the North Sea, of moving fleets of transports through the Mediterranean. Armed trawlers, yachts, motor launches might serve a purpose, but they were makeshifts in a way, and experience proved that there was no craft like the destroyer to frighten the submarine away from its cruising grounds and to escort the merchant fleets. This was why the United States could have offered no more valuable assistance to its maritime ally than the splendid flotillas which were so promptly dispatched after the declaration of war.

Doggedly they stuck to it and slowly the results of their vigilance became apparent. Wreckage was less plentiful, the signals of distress were not so imploringly frequent, and it was not such a common sight to see ships blow up and vanish before their eyes. The destroyers were gaining the upper hand, not decisively, for there were not enough of them and the prey was too elusive, but the sea was safer where they watched and roved.

Then they turned to fetching the convoys in as another important part of the job in hand, meeting them far offshore in all weathers, decks swept, almost rolling their funnels under, crews hanging on by the eyelids, and a cheer from the crowded deck of a troopship to reward them for the toil and danger of the work. Or it might be a liner out of an American port, cracking on at nineteen knots through the war zone, navy gun crews standing watch and watch, smoke boxes ready to be dropped overside, each passenger with a life belt prudently tucked under one arm. Among them there might be a senator or Congressman who had resolved to see the war for himself, and this was, perhaps, his first experience on salt water.

To such pilgrims as this the navy had been remote and unfamiliar, a thing wholly apart from their existence. They had listened to tales of an officer caste, brass-buttoned, arrogant; of low-browed bluejackets who rioted ashore and were denied admission to respectable theaters and restaurants. They had never tried to know or understand the American Navy, and its achievements meant nothing to them. And now these insular opinions suffered a sea change amusing to behold. Where were those destroyers that the captain assured them would be sent out to chase the submarines away? These importunate pilgrims fidgeted and walked the deck all night, conscious of a new and intense interest in the navy.

Morning—and two or three specks appeared on the rim of a heaving ocean. They grew larger swiftly, as they raced out of the eastward to wheel and circle about the liner with the grace of hawks in flight. Their men were in dungarees and sweaters, strictly minding their own business, with hardly a glance at the ship that steamed so grandly behind them. For the grateful passengers it was a moment far more dramatic than this. They loved the Navy. It was magnificent. The country had never appreciated its ships and sailors. The senator laid aside his life belt, invaded the smoking room, and swore he would vote for any naval appropriations desired.

The popular notion of a destroyer pictures her as fragile, immensely complicated, designed for the dashing attack at top speed, a steel shell perhaps three hundred feet long with only thirty feet of beam, a knife blade of a craft, her hull crammed with machinery to drive her headlong under sixteen thousand horse power.

This first year of the war has shown what American destroyers can do when put to the sternest possible tests. Their ordeal began several months before they were ordered abroad, when hard drill and patrol work in Southern waters drove the vessels and crews to the limits of endurance. Then followed a half year of cruising in the rough seas of the English and Irish coasts, in port only two or three days at a time, logging their five to six thousand miles a month, or twice round the globe in a year.

"They hang together somehow," said a weather-beaten young commander; "and the last time I sighted a submarine we went for her slam bang at thirty knots, or a shade faster than the boat was supposed to run on endurance trials when she was new. This service will rack them to pieces in time, but more destroyers will be coming over to take their places. So what's the odds? They will have paid for themselves a dozen times over; and all I ask is that my ship can limp home to a navy yard some day when her job is done, and then let them scrap her if they like."

It was in such a craft as this that I put to sea from the base port on a blustering November afternoon. We were not alone, but one of a destroyer division under orders to proceed to a rendezvous, several hundred miles from the coast, and meet an American transport convoy laden with troops for France. One by one they slipped out past the headlands and bucked the crested seas that broke over the bows in pelting spray. The gun crews, in rubber boots, slickers and sou'westers, found what shelter they could, and the lookouts climbed aloft to keep an eye lifted for the coveted glimpse of a submarine.

When ashore the commander had been the trim, immaculate navy officer in the uniform of his rank. Now he got into his sheepskin jacket, boots and knitted helmet, and looked like a buccaneer, forsaking his room below to snatch his sleep for five or six days and nights on a transom in the chart room, always in his clothes, and within two jumps of the bridge. His ship had made a name for herself, with one submarine certainly to her credit and probably another; and he had a crew of a hundred men who swore by him. His was that temperament of buoyant alertness, of hair-trigger action, which marks your first-class destroyer captain, and though there was never a moment of the voyage without its hazards and anxieties his buoyant good humor masked the strain he felt.

The sun dropped behind a promontory, lofty and austere, whose historic name is forever linked with that of the Lusitania and the spot where she went down. An English admiral has suggested that when the war is over a huge white cross be erected upon this bold foreland, a mark for distant mariners and a memorial of the dead, and carved thereon the one word "Lusitania."

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THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

X

By Marion Polk Angellotti

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

I WAS prepared for fear, for distress, for pleading, as I confronted Miss Falconer; the one thing I hadn't expected was that she would seem pleased at the meeting; but she did! She flushed a little, smiled brightly and held out her gloved hand to me.

"Why, Mr. Bayne! I am so glad!" she exclaimed in frankly cordial tones.

The crass coolness of her tactics, with its implied rating of my intelligence, was the very bracer I needed for a most unpleasant task. I accepted her hand, bowed over it formally and released it. Then I spoke, with the most impersonal courtesy in the world.

"And I," I declared coolly, "am delighted, I assure you! It is great luck meeting you like this; and I shan't let you slip away. I suppose that when we board the train they will serve us a meal of some sort. Won't you give me the pleasure of having you for my guest?"

The brightness had left her face as she sensed my attitude. She drew back, regarding me in a rebuffed, bewildered way.

"Thank you, no. I am not hungry."

By Jove, but she was an actress! I would have sworn I had hurt her if I hadn't known the truth.

"Don't say that!" I protested. "Of course it is unconventional to dine with a stranger; but, then, so is almost everything that is happening to you and me. Think of those Lord High Executioners in there about the table. See this platform, with its guards and bayonets and guns! And then, remember our odd experiences on the Ré d'Italia! Won't you risk one more informality, and come and dine?"

She hesitated a moment, watching me steadily; then with proud reluctance she walked beside me toward the train.

"You helped me once," she said, her eyes averted now; "and I haven't forgotten. I don't understand at all—but I will do as you say."

The passengers were being herded aboard by eager, bustling officials. I saw my baggage and the girl's installed, disposed of the porters, and guided my companion to the wagon restaurant. The horn was sounding as we entered, and at six-thirty promptly, just as I put Miss Falconer in her chair, we pulled out of the snowy station of Modane.

As I studied the menu the girl sat with lowered lashes, all things about her, from her darkened eyes and high head to her pallor, proclaiming her feeling of offense, her sense of hurt. She knew her game, I admitted; and she had first-class weapons. Though she could not weaken my resolution, she made my beginning hard.

"We are going to have a discouraging meal," I gossiped procrastinatingly. "But, since we are in France, it will be a little less horrible than the usual dining car. The wine is probably hopeless; I suggest Evian or Vichy. And these radishes look promising—will you have some?"

"No. I am not hungry," she repeated briefly. "Won't you please tell me what you have to say?"

Mr. John van Blarcom
Fastened on Me the Hard, Appraising Scrutiny a Policeman Might Turn on a Respectable Acquaintance in Conversation With Some Notorious Crook

Though I didn't in the least want them, I ate a few of the radishes, just to show that I was not abashed by her haughty, reproachful air. Other passengers were strolling in. Here was Mr. John van Blarcom, who, at sight of Miss Falconer and myself, to all appearances cozily established for a tête-à-tête meal, stopped in his tracks and fastened on me the hard, appraising scrutiny a policeman might turn on a hitherto respectable acquaintance discovered in converse with some notorious crook. For an instant he seemed disposed to buttonhole me and remonstrate. Then he shrugged his stocky shoulders—the gesture indicating that one can't save a fool from his folly—and established himself at a near-by table, from which coign of vantage he kept us under steady watch.

Given such an audience, my outward mien must be impeccable.

"There is something," I admitted cautiously, "that I want to say to you. And I wish you would eat something—people are watching us," I whispered.

She took a sip of soup under protest; then replaced her spoon and sat with fingers twisting her gloves and eyes fixed smolderingly on mine. I shifted furtively in my seat. This was a charming experience! I was being, from my point of view, almost quixotically generous; yet with one glance she could make me feel like a bully and a brute.

"I am sure," I stumbled, fumbling desperately with my serviette, "that you came over without realizing what war conditions are. Strangers aren't wanted just now. Travel is dangerous for women. You may think me all kinds of a presumptuous idiot—I shan't blame you—but I am going to urge you most strongly to go home."

Whatever she had looked for, obviously it was not that.

"Mr. Bayne!" she exclaimed, regarding me wonderingly, "what do you mean?"

"Just this, Miss Falconer"—with well-nigh Teutonic ruthlessness. Confound it, I couldn't sit here forever bullying her; sheer desperation lent me strength: "The Espagne sails from Bordeaux on Saturday, I see by the paper, and if I were you I should most certainly be on board. In fact, if you lose the chance I am sure you'll regret it later. The French police authorities are—er—very inquisitive about foreigners; and if you stop in France in

"You Can Do a Lot With Money and Good Clothes and Being Born a Gentleman—But You Can't Buck the French Government and the French Army and the French Police!"

these anxious times I think it likely that they may—well——"

She drew a quick, hard breath as I trailed off into silence. Her eyes, darkened, horrified, were gazing full into mine.

"You wouldn't tell them about me? You couldn't be so cruel!" The words came almost fiercely, yet with a sound like a stifled sob.

By its sheer preposterousness the speech left me dumb a moment, then gave me back the self-possession I had been clutching at throughout the meal. For the first time since entering I sat erect and squared my shoulders. I even confronted her with a glittering smile.

"I am very sorry," I said with a cool stare, "if I appear so; but I am consideration itself compared with the people you would meet in Paris, say. That's the very point I'm making—that you can't travel now in comfort. I'm simply trying to spare you some future contretemps, Miss Falconer; such as I had on the Ré d'Italia, you may recall!"

She leaned impulsively across the table.

"Oh, Mr. Bayne, I knew it! You are angry about that wretched extra; and you have a right to be. Of course you thought it cowardly of me—yes, and ungrateful—to stand there without a word and let those officers question you. Mr. Bayne, if the worst had come to the worst I should have spoken. I should, indeed; but I had to wait. I had to give myself every chance—it meant so much; so much! You had nothing else to hide from them—you were certain to win through. And then, you seemed so undisturbed, so unruffled, so able to take care of yourself; I knew you were not afraid. It was different with me. If they began to suspect, if they learned who I was, I could never have entered France. This route through Italy was my one hope! I am so sorry. But still——"

Hitherto she had been appealing; but now she frankly defied. That tint of hers, like nothing but a wild rose, drove away her pallor; her gray eyes flamed.

"But still," she flashed at me, "you won't inform on me just for that? I asked you to help me; you were free to refuse—and you agreed! Because it inconvenienced you a little, are you going to turn police agent?" Her red lips twisted proudly, scornfully. "I don't believe it, Mr. Bayne!"

I laughed shortly. She was indeed an artist.

"I wasn't thinking of that particular episode——" I began.

"But you did resent it. I saw it when you first joined me. And I was so glad to see you—to have the chance of thanking you!" she broke in, smoldering still.

"No, I didn't resent it; I didn't even blame you. If I blamed anyone, Miss Falconer, it would certainly be myself. I've concluded I ought not to go about without a keeper—my gullibility must have amused you tremendously," I laughed.

"I never thought you gullible," she denied, suddenly wistful. "I thought you very generous and very chivalrous, Mr. Bayne."

This was carrying mockery too far.

"I am afraid," I said meaningly, "that the English and Italian authorities would take a less flattering view. For instance, if those officers learned that I had refrained from telling them of our meeting at the St. Ives I should hear from them, I fancy."

Again her eyes were widening—what attractive eyes she had!

"The St. Ives?" she repeated wonderingly. "Why should that interest them? What do you mean?" Then suddenly she bent forward, propped her elbows on the table, and amazed me with a slow, astonished, comprehending smile. "I see!" she murmured, studying me intently. "You thought that I screened the man who hid those papers; that I crossed the ocean on—similar business; perhaps even that on this side I was to take the documents from your trunk?"

"Naturally," I rejoined stiffly. "And I congratulate you. It was a brilliant piece of work; though as its victim I fail to see it in the rosiest light."

"I understand," she went on, still smiling faintly. "You thought I was—well —— Look over yonder!"

Her glance, seeking the opposite wall, unostentatiously directed my attention to a black-lettered, conspicuously posted sign:

BE SILENT!
BE MISTRUSTFUL!
THE EARS OF THE ENEMY ARE LISTENING!

Thus it shouted its warning, like the thousands of its kind that are scattered about the trains, the boats, the railroad stations and all the public places of France.

"You thought I was the ears of the enemy, didn't you?" the girl was asking. "You thought I was a German agent. I might have guessed! Well, in that case it was kind of you not to hand me over to the Modane gendarmes. I ought to thank you. But I wasn't so suspicious when they searched your trunk and found the papers—I simply felt that they must be crazy to think you could be a spy."

I achieved a shrug of my shoulders, a polite air of incredulity; but to tell the truth I was a little less skeptical than I appeared. There was something in her manner that by no means suggested pretense. And she had said a true word as to the occurrences on the Ré d'Italia—if appearances meant facts I myself had been proved guilty up to the hilt!

"Mr. Bayne," she was saying soberly, "I should like you to believe me—please! I am an American, and I have had cause lately to hate the Germans; all my bonds are with our own country and with France. There is someone very dear to me to whom this war has worked a cruel injustice. I have come to try to help that person; and for certain reasons—I can't explain them—I had to come in secret or not at all. But I have done nothing wrong, nothing dishonorable. And so"—again her eyes challenged me—"I shall not sail from Bordeaux on the Espagne on Saturday; and you shall choose for yourself whether you will speak of me to the French police!"

It was not much of an argument, regarded dispassionately; yet it shook me. With sudden craftiness I resolved to trap her if I could.

"I ought to tell them, on the mere chance that they would send you home," I grumbled irritably. "You have no business here, you know, helping people, and being suspected and pursued and outrageously annoyed by fools like me. Yes, and by other fools—and worse!" I added with feigned sulphurousness, indicating Van Blarcom. "Miss Falconer, would you mind glancing at the third man on the right—the dark man who is staring at us—and telling me whether or not you ever saw him before you sailed?"

"I am sure I never did," she declared, knitting puzzled brows; "and yet on the Ré d'Italia he insisted that we had met! It frightened me a little; I wondered if he suspected something. And every time I see him he watches me in that same way!"

I was thawing, despite myself.

"There's one other thing," I ventured, "if you won't think me too impertinent: Did you ever hear of a man named Franz von Blenheim?"

"No," she said blankly; "I never did. Who is he?"

No birds out of that covert! If this was acting it was marvelous; there had not been the slightest flicker of confusion in her face.

"Oh, he isn't anybody of importance; just a man," I evaded. "Look here, Miss Falconer—you'll have to forgive me, if you can. You shall stay in Paris, and I'll be as silent as the grave concerning you; but I'd like to do more than that—won't you let me come and call? Really, you know, I'm not such a duffer as you have cause to think me. After we got acquainted you might be willing to trust me with this business, whatever it is. And then, if it's not too desperate, I have friends who could be of help to you."

Such was the sop I threw to conscience, the bargain I struck between sober reason and the instinct that made me trust her against all odds. My theories must have been moonshine. Everything was all right probably. But for the sake of prudence I ought to keep track of her—and I wanted to, besides.

Gratitude and consternation, a most becoming mixture, were in her eyes. She drew back a little.

"Oh, thank you; but that's impossible," she said uncertainly. "I have friends too; but they can't help me. Nobody can."

"Well," I admitted sadly, "I know the rudiments of manners. I can recognize a congé—but consider me a persistent boor! Come, Miss Falconer; why mayn't I call? Because we are strangers? If that's it you can assure yourself at the embassy that I am perfectly respectable; and you see that I don't eat with my knife, or tuck my napkin under my chin, or spill my soup!"

Again that warm flush.

"Mr. Bayne!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Did I need an introduction to speak to you on the ship, to ask unreasonable favors of you, to make people think you a spy? If you are going to imagine such absurd things I shall have to——"

"To consent? I hoped you might see it that way."

"Of course," she pondered aloud, "I may find good news waiting. If I did it would change everything. I could see you once at least, and let you know. I really owe you that, I think, when you've been so kind to me."

"Yes," I agreed bitterly, with a pang of conscience, "I've been very kind—particularly to-night!"

"Well, perhaps to-night you were just a little difficult." She was smiling, but I didn't mind; I rather liked her mockery now. "Still, even when you thought the worst of me, Mr. Bayne, you kept my secret! And—do you really wish to come to see me?"

"I most emphatically do."

She drew a card from her beaded bag, rummaged vainly for a pencil, ended by accepting mine, and scribbled a brief address.

"Then," she commanded, handing me the bit of pasteboard, "come to this number at noon to-morrow and ask for me. And now, since I'm not to go to prison, Mr. Bayne, I believe I am hungry. This is war bread, I suppose; but it tastes delicious—and isn't the saltless butter nice?"

"And here are the chicken and the salad arriving!" I exclaimed hopefully. "And there never was a French cook yet, however unspeakable otherwise, who failed at those!"

What had come to pass I could not have told; but we were eating celestial viands, and, my black butterflies having fled away, a swarm of their gorgeous-tinted kindred were fluttering radiantly over Miss Esmé Falconer's plate and mine!

XI

ARRIVING in Paris at the highly inconvenient hour of eight A. M., our *rapide* deposited its breakfastless and grumpy passengers on the platform of the Gare de Lyon, washed its hands of us with the final formality of collecting our tickets, and turned us forth into a gray, foggy morning to seek the food and shelter adapted to our purses and tastes. Everyone, of course, emerged from seclusion only at the ultimate moment; and, far from holding any lengthy conversation with Miss Falconer, I was lucky to stumble upon her in the vestibule, help her descend, find a taxi for her at the exit, and see her smile back at me where I stood hatless as she drove away.

While I waited for my own cab I found myself beside Mr. John van Blarcom, who eyed me with hostility and pity mingled, as if I were a cross between a lunatic and a thief. I returned his stare coolly; indeed, I found it braced me. Left to myself I had experienced a creeping doubt as to the girl's activities and my own intelligence; but as soon as this fellow glared at me all my confidence returned.

"Well, Mr. Bayne," he remarked sardonically, breaking the silence, "I suppose you're worrying for fear I'll give you another piece of good advice? Don't you fret! From now on you can hang yourself any way you want to. I'd as soon talk to a man in a padded cell and a strait-jacket only, don't blame me when the gendarmes come for you next week!"

"Oh, go to the devil!" I retorted curtly. It was a relief; I had been wanting to say it ever since we had first met. His jaw shot out menacingly and for an instant he squared off from me with the look of the professional boxer, but rather to my disappointment he thought better of it and turned a contemptuous back.

Upon leaving Genoa I had reserved a room at the Ritz by telegraph. Accordingly I drove there now and refreshed myself with a cold bath and breakfast, casting about me meanwhile for some mode of occupying the hours till noon. There were various tasks, I knew, that should have claimed me—a visit to the police to secure a *permis de séjour*, the presentation of my credentials as an ambulance driver, a polite notification to friends that I had arrived. These things should have been my duty and pleasure, but somehow they were uninviting. Nothing appealed to me, I realized with sudden enlightenment, except a certain appointment that I had already made.

I went out to find that the fog was lifting and that spring was in the air. Since my dinner the previous night I had felt an odd exhilaration—a pleasure quickened by the staccato sparkle of the French tongue against my ears, the pale-blue uniforms and gay French faces glimpsed as the train had stopped at various lighted stations and wakened me, to peer briefly forth. Saluting Napoleon's statue I strolled up the Rue de la Paix, took a table on a café pavement, and ordering a glass of something fizzy for the form of it sat content and happy, watching the whole gigantic pageant of Paris in wartime defile before my eyes.

The piloted tourists and their like, bane of the past, had disappeared; but all nationalities that the world holds seemed to be about. At the next table two Russian officers with high cheek bones and wide-set eyes were drinking, chatting together in their purring, unintelligible tongue. Beyond them a party of Englishmen in khaki, cool-mannered, clear of gaze, were talking spring offensive in low tones. The uniforms of France, in all their variety, swarmed round me, and close at hand a general, gorgeous in red and blue and gold, sat with his hand resting affectionately on the knee of a lad in the horizon blue of a simple poilu, so like him that I guessed them at a glance for father and son.

A cab drew up before me, and a Belgian officer with crutches was helped out by the café starter, who himself limped slightly and wore two medals on his breast. First one troop and then another defiled across the Place de l'Opéra—a company of infantry with bayonets mounted; a picturesque regiment of Moroccans, turbaned, of magnificently impassive bearing, sitting their horses like images of bronze. Men of the Flying Corps, in dark blue with wings on their sleeves, strolled past me; and once, roused by exclamations and pointing fingers, I looked up, to see a monoplane, light and graceful as a darting bird, skimming above our heads.

Faces, even, had a different look, voices a different ring. It was another country from that of the days of peace. Superb and dauntless, tried by the most searing of fires and not found wanting, France was standing girt with her shining armor, barring the invader from her cities, her villages, her homes.

Deep in my heart—too deep, for the most part, to be talked of—there had lain always a tenderness for this heroic France. "A man's other country," some wise person has christened it; and so it was for me, since by a chance I had been born here, and since here first my father and then my mother had died. I was glad I had run the gantlet and reached Paris to do my part in a mighty work. An ambulance drove unwieldily past me, and with a thrill I wondered how soon I should bend over such a steering wheel, within sound of the great guns.

Leaving the café at last I beckoned a taxi and composed myself on its cushions for a drive. Each new vista that greeted me was enchanting. The pavements, the river, the buildings, the stately bridges—all held the same soft, silvery tint of pale French gray. In the Place de la Concorde the fountains played as always, but—heart-warming change—the Strasburg statue, symbol of the lost Lorraine and Alsace, no longer drooped under wreaths of mourning but sat crowned and garlanded with triumphant flowers.

The same eternal swarm of cabs and motors filled, like diminishing flies, the long vista of the Champs-Elysées, between the green branches of the chestnut trees. At the end loomed the Arc de Triomphe, beneath which the hordes of the Kaiser, in their first madness of conquest, had sworn to march. Farther on, in the Bois, along the shady paths and about the lakes the French still walked in safety, because on the frontier their soldiers had cried to the Teutons the famous watchword: "You shall not pass!"

Noon was approaching, so at the Porte Maillot I consulted Miss Falconer's card. "Number —— Rue St. Dominique," I bade the driver, the address falling comfortably on my ears. I knew the neighborhood. Deep in the Faubourg St. Germain, it was a stronghold of the old noblesse and suggested eminent respectability, ancient and honorable customs and family connections of a highly desirable kind. It would be a point in Miss Falconer's favor if I found her conventionally established a decided point. Along most lines I was in the dark concerning her, but to one dictum I dared to hold: No girl of twenty-two or thereabouts, more than ordinarily attractive, ought to be traveling unchaperoned about this wicked world!

I felt very cheerful, very contented as my taxi bore me into old Paris. The ancient streets had a decided lure and charm. Now we passed a quaint church, now a dim and winding alley, now a house with mansard windows or a portal of carved stone. On all sides were buildings which in the old days had been the hôtels of famous gentry, this one sheltering a Montmorency, that one a Clisson or a Soubise. It was just the setting for a romance by Dumas. And with a chuckle I felt myself in sudden sympathy with that writer's heroes, none of whom had, it seemed to me, been enmeshed in a mystery more baffling or involved than mine.

"They've got nothing on my affair," I decided, "with their masks and poisoned drinks and swords! For a fellow who leads a cut-and-dried existence generally, I've been having quite a lively time. And now, to cap the climax, I'm going to call on a girl about whom I know just one thing—her name! By Jove, it's exactly like a story. I've got the data—if I had any gray matter I could probably work out the facts.

"Take the St. Ives business. It's plain enough that someone wished those papers on me, intending to unwish them in short order once we got across. The logical suspect, judging by appearances, is Miss Falconer. The little German went out through her room; she was the one person I saw both at the hotel and on the Ré d'Italia; and she acted suspiciously that first night aboard the ship. But she says she didn't do it—and probably she didn't; it seemed infernally odd, all along, for her to be a spy!

"Still, if she is innocent who can be responsible? And if that affair didn't bring her over here, what the dickens did? Something mysterious, something dangerous, something which the French police wouldn't appreciate but which her conscience sanctions—that is all she deigns to say. And why on earth did she ask me to destroy that extra? I thought it was because she was Franz von Bienheim's agent and the paper had an account of him which might have served as a clew to her. She says, though, that she never heard of him. And I may be all kinds of a fool—but it sounded straight.

"You Know I Didn't Wish to See Anyone—Yet You Spied on Me and Tracked Me Deliberately. You Ought to be Ashamed, Mr. Bayne!"

"Then, there's Van Blarcom, hang him! He seemed to take a fancy to me. He warned me about the girl, but he kept a still tongue to Captain Cecchi and the rest. He lied deliberately, for no earthly reason, to shield me in that interrogation; yet when those papers materialized in my trunk, though he must have thought just what I thought as to Miss Falconer's share in it, he didn't breathe a word! He claimed that he had met her. She said she had never seen him. And then—rather strong for a coincidence—we all three met again on the express. What is he doing on this side? Shadowing her? Nonsense! And yet he seemed almighty keen about her —— Oh, hang it! I'm no Sherlock Holmes!"

The taxi pausing at this juncture I willingly abandoned my attempt at sleuthing, and got out in the highest spirits compatible with a strictly correct mien. I dismissed my driver. If asked to remain to *déjeuner* I should certainly do so. Then, with feelings of natural interest, I gazed at the house before which I stood.

In its outward seeming at least it was all that the most fastidious could have required—a gem of Renaissance architecture in its turrets, its quaint scrolled windows and the carving of its stone façade. Age and romance breathed from every inch of it. For four hundred years at least it had watched the changing life of Paris; and even to a lay eye like mine a glance proclaimed it one of those ancestral mansions, the pride of noble French families, about which tales cling so thick. At another time it would have charmed me hugely, but to-day, as I stood gazing, somehow my spirits fell. Was it the almost sepulchral silence of the place, the careful drawing of every shutter, the fact that the grilled gateway leading to the court of honor was locked? I didn't know; I don't know yet; but I had an odd, eerie feeling. It seemed like a place of waiting, of watching and of gloom.

This was unreasonable; it was more—downright ridiculous! I began to think that late events were throwing me off my base. "It's a house like any other—and a jolly fine old one!" I reassured myself, approaching the grilled entrance and producing one of my cards.

An entirely modern electric button was installed there, beneath a now merely ornamental knocker in grotesque gargoyle form. I pressed it, peering through the iron latticework at the stately court. The answer was prompt. Down the steps of the house came a white-headed major-domo, gorgeously arrayed, and so pictorial that he might have been a family retainer stepping from the pages of an old tale.

There was something queer about him, I thought, as he crossed the courtyard; just as there was about the house, I appended doggedly, with growing belief. His air was tremulous, his step slow, his gaze far-off and anxious.

"For Miss Falconer, who waits for me," I announced in French, offering him my card through the grille.

He bowed to me with the deference of a Latin, the grand manner of an ambassador; but he made no motion to let me in. "Mademoiselle," he replied, "sends all her excuses, all her regrets to monsieur, but she leaves Paris within the hour, and therefore may not receive."

I had feared it for a good sixty seconds. None the less it was a blow to me. My suspicions, never more than half laid, promptly raised their heads again.

"Have the kindness," I requested with a calm air of command which I had known to prove hypnotic, "to convey my card to mademoiselle, and to say that I beg of her, before her departure, one little instant of speech."

But the old fellow's faded blue eyes were gazing past me, hopelessly sad, supremely mournful. What the deuce ailed him? I wondered angrily. The thing was almost weird. Of a sudden, with irritation, yet with dread, too, I felt myself on the threshold of a house of tragedy. The man might, from the look of him, have been watching some loved young master's bier.

"Mademoiselle regrets greatly," he intoned, "but she may not receive. Mademoiselle sends this letter to monsieur, that he may understand." He passed me, through the locked grille, a slender missive, then saluted me once more and, still staring before him with that fixed, uncanny look, withdrew.

XII

I WAS divided between exasperation and pity. The old fellow was in a bad way; I felt sorry for him. Dunny had an ancient butler, a household institution who had presided over our destinies since my childhood, who would, I fancied, look something like this if he should hear that I was dead. But in heaven's name, what was wrong here—and was nothing in the world clear and aboveboard any longer? On the chance that the letter might enlighten me I tore open the envelope and read with mixed feelings the following note:

"*Dear Mr. Bayne:* The news I found waiting for me was not good, as I had hoped. It was bad, very bad—as bad as news can be. I must leave Paris at once, and I can see no one, talk to no one, before I go. Please believe that I am sorry, and that I shall never forget the kindness you showed me on the ship.

"Sincerely yours,

"ESMÉ FALCONER."

That was all!

Well, the episode was ended—and with a good deal of cavalierness. She had treated me like a meddlesome, pertinacious idiot who had insisted on calling and must be taught his place! This was a Christian country, where the formalities of life prevailed; I couldn't—unless escorted and countenanced by gendarmes—seize upon a club and batter down that grille!

I was resentful, wrathful, in the very deuce of a humor. Black gloom settled over me; I admitted that Van Blarcom had been right. I recalled the girl's vague explanations as we sat over our dinner; her denials, unbolstered save by my willingness to accept them; all the chain of incriminating circumstances I had pondered in the cab. Her charm and the mystery that enveloped her had thrilled and stirred me; she had seen it. To gain a few hours' leeway she had once again duped me; and this hôtel, with its deceptive air of family and respectability, was a blind, a rendezvous, another such setting for intrigue as the St. Ives!

Her work might be already accomplished. Perhaps she had left Paris. I told myself with some savageness that I didn't know and didn't care. From the first my presence in this luridly adventurous galley had been incongruous; I would get back with all dispatch to the Ritz and the orderly world it typified!

I had gone perhaps twenty feet when a grating noise attracted me. Glancing back across my shoulder I saw that the old major-domo was unlocking and setting wide the gate. From within the hum of a self-starter reached me faintly; and a moment later there rolled slowly forth a dark-blue touring car of luxurious aspect, driven by a chauffeur whose coat and cap and goggles gave him rather the appearance of a leather brownie, and bearing in the tonneau Miss Falconer, elaborately coated and veiled.

She was turning to the right, not the left; she would not pass me. I stood transfixed, watching from my post against the wall. As the car crept by the old major-domo he saluted, and she spoke to him, bending forward for a moment to rest her fingers on his sleeve.

"Be of courage, Marcel, my friend! All will be well if *le bon Dieu* wills it!" I heard her say. Then, to the chauffeur: "*En avant, Georges! Vite, à Bleau!*" The motor snorted as the car gained speed, and they were gone.

The ancient Marcel, reëntering, locked the grille behind him. I was left alone, more astounded than before. The girl's kind speech to the old servant, her gentle tones, her womanly gesture—had been bewildering. Despite all the accusing features her case offered I would have said just then, as I watched Miss Esmé Falconer, that she was nothing more nor less than a superlatively nice girl!

"Honk! Honk! Honk!"

I swung round, startled. A moment earlier the length and breadth of the street had stretched before me, empty; yet now I saw, sprung apparently out of nowhere, a long, lean gray car, low-built like a racer, and carrying four masked and goggled men. Steadily gaining speed as it came, it bore down upon me and, after grazing me with its running board and nearly deafening me with the powerful blast of its horn, flew on down the street and vanished in Miss Falconer's wake.

Trying to clarify my old emotions I stared after this Juggernaut. Was it merely the sudden appearance of the thing—its look, so lean and snakelike and somber-colored, and the muffled air of its occupants—which had struck me as sinister when it went flashing by? I wasn't sure; but I had formed the impression that these men were following Miss Falconer! A patently foolish idea. And yet, and yet ——

My experiences at the St. Ives and on the Ré d'Italia had contributed to my education. I could no longer deny that melodrama, however unwelcome, did sometimes intrude itself into the most unlikely lives. The girl was bound somewhere on a secret purpose. Could these four men be her accomplices? Were they going too?

"*A Bleau!*"

Those had been her words to the chauffeur; for Bleau, then, she was bound. But where did such a place exist? I had never heard of it; and yet I possessed, I flattered myself, through the medium of motor touring, a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the map of France.

The affair was becoming a veritable nightmare. It seemed incredible that a few minutes earlier I had resolved to wash my hands of it all. If the girl had a disloyal mission it was my plain duty to intercept her. I couldn't denounce her to the police—and I didn't analyze the why and wherefore of my inability to take this step; I simply knew and accepted it. If I interfered with what she was doing I must interfere quietly, alone.

I have as much imagination ordinarily as a turnip, but I indulged in a sudden and surprising flight of fancy now. Might it be, I found myself wondering, that the men in the gray car were not Miss Falconer's accomplices but her pursuers? In that case, high as was her courage, keen as were her wits—I found myself thinking with a sort of pride in them—she was laboring under a handicap of which she could not dream!

Once again—where had that long, lean, pursuing streak sprung from? Could it have lurked somewhere in the neighborhood, spying on the hôtel which Miss Falconer had just left, and waiting for her

(Continued on Page 41)

"Be of Courage, Marcel, My Friend! All Will be Well if le Bon Dieu Wills It!"

ITALY AND THE REAL VILLAIN

By WILL IRWIN

I BEGIN this on a day when the Italians are fighting along the line of the Piave River, trying to hold back the Austrians from the immortal stones of Venice, when the western passes into the imperiled land are filled with French and British troops hurrying to what may be a decisive battle in Armageddon. The disaster that fell on the fine, able Italian Army is now more than three weeks old. Entente Europe has recovered from its first shock and is beginning already to see a way out. At first, to us who watched the preliminary stages of the great Austrian drive, who saw the fugitives begin to stream down the Venetian Plain, and who witnessed for a fortnight the sorrow of Rome, it seemed an irrevocable tragedy. It was a tragedy, at best; though now we know it was not irrevocable. A right understanding of that tragedy is a lesson, a most pertinent and useful lesson, to us Americans in our present relation toward this war. For that reason I set about telling as much as I know and can publish with honor about the events of the past few months in Italy.

I cannot, however, give true point to the story without going back and dragging the reader through a few paragraphs of history and social philosophy; for Italy, like all the other European countries, finds her present linked irrevocably with her past. Young and fluid as we are, we can often, in crises like this, divorce ourselves in a day from our past with all its customs and traditions. They on the other side of the water cannot do that; and the link with their past is sometimes a great strength with them, and sometimes, also, a great weakness.

Italy, then, of all the powers engaged in this war, is the oldest people but the youngest nation. Her tradition of high civilization runs back through twenty-five centuries. Her corporate existence as a nation was broken, between the dying years of the Roman Eastern Empire and the movement for United Italy, by a thousand years of disruption. The race, during that period, remained intact in blood and virtually in speech. But politically the nation was broken up into a series of cities; some, like Venice and Florence, carving out for a time little principalities of their own in the surrounding territory; some never pretending to any domain outside the city walls and the surrounding fields. Her history during those thousand years is written in terms not of a people but of municipalities. One thing alone survived—the unconquerable spirit of a race that breaks more commonly into genius than any other we know.

The Beginnings of United Italy

THE forlorn hope of a United Italy, of a strong people welded and self-governing, took form in the middle of the nineteenth century; and action began when Garibaldi, with his band of wild revolutionaries, captured and lost Rome in 1848. That was a noble failure—the Bunker Hill of United Italy. For ten years more the north was divided between the loyalist Italian House of Savoy and Austrian tyranny, the center was held by the Papal States, and the south festered under King Bomba's Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—probably the most incompetent government of modern times. Garibaldi, the Liberator, came back in 1859, with his thousand, and performed the miracle of taking Sicily—a thousand troops, armed with condemned muskets, against thirty thousand regulars! Miracle followed miracle, so that historians are still puzzled to account for subsequent events. Most of them, indeed, beg the question, and lay it to luck, forgetting the unbeatable combination of four men with genius—Garibaldi, the wild Liberator; Cavour, the subtle statesman; Mazzini, the persuasive agitator; and Victor Emmanuel, the strong king. At any rate, within the year United Italy was formed—after a fashion.

An Austrian Position in the Alps

The Papal States, however, still held much of the center, and Austria much of the north, including Venice. In 1866 Germany fought Austria; and Italy, with the hope of getting her own, combined with Germany against her hereditary foe. Garibaldi almost had his hands on Trento, last Italian outpost city in the mountains, and Cadorna, the elder, was about to take Trieste, when Germany, having quickly beaten Austria, withdrew her support and left Italy stranded. As a sop, Bismarck gave her part of the northern provinces held by Austria; and in the subsequent settlement she took over Venice.

United Italy waited four years more. In 1870 Germany and France went to war. Taking advantage of the situation, Italy seized the Papal States, which had been protected by Napoleon III of France. Her boundaries came to be as we know them in the school geographies and United Italy was a reality. Not until then could she be considered a nation; for the period between 1860 and 1870 was so full of wars, rumors of wars, diplomacies and perils that no time was left for the real work of welding and organizing. She had, then, when Armageddon broke, only forty-four years of true national existence.

Now, she had begun with nothing—no armies or navies or finances or developed resources—nothing but the will to be a free and united people. In her vicinity, and vitally interested in her affairs, as the rattlesnake is interested in the gambols of a bird, were three reactionary nations who had all these necessities of empire—the monarchial France of Napoleon III, Austria, and the Prussia that was becoming greater Germany. In her foreign policy, conducted by a series of most able and subtle ministers, she could afford only one steady objective—to hold herself together and keep her own, without war if possible; for she could not afford another war. She had special problems, unknown to the youth of such a nation as ours. One was what the Italians call campanalism—the town spirit as opposed to the national spirit. "In the beginning," an acute observer of Italian life said to me, "we were not like a piece of welded metal, as a nation should be. We were like marbles in a box."

Hapsburg Tyranny

AGAIN, there was the problem of the Clerical Party—a large body of voters, including a most able element, refusing, for conscience' sake, to participate in the affairs of the nation. With her one ideal of national unity and national existence before her, she must take from the international situation simply what she could get, while she welded and built toward internal strength.

All this explains why Italy found herself, in the course of a few years, bound in an alliance with a nation against which a great part of her people held an old grudge, a nation whose scheme of government she despised, whose rule she had hated—Austria.

We Americans have been so busy with the crimes and shortcomings of Germany that we have paid little attention to Austria. As a matter of fact, if Germany is now the main villain of the European tragedy it is because of superior ability, not of worse intentions. The patchwork kingdom has just emerged from the barbaric stage of open and professed absolutism. Under the German leadership, established since 1866, the Austrians have become good administrators, as they were not when they held dominion over Northern Italy; but they are and always have been political tyrants toward the stranger peoples whom they are warping into their system.

Old imperial Russia herself has no such record of political executions—"The Hangman" was the Italian nickname for Francis Joseph. One governor of an Italian district in the Irredenta had on his record two thousand hangings on charges of political conspiracy. In the early part of the nineteenth century, when they were trying to reconcile the Venetian province to their system, they supplemented the rope with the scourge. Whipping to death was very common. Half a century is a short time in the European memory; and all Northern Italy remembers those days with intense hatred.

The Hapsburg dynasty is, if anything, more reactionary than the Hohenzollern—hard, narrow, sure of its belief in the divine right of kings and of all other things reactionary. The parliament is regarded by the throne and its supporters as a mere concession to keep the people quiet. And at one side sits the army, a force sinister and powerful. The Austrian corps of officers is a kind of Pretorian Guard in organization and feeling—loyal only to itself and the emperor's person; wholly out of sympathy with the life of the people.

Discipline in the Austrian Army was always brutal and barbaric; the officers justified it on the ground that they had many races to control and must stamp out the faintest sparks of disloyalty. This whole army outlook on life, politics and war is summed up in a conversation reported

(Continued on Page 29

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Under Government Management

PROBABLY an immediate effect of government management of the railroads will be more economical operation, because the Government will immediately eliminate those wastes of competition that it compelled the roads to maintain.

Four or five passenger trains started from the same point for the same destination at nearly the same time, where two or three could have carried the passengers cheaper; but each road had to maintain its own service. In every city each road kept up a separate and expensive freight-soliciting staff. One road's terminal might be congested, another's comparatively free; but each must handle its own business. Freight billed over a particular route must go that way, though it might be more economically sent another way.

So long as the Government strictly required each road to operate separately, duplication of effort and competitive waste were inevitable in many ways. The Government will strike all that out; but the saving it effects will be due solely to the removal of a handicap the Government itself placed on the roads. Eastern roads would have done just what the Government is now doing years ago if Congress had permitted it.

Unified operation will bring a saving. The same public services can be performed in that way at less cost. There has never been any serious dispute about that. But, under long-continued government management, whatever is gained through unified operation, in the first place, will presently be lost because government management in itself is unquestionably more expensive than private management. The roads will suffer that gradual hardening of the arteries which is inseparable from government work; pay rolls will increase, initiative will decrease, red tape will grow. The first saving will be due not to government management in itself, but to unification.

Under continued government management the gain will presently disappear.

Making the Adjustment

A SURVEY of the situation since April 6 shows that we are short of three things—fuel, transportation and labor. We have sufficient food, raw materials and plant capacity to meet war's requirements. We lack plant capacity for the special purposes of shipbuilding and cannon making, but there is no lack of basic materials to meet those special needs; and, indeed, we are already well on the way to meeting them.

The real pinches have come in fuel, transportation and labor. The fuel supply is only six or seven per cent below requirements and the most serious difficulty there has arisen from inadequate transportation rather than absolute lack of coal.

Unified operation of the railroads, under the autocratic hand of the Government, may be expected to improve the transportation situation very decidedly.

There remains the matter of labor. Even there it is far less an absolute lack of hands than a faulty adjustment. Observing what France, England and Germany have done with thirty or forty per cent of their best labor withdrawn from production, we can say confidently that the supply of labor in the United States is ample for every need. There is too much shifting and drifting of labor. We are too much plagued by the old hostility between capital and labor. You get a picture of the situation when thirty or forty thousand munition workers lay off for several days because coal has not arrived to keep the boilers going. The materials are there, the labor is there, and the fuel is in sight, but they are not in the right conjunction. There is no absolute lack of anything in the whole situation except a proper adjustment.

In making the adjustment labor is the most important thing. It is by no means simply a question of getting labor distributed to the best advantage. If it were, the proposals for wholesale conscription of labor might be considered. It is even more a question of thorough willingness and hearty coöperation. On the whole, the attitude of the worker toward his work is even more important than exactly where he is placed. In making the adjustment to war nothing else is quite so important as that. Every employer and every workman can contribute to it.

The United States is going to be extremely busy while war lasts. That means a tremendous demand for goods, labor fully employed, high wages, brisk circulation of money—the outstanding phenomena of what is commonly called good times. In keeping the times good in that sense, nothing else is quite so important as preventing labor friction.

A Savings Record

HERE is one of the great achievements of 1917: To the first Liberty Loan nearly four million men and women subscribed sums ranging from fifty dollars to ten thousand, their total subscriptions amounting to one billion three hundred million. To the second loan over nine million men and women subscribed sums ranging from fifty dollars to fifty thousand, their total subscriptions amounting to two and a half billions.

And the data at hand indicate that far the greater part of this three billion eight hundred million dollars of relatively small subscriptions was paid for without borrowing—out of savings and cash in hand at the time the first loan was floated.

The Federal Reserve Board has reports from six hundred and odd member banks in ninety-five leading cities. These banks have about seventy-five per cent of the loans and deposits of all member banks. In December their loans on government bonds amounted to less than four hundred million dollars. It is a fair inference that nearly all the small subscriptions were paid for without borrowing; so the people of the United States are to be congratulated on a notable feat in saving.

Another phase of the showing is by no means so encouraging. The allotments of the first and second loans on subscriptions in excess of fifty thousand dollars came to nearly two billion dollars. A very large part of these larger subscriptions were made by banks for their own accounts. The reports above referred to show that the member banks in ninety-five leading cities owned nearly one and three-quarter billion dollars of government bonds and certificates. Part of this, no doubt, was Treasury certificates; another part consisted of old bonds to secure circulation. Yet the banks have taken on a big load of Liberty Bonds. That does not represent savings, but substantially inflation.

Available data indicate a notable savings record—and the strong need of a still greater effort this year.

An Investment Monopoly

FEDERAL Farm Loan bonds rest on good farm mortgages. The United States Government stands sponsor for them, which is virtually tantamount to a government guaranty. They are free from all taxes except the inheritance tax, and bear four and a half per cent interest. The Senate recently considered a bill authorizing the Treasury to buy a hundred millions of them, because individual investors were not taking them.

The railroads need several hundred million dollars at once for necessary equipment. The Government has taken them over and must guarantee income sufficient to meet present interest and dividend requirements. Railroad bonds advanced sharply when the Government took that action. Certainly the credit of American railroads is sufficient for their immediate need under these circumstances. It is proposed, however, that the Government shall lend them money for equipment.

In fine, we have virtually a government monopoly of the investment market. Broadly speaking, only government bonds have a right of way.

In our opinion this is a mistake. There are various imperative needs for capital aside from the Government's war needs. Farmers must have money. Their borrowings generally mean farm improvement, which means more food. Railroads must have cars and engines. That is finally as essential as ships and cannon. Local transportation and lighting plants must be kept going. Various needs for capital, though they do not contribute in the most direct way to the war, are as imperative as the direct needs.

But banks, bond houses and individual investors are loath to take the attitude of seeming to put some other need ahead of the Government's war needs. We don't think it expedient that the Government should do all the borrowing and then turn lender to supply the Farm Loan Banks, the railroads, and so on. There should be a government board to approve necessary borrowing other than by the Government. The investment market should be as hospitable to other approved borrowing as to government bonds.

Stage Money

IT IS useful to remember that a large part of the national wealth which annual reviews spread before your admiring eyes is bogus.

For example, there is the staggering figure of a gross farm output of twenty-one billion dollars. Very much of that, of course, is mere duplication—counting the same thing twice over: first as corn; and then as cattle and hogs. But, aside from that, much of it is really stage money.

The corn crop was of almost exactly the same size as in 1912. Its farm value that year was put at one and a half billion dollars. For 1917 it is over four billion dollars. The wheat crop was about one-quarter smaller than in 1914. Its value is greater by one-half. In 1915 there were more bushels of grain—taking the five chief crops; but the value this year is double that of 1915.

Of course we eat grain, not dollars; and, except for the relatively small quantity exported, the nation, as a whole, is no richer this year because of the chief grain crops than it was in 1915.

It produced no more; but by calling each bushel worth twice as much it gets twice as many dollars.

Grain growers, considered as a class, may be better off relatively to the remainder of the population; but even they experience a very important offset in the higher prices they have to pay for everything they buy. In 1912 we had fifty per cent more cotton, but the price now is three times as high; so we have many more dollars.

So with everything in the inventory of national wealth. Measured in dollars, it breaks all records; but in the quantity of goods available for the satisfaction of human needs it is not so remarkable. By manipulating the scales you can make a two-pound fish weigh four; but there are only two pounds when you come to eat it.

War and Industry

THE census report for 1914 valued the output of American manufactories at twenty-four billion and odd dollars. The report covered two hundred and seventy-five thousand establishments, engaged in two hundred and sixty general lines of production.

It is evident at a glance that a great part of this output can be used to only a small extent directly for war work; yet it must be maintained. For example, at the top of the list come agricultural implements. We cannot afford to cut down the supply of farm implements materially, for they mean food. There are bags, baking powder, belting, boxes, and so on. They can feed the war directly to only a small extent, but are essential.

There is another category whose output, though directly necessary for war, is far greater than the Government can use—for example, boots, shoes and clothing. This is true even of iron and steel, as a whole; for, though the Government can use practically the whole plant capacity as to a comparatively few larger shapes, numberless other articles, especially of the smaller shapes, can be made in far greater quantity than the Government needs. And the civilian population can no more live without iron and steel than without bread and water.

Because of higher prices and greater activity, the output of American factories in 1917 no doubt exceeded thirty-five billion dollars. For army, navy and shipbuilding this year the Government has appropriated ten billions. Much of this must be spent for other than factory products—food, raw materials, labor, soldiers' pay. It is doubtful if the Government can use this year so much as twenty per cent of the output of American factories.

Not that there will be business as usual. Every business will be touched at some point and to some extent by the war; yet a vast deal of business will and must go forward pretty much as in normal times. And, on the whole, the four-fifths or more of factory output which does not directly feed the war is as essential as the one-fifth that does; for the four-fifths feed the one-fifth. On the first page of the census report you find "brick, tile and other clay products"—not warlike; but the iron and steel industry—to mention no others—must have them.

The problem is not one of amputation, but of adjustment. The way to save wheat is not to go hungry, but to eat corn bread. Every manufacturer whose supply of raw material is curtailed must tackle substantially that proposition.

THE EARTHQUAKE

I KINGS XIX, 11-19

My Soldier Son—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

Inside Her Black Hulk Ten Thousand of the Youth of America are Starting on Their Great Crusade for the Maintenance of Humanity—That Freedom Shall Not Perish From the Earth

V

"We have shared the incommunicable experience of war; we have felt, we still feel, the passion of life to its top."

THE Long Island train is slowly hitching its way over endless level fields of corn stubble and cabbages. You cannot see much of the stubble, for the rain has turned the rich earth into a brown ooze, which in the hollows has expanded into wide souplike puddles, and the cabbages look like the green bathing caps of a multitude of lady swimmers among the stalks. Outside the drops pelt viciously against the windows of the smoking car and dart down toward the sashes in quick streaks. Inside the air is thick with cigarette smoke, the fumes of which do not disguise a lurking odor of rubber and damp wool. We are taking four hours to do a schedule trip of two, and the boys in khaki, returning to camp after forty-eight hours' leave, though good-natured are not complimentary.

In the seat in front of me a chubby red-faced youth is recounting some experience of the night before. I cannot hear all of it, but it seems to end in an encouraging manner:

"'Gee!' I says, sarcastichke. 'Is that so? Well,' I says, 'you just better run along home, girlie, where you belong. This ain't no place for kids!' I says."

"Oh, gee!" responds his companion sympathetically; and then, ruminatively: "Ain't they a pest!"

There is a card game going on across the way, and up at the end of the car a mouth organ contests supremacy with three "barber chord" artists. There is a lot of slouching up and down the aisle and some cheerful scrapping, which at times causes me to make myself as small as possible. It is not uninteresting, but two hours would have been more than enough of it. I try to read the paper, but the smoke makes my eyes smart and I light my pipe in self-defense. I wonder why on earth I ever went to the unnecessary trouble of going down to visit Jack at his camp, instead of waiting for him to come to New York. Really, the smoke is impossible! I speculate as to the probability of getting an express back to the city at an early hour.

The train halts at a road crossing, decorated by a few reeling signboards and conveniently adjacent to a saloon. I can hear the panting of the engine. Evidently they are taking on water—or beer—or something. Then the door opens behind me and there is a perceptible stiffening of backs—as the men turn round.

"Hello, father!" cries Jack, clapping me on the shoulder. "I got permish to come up the road and pick you up. How are you?"

The chubby youth has risen and now stands at salute.

"Take this seat, sir," says he. "Me and my pal can move up front. You can turn her back—this way."

"Thanks!" returns Captain John Stanton, Junior, taking possession of the seat and swinging it over to face me, as if he had spent a lifetime as the recipient of attentions from a military orderly. I watch him in wonder. There is a self-possession, an ease of manner, an assurance about him that had been nonexistent ten months before and to which I am unable to accustom myself.

We had been too much excited at seeing him that first evening of our return home quite to grasp the transformation he had undergone; but, now that I could really look him over, he didn't seem to be the same Jack at all; there wasn't a trace of the original animal left. He had a new body and apparently he had gained a new soul. I suppose the mere uniform might have tended to create this effect, but with Jack the uniform was the merest incident. He had lost about twelve pounds, looked four inches taller, and in place of his habitual slouchiness had acquired an erect and almost graceful carriage.

Moreover, instead of calling me Dad, Old Top, Governor and Boss, he now addressed me as Father, with an occasional Sir. I confess that in his previous state of existence any such formality would have been out of place. Before, he had always gone round whistling, never answering a question seriously, and apparently never thinking about anything. This grave youth was an utter stranger to me, and, at first, I felt the awkwardness engendered by his strangeness.

The last time I had visited Jack in Cambridge, prior to our return to New York in the autumn of 1917, had been in November of his Sophomore year, the occasion being a note from the dean of Harvard College, informing me that the enthusiasm roused in my son by a certain victory upon the football field had so stimulated his desire for mural decoration that he had suspended a necklace of seven or eight glistening white water pitchers from the cupola of Harvard Hall.

He had previously floundered along in the lower third of his form at Groton, occasionally, under the impetus of parental admonition, indulging in a rocketlike ascent to second or third place, from which inevitably, at the end of a month or two, he descended like the proverbial stick. At home his chief occupations had been coloring a large meerschaum pipe and singing Hawaiian love songs through his nose to the accompaniment of the ukulele.

Once he had passed his college exams, any thought of intellectual labor seemed to have departed from him; and, to my astonishment, I began to hear him spoken of as quite an extraordinary eccentric dancer. His chief form of amusement seemed to be going to the theater in Boston with a couple of his chums and then motoring by night to New York, arriving at our house about breakfast time, and returning the next evening in the same manner. During the spring term of his Freshman year, while running for the Dicky, he had appeared at a Symphony Rehearsal in Boston covered with shoestrings, which he attempted to sell between the musical numbers—until ejected. His general tendency to make a fool of himself gradually diminished, to be sure; but the recollection of it remained. I regarded him with affection, tempered by distrust, and always suspected him of laziness and frivolity. That was the Jack I had left in December, 1916. It was the portrait of him that I still carried in my mind when I returned to New York the following October.

But I soon saw that something had occurred undreamed of as possible in my philosophy. When I had first learned that Jack had donned the uniform of his country I had been guilty of making some unfeeling jest about an "ass in a lion's skin." Now, to my wonderment and pride, I found that the ass had grown to fit it. If not yet an adult lion—ass, at any rate, he was no longer. But to us he was a full-grown lion already. We regarded him with respect and hung upon his words, thrilled with a sad happiness.

He himself knew that he had changed, was under no delusions as to what the future might have in store for him, and his constant effort was to convince us that his going into the army was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him. There was, even to our anxious minds, not the slightest doubt about that. The boy had actually become a man.

He offered me a cigarette, lit one for himself and—asked me whether I minded his putting his feet upon the seat beside me!

"Too bad it's such a rotten day!" he remarked, glancing through the window. "Anyhow, you can see our quarters and get some idea of what it's all like. Awfully good of you to bother to come."

"Do you suppose anything could keep me away?" I demanded gruffly. "This war is the most momentous event in the history of the world. I want to see all I can of it—even if only vicariously. But I shall never be able to catch up with you, Jack."

"Well," he conceded, "I'll have to admit I've learned a lot about all sorts of things—particularly about my fellow citizens of the United States of America. Out of the two hundred and eighty men in my company, thirty of them—literally—couldn't speak a word of English!"

"Can't speak English!" I exclaimed, astounded. "Do you mean to say there are men in our army who can't speak English?"

"Sure!" he retorted. "My thirty were birds! We had to begin at the very beginning—put 'em in line, point at their right foot, and say: 'Foot! Right foot! That—is—your—right foot!' Gradually we got 'em so they could face to the right and left, and most of them now can ask for meat and beans. Why, there is one fellow down here who not only couldn't speak any English, but he couldn't tell us who he was. Nobody knows now where he came from, how he got here, where he was born, or anything about him. We tried every kind of interpreter on him in the camp, and they all gave him up in despair. He just made queer noises with his mouth. Finally I got a piece of paper and wrote the word Smith on it and pinned it on his cuff. 'You're Smith!' I said. And Smith he is.

"There's a place called Tiflis, over in the Caucasus, where they say you can hear one hundred and sixty-seven languages spoken. I tell you it's got nothing on us. The first seventeen men on my muster roll, for instance, represent twelve different nationalities; and the first one, Abend, is a German, with two brothers in the boche army, fighting on the Western Front. Then there's Aristopoulos, a Greek; and little Baracca, an Italian; Badapol—I don't know what he is—some kind of Slav, I guess; Castaigne, he's French extraction; Callahan, Irish; Conant, Welsh; Korbel, Bohemian; Dikirian, he's a Syrian rug seller—I forget just how they come; but farther along there's Zriek, an Arab; Potopoff, a Russian; Pacheco, who comes from Sonora, Mexico; a whole bunch of Lithuanians and a lot from little Russian places you never heard of at all.

"They're not half so green, though, as some of the ginks right from the U. S. A. I've got two New York men from the Adirondacks who never were on a railroad train until they were drafted, and one from way up near the Canadian border who never had seen an electric light or a moving picture! But they're bully stuff, most of them. Army life brings out what's best in each one and sort of distributes it round among the others. I've learned a lot from some of them."

"How about those fellows?" I asked. "After all, they've been forced into the service. It isn't as if they were volunteers."

"No," he admitted; "not exactly—yet. But it's gradually getting to be so, and by the time we sail I don't believe there'll be ten per cent of the men who won't have

what I call the volunteer spirit. Of course at the beginning there's a difference in the attitude of the volunteer and the selected man. But the extraordinary part about the life down here is that, after they have been here a few days and see how things are done, most of the men get an entirely new point of view and are proud and glad to be here. It may be due in part to the feeling that, having been drafted, they might as well make the best of it, and that the only way to save their own lives—which is what I tell 'em every day—is to make themselves as efficient as possible, so that when they come out of the trenches they can put the boches on the run. Or it may be something else." He hesitated. "I don't know.

"There's a kind of feeling about the whole thing that I can't explain! Anyhow, it gets hold of 'em! Now I am telling you the honest truth when I say that, in spite of the fact that seventy-five per cent of my own men claimed exemption in the first place, seventy-five per cent of all of them to-day have absolutely the volunteer spirit. The other twenty-five are still grumbling—frankly. They say they didn't want to fight; that they're being made to fight against their will; and that the decision of the exemption boards in their respective cases was unfair and unjust. But they're getting over it. They're getting to see that the only really democratic army is a selected army."

"How about socialism?" I inquired timidly.

"I don't hear much about it," he retorted—"except the backhanded kind you get in some newspapers. There isn't any pamphleteering, as yet. I think there's something about how our men are treated, and their relation to their officers, which makes against that kind of thing. It's so different from the way things used to be in the regular army and the way, as I understand it, things are on the other side."

"How do you mean?" said I. "How different?"

"Why," he replied, "we do everything we can to encourage intercourse between the men and the officers. Every man in the company is free to come to me at any time to ask questions, and to have the reasons for doing a particular thing in a particular way explained to him."

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,"

I murmured.

"That was the old idea," responded Jack. "Now I bet you that my men will do and die just as readily if, before they reach the point of doing and dying, they feel that their Government wants them to know and understand the reason. The noncoms sent down here from the regular army don't understand it at all; but I think it is going to make a big difference, and it certainly makes for the right sort of democracy."

"Do you find them quick to learn? How about their intelligence?"

"It's really wonderful!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "In the first place it's astonishing what a high grade of men we have got in the draft. There are about a dozen college men in my company alone, and there are any number of fellows who have held rather responsible business positions. We have two noncom instructors from the regular army, and there are at least forty men out of the two hundred and eighty who know more about it than they do.

"There's another thing, too, you'd be interested in, and that's the general tone of the whole place. Now this new army of ours is really a new army. Uncle Sam has started in perfectly fresh, without the handicap in morals that a huge regular army would have involved. The Y. M. C. A. centers are simply great! Do you know that we've got a Y. M. C. A. house for every regiment? No Sunday-school talk, either! Anybody can go there—Jews, Roman Catholics, Hindus, atheists! A fellow doesn't have a Bible shoved into one hand and a hymn book into the other if he wants to write a letter home.

"I have a vaudeville show every ten days that, honestly, beats anything you can get on Broadway. Right in my own company I've got two professional actors, a professional dancer, an acrobat and juggler, three men that were leaders in college theatricals, and so much amateur musical talent that I don't know what to do with it. I'm not joking; you couldn't get for a dollar in New York City what our men get at that vaudeville show every ten days—and the bill is new every time. The men are getting into fine shape. Physically they're a ripping lot of fellows. They can go out with a pick and shovel and work four hours in the morning and four hours again in the afternoon and not turn a hair!

"I've seen some remarkable changes in physique too. You know, there are a heap of fellows down here who are a great deal better off than they ever were before in their lives. For example, there are about fifteen men in my company who worked in sweatshops on the East Side. I don't suppose they got more than eleven or twelve dollars a week at the outside. You wonder how they ever got by inspection. That's another question. You know, they send us a lot of cripples—real cripples, I mean!

"Well, to get back to mysweatshop men: When they came here they were as pasty-faced, narrow-chested and clammy-handed a bunch as you ever saw. They had all claimed exemption, were scared to death, and thought they were just going to be trotted out and shot. When they recovered from fright they bellowed like steers about tyranny and injustice! What's happened? They have been given regular exercise and all they can eat three times a day, including red meat, and they're as fit as prize fighters and as happy as clams.

"To-day you wouldn't know 'em! Their chests have expanded about five inches; their complexions have cleared up; they've been in English school right along, so that by this time they can talk pretty intelligibly; and they can go to the Y. M. C. A. and read, or watch a good vaudeville show for nothing, instead of paying their money to go to a cheap movie or sitting round talking socialism.

"I tell you, when those fellows come out of the army they will have a respect for the United States Government they'd never get in any other way. When Ikey and Abie go back to the East Side, if any greasy anarchist attempts to put anything over on them, Ikey and Abie will stand him up against the wall and say: 'See here, old sport! Have you ever had any dealings with the United States Government? Well, we have! Uncle Sam's all right! Get out!' . . . Hello! We're there!"

The train had come to a stop. Outside I could see a half-open shed, with an appurtenant tobacco stand, apparently floating upon a sea of yellow mud.

"This is the lower station," announced Jack as the men swarmed off the car. "I'm afraid you'll have to walk over to the camp. It's not much over half a mile. Glad you've got your galoshes."

Look as far as I could in every direction, there was nothing but a welter of booze. Ahead of us wallowed our train companions, the more distant indistinguishable through the rain from the medium in which they wallowed. We wallowed after them. It was highly uncomfortable.

"'This isn't war,'" I panted. "'It's murder!'"

Jack held the umbrella nearer.

"I guess it's the nearest thing to real war this side of the trenches," he answered grimly. "We're well used to mud! There can't be anything worse—even in Flanders."

Presently we passed the stable sheds of the new remount station, planned to hold thirty thousand horses, and round which we could see the guards riding like cowboys; then a wilderness of low wooden barracks appeared out of the rain and we found ourselves unexpectedly walking on firm macadam down a street that looked like an apotheosized mining camp and which was marked Third Avenue.

Everywhere fellows in uniform were coming and going. Fours of newly arrived conscripts tramped past under the fearsome direction of a regular noncom; and at one point I saw the *bleu ciel* and red cap of a French officer, who was instructing a bombing squad in an open field, the motions of the men producing a strange effect, as if they were playing a combination of cricket, handball and tenpins, with a dash of jumping jack.

"To Fight—to Die—for One's Country is Bound to be the Right Thing. It Doesn't Matter That I Can't Tell You Why"

We walked along for an interminable distance in the rain, past myriads of barracks, all exactly alike, until we stopped finally before one with which Jack evidently claimed relationship.

"It's messtime," he said. "We're a bit late as it is. I guess we'd better go right in at once."

Jack conducted me into what somewhat resembled the lunch room of a Western railroad junction, save that it was cleaner. All the tables were empty but one. Evidently the men had just finished dinner. Two fellows about Jack's age were sitting near a counter, from behind which the food was lifted from the range, smoking hot, by a cook in a white coat. I was introduced to my son's junior messmates—both second lieutenants—and found that, in spite of my experiences in the smoking car, I had an excellent appetite for the plentiful and well-cooked meal that was placed before me.

Our two table companions soon excused themselves, and when we had taken our last cup of coffee and had a second helping of pie Jack led me across the way to the officers' barracks and into his own ten-by-twelve bedroom. Above us the rain drummed steadily on the roof. The room was rather close and smelt strongly of pine boards. To me it was dull, dreary and monotonous; yet I could see that for him it was all invested with a glamour like that of the Round Table of King Arthur. Rain and mud, mud and rain; yet beyond that ocean of mud and through that curtain of rain there gleamed for him a vision of eternal glory.

"Do you have any time to yourself, Jack? Aren't you all tired out?" I queried, though he looked as hard as nails.

"I don't have time to think at all," he answered. "If I take reveille I get up at five-forty; and if I don't take it I get up at quarter of six. Anyhow, I always eat breakfast at six-fifteen. From that time on I haven't a minute until I hit my bunk, between eleven and twelve at night. The amount of detail work is something fierce! I spend nearly a third of my time at my desk, writing out reports, making up lists and doing clerical work of one sort or another.

"Lord, how I sleep! I guess it's a good thing. Otherwise I might worry. You see, sometimes a chap realizes that he is pretty young to have the responsibility of two hundred and eighty men of his own age who are just as valuable to their families and to their country as he is to his. Most of those fellows have more sense than I have, and just as much education. The only difference is that I happened to go to Plattsburg. I don't know why I did, at that. I went just because my friends were going. I didn't have anything else to do particularly. It was a kind of adventure. 'Soldiers Three' stuff, you know—that sort of thing.

"I tell you I woke up with a bump when some of the instructors got talking to us up there. The first time you do bayonet exercise it's enough to make you sick! You realize what it all means then. I feel pretty sure that the man who committed suicide there did so because the horror of the whole thing was too much for him. The hard thing is to teach the men 'the will to use the bayonet'—that they're going to be sent forward to kill or be killed. There is no back step or fencing taught, and the only parry is the slight deflection of your opponent's point immediately before your own thrust."

"Do the men appreciate what they are up against?"

Jack shook his head.

"I don't think they do," he answered solemnly. "That's the worst feature of it. After the dreariness of the first few days wears off they get to be like a parcel of kids. They act like a lot of schoolboys. The difficulty is to make 'em see the necessity of discipline. I have to talk to them like a Dutch uncle.

"For example, there's a fellow named Coffey in my company. Yesterday afternoon he went up and bought a package of cigarettes when he knew perfectly well he wouldn't have time to get back for inspection—didn't think it made any difference, you know! What are you going to do with a fellow like that? The question is, How are you going to show him that it does make a difference?

"'Look here, Coffey,' I said. 'I don't know what the hell's the matter with you. I don't want to punish you. What I want is to make you see that sometime or other, unless you realize that absolute obedience to orders is a matter of life and death, you are going to put yourself and all of us in a hole. When we get over in a trench, sixty

(Continued on Page 26)

"In *Campbell's*, with skill I combine
The best from the field and the vine
Such freshness and flavor, such nourishing savor!
No wonder folks say it is fine!"
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VEGETABLE

"It couldn't help being good!"

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Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Every ingredient is choice, nourishing, perfect in condition and flavor.

Government-inspected beef we use to make the invigorating stock. In this we blend premium-grade white potatoes, sweet Canadian rutabagas, orange-hearted Chantenay carrots—tender all through, Dutch cabbage, fine tomatoes, the freshest and finest of celery, parsley and juicy green okra.

We add small peas, baby lima beans and Country Gentleman corn, beside rice, barley and the attractive macaroni "alphabets." And we do not omit the pleasing snappy flavor of a little leek, onion and sweet red peppers. Cooked and blended under the direct supervision of experienced chefs and prepared with all the care and skill worthy of such choice ingredients, this soup is both wholesome and delicious.

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Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Printanier
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Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato-Okra
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Vegetable
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable-Beef
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24

yards opposite the Germans, and the order is given for us to go over and clean 'em out, you've got to be there—not off buying a package of fags. Nobody is going to wait for you then. Now, as I said, I don't want to punish you; but I don't know of any other way to bring it home to you that the safety of all of us depends on your strict obedience to orders. You go down and saw wood for three hours!'"

"How many of your own friends volunteered?" I asked.

"All of them!" he answered instantly. "Every one of the fellows I know either went to Plattsburg and got a commission or volunteered.

"I don't know any college men of the right age who haven't—except one or two cripples. Out of the New York Harvard Club's full membership of forty-eight hundred, old and young, there are nearly a thousand men in active service in the Army and Navy and several hundred more engaged in some sort of war service—almost a perfect record for the men of military age.

"It's just the same with all the other colleges and college clubs; all the fellows have come up to the scratch. It's what you'd expect, of course. The only ones who make me sore—when we're so much in need of officers—are the few chaps just overage who are perfectly well and fit—athletes, some of 'em—who've got jobs of one sort or another down in Washington, when they could be going across. I wouldn't mind if they didn't pretend to be doing something. What I kick at is the able-bodied fellow of thirty-five who's got a clerical job in the War Department and is camouflaging behind a desk in a uniform, instead of drilling a machine-gun squad or teaching his men how to cut through barbed wire.

"Then there's the husky young athlete, who goes into the remount business and is busily engaged in buying horses out in Kansas, where he is fairly safe from the U-boats, and the perfectly able-bodied Y. M. C. A. worker who is drawing a salary to teach the soldiers how to play football. That last is wonderful work; but they should utilize much older men, or fellows who have some physical defect, instead of chaps who ought to be in the ranks."

"The slackers will be the losers, Jack," I assured him.

"But they may never know it," he answered. "They certainly won't realize what they've missed. They couldn't!" He turned to me eagerly: "Father! Life's an entirely different thing to me since I came down here. What I've learned in the last six weeks has changed every idea I've ever had. The friendships I've made would be enough to pay for everything. You know, up at college we had a pretty low standard. It was all right enough in its way, but there was a lot of petty meanness and imputing rotten motives. Well, here we're all brothers, and we know that we can count on each other and on the men—every last one of them. I didn't use to have a very high opinion of human nature; but now, with these friends I've made and my new knowledge of the men I used to regard as muckers, I realize how fine it is—and that it's well worth dying for!"

As we plowed back through the mud to the lower station I still couldn't bring myself to realize that this serious-minded young officer was my son. It seemed preposterous! It was wholly incredible that this was the silly ass who had strung crockery on a belfry. Here was a fully equipped officer, keenly alive to all his obligations and responsibilities, produced in a little over three months of intensive training. In the face of such a miracle, why had I ever bothered about college?

And then it came to me that perhaps the college education had unconsciously had something to do with it. I thought of the Teddy-bear at home, and of Helen, still almost as fresh as a girl! Was it possible that I had a son old enough to go to war? Was I as old as all that? Yes; a thousand years old! As old as Methuselah, to every intent and useful purpose, for I could no longer bear arms in defense of what I held most dear and sacred. The sword had passed to my son and he was now the Head of the Family. By every tradition he now came first.

I wonder whether there is some peculiar adaptability in the newer blood of our hybrid race that makes it possible in three months to produce a thousand youths capable of training an army. Was Bryan merely talking when he prophesied a million men springing to arms overnight? Probably there is an inherited gift for leadership in the Anglo-Saxon that has made it easier for us. Jack told us a story illustrating that gift about a young English officer in Flanders who, to the great disgust of his men, always wore a monocle. This elegant stripling would come out of his dugout of a morning for inspection, yawn, stretch, insert his eyeglass, and, after glancing over the battalion, remark casually: "You may carry on, sergeant. Carry on!"

One morning he made his appearance as usual, to find that each man had cut the identification tag off his wrist and was wearing it in his right eye—a battalion of monocled soldiers! The young captain put on his own eyeglass, stared at them for a moment, then dropped the monocle into the palm of his hand, spun it in the air with his thumb, made a free catch of it in his eye, straightened up, looked at them sternly, and said: "Now, you bloomin' blighters, can you do that?"

It is a fortunate thing for the world that this war is to be fought out by the young. They are going into it courageously and gladly; gayly, like the two boys who fell leading the charge at Fontenoy, and of whom the old French chronicler wrote: "They were very noble; they cared nothing for their lives!" For them war is a thing of romance and of glory; for them the sword still sings:

The War Thing, the Comrade,
Father of honor
And giver of kingship,
The fame-smith, the song master—
Clear-singing, clean-slicing,
Sweet-spoken, soft-finishing,
Making death beautiful,
Life but a coin
To be staked in the pastime
Whose playing is more
Than the transfer of being;
Arch-anarch, chief builder,
Prince and evangelist,
I am the Will of God;
I am the Sword.

The change the war has wrought in Jack it has wrought in hundreds of thousands of other hitherto careless boys. It has spiritualized and ennobled them, just as it did "the boys of '61." It is, of course, easy to talk about the regenerating influence of war; but no one can look at the fellows in uniform, however young, without realizing that they have something of the nobility and gravity that always come to those who hold their lives secondary to the cause they serve.

It is true that most of them carry it lightly. "It's no use to worry!" But all the same they know what they are up against and they are not going into it as an adventure. Their example has stiffened the backbone of all the rest of us. The man who is not in uniform is anxious to show that it is not his fault he isn't. It has made men ashamed to be any less decent than the chaps who are going to fight for them. Wearing the uniform has also done a good deal to reduce the amount of drinking among the younger men at an age when taking a drink is still regarded as a sign of emancipation.

On the other hand, we may become a race of chronic cigarette fiends. But no one can question that the health of the nation must improve as a result of the training our boys are receiving and the effect of their example upon the civilian population. That and the reduction in individual food consumption may give us a concave national waistline. Even the sight of Walter Camp's adipose officeholders going through their matutinal exercises in Washington is not without its inspiration. Unconsciously a lot of us are already in training; and, before long, most of us will be so consciously.

In the East, at any rate, practically all the boys who have prepared for or gone to college, and are of the proper military age, have enlisted or received officers' commissions. They are not taking the chance of being relegated after the war to the class that didn't go. For their generation it is probably true that hereafter there will be in effect only two sorts—those who went and those who didn't. For us older men this will not be so, since the slackers can always hide behind the men who have a legitimate excuse. But no boy of twenty in this part of the world is willing to invite the suspicion of being a coward.

Some of Jack's friends whose eyes are bad or who have some other physical limitation have tried and been rejected over and over again—one as many as eleven times. If nothing else opened to them they have secured work in the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross or War Relief on the other side. Already the boy of military age is conspicuous by his absence in New York City—unless he is in uniform. The girls are sending them. "No slackers need apply!" is their motto. They won't dance with anybody not in uniform. Why should they?

My own feeling is that the best thing that could happen to this country after its half century of financial drunkenness would be compulsory military training. It is not so bad now for fellows like Jack, whose

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One Morning the Young Officer Made His Appearance as Usual, to Find That Each Man Had Cut the Identification Tag Off His Wrist and Was Wearing It in His Right Eye—a Battalion of Monocled Soldiers!

The Comfort Car

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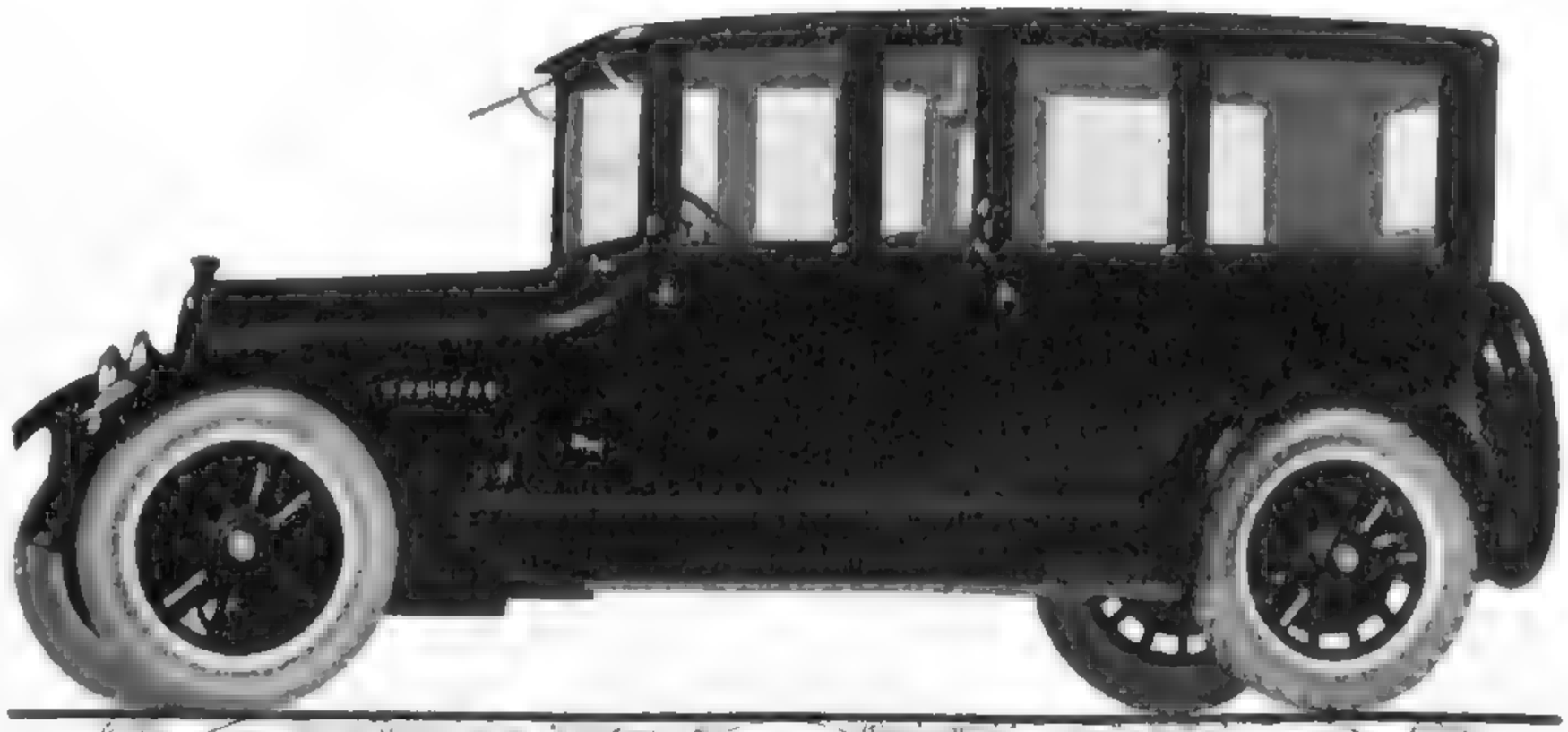

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY — DETROIT, MICH.

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to me by an Italian friend, who was once a teacher in an Austrian university. He and an officer fell to debating on politics and the future of the Eastern European world.

"We'll have to fight you some day," said the Austrian; "there's no one else to fight! We can't fight Germany—the alliance is too close. We can't fight Russia—alone. There's no one left but you."

"Why fight at all?" asked the Italian, quite naturally.

"Oh, but we must fight now and then!" replied the Austrian. "You see, in peace parliaments and democracy and all that hog foolishness get a foothold. We have to allow the people their sport. When that goes far enough we have a war and get our grip again, and things go as they should!"

Such was and such is the troublesome and hated northern neighbor of Italy. More than a border, and the resentments engendered by a border, divided them—the whole, irreconcilable difference between the autocratic spirit in which Austria still gloried, and the democratic spirit in which United Italy was born and nurtured.

Transporting Heavy Guns From One Peak to Another

Bismarck it was who, in the final settlement of 1870, set the boundary between Austria and Italy. He was the evil genius of the nineteenth century—this Bismarck; the world, including his own Germany, is paying now for his wickedness. But he thought far, far ahead. In the defeat of Austria he saw a chance not only for a united German Empire but also for a powerful, permanent and always subservient ally.

To that end he did not, as he might have done, add all the German districts of Austria to the new empire. He left in Austria a strong nucleus of German-speaking people, in the expectation that they would come to govern the patchwork empire, and govern it in harmony with German plans. In that expectation he was not disappointed. Though Hungary has proved rebellious and dangerous in later years, Germanic Austria has retained its grip; in the pinch of Armageddon it has bent the whole empire to the dominant will of Imperial Germany.

The Craft of Bismarck

SUCH being his policy, Bismarck did all he could to strengthen Austria against foes from without, and especially against the new, rising Italy. With that end in view he drew the frontier of 1866–70; and drew it in such a manner, we know now, as to insure future trouble.

Between the hereditary home of the Italian people and that of the Austrian peoples runs the barrier of the Alps—all the way, virtually, from Switzerland to the Adriatic. For five-sixths of the distance these great mountains form a tangle of peaks, range parallel to range, like that bulge in the Rockies which one notes on the maps of Colorado. For the rest of the distance the Alps run down into foothills, ending with the stony, bald and broad hill desert of the Carso—a position almost as valuable, for defensive purposes, as any mountain range.

Now a really just boundary, insuring military protection to both sides of the frontier, would have run through the middle of the Alpine mountain tangle and the Carso desert. It happened, also, that this was in still another way the just boundary; the natural flux and reflux of races had arranged that matter long before. For northward, up to that imaginary boundary, ran a population exactly as Italian, in blood, speech, tradition—everything—as the peoples of Lombardy or the Venetian plain. Trento, in the mountains, held herself as Latin, in every sentiment and feeling, as Verona, on the other side of the mountains; no less than Venice herself did Gorizia, in the oasis of the Carso, feel herself a part of the old Venetian Republic.

But Italy, in the scheme of Bismarck, must have no military parity with the future vassal state of Austria. He drew the boundary across the southern edge of the mountain tangle. Here and there, as the crazy line wriggled along the Alps, it granted the Italians the favor of one thin screen of peaks—faced always on the north with rank after rank of superior heights.

The valuable passes all went to Austria. As the line emerged into the lower country, toward the Adriatic, it deviated from the mountain line onto the plain. The foothills of the Alps, the desert of the Carso, the deep and easily defensible Isonzo, were all Austrian.

"There are many doors to Italy," said an Italian officer to me last year, "and Austria holds the key to them all. If we wish to enter we must use a battering-ram."

Italian Soldiers on Their Way to a Peak Ten Thousand Feet Above Sea Level

So this situation remained for forty-four years, during which Italy passed from resentment to a kind of forced toleration. The problem of Italia Irredenta—Unredeemed Italy—troubled the Italians less, perhaps, than the question of Alsace-Lorraine troubled France. For Alsace and Lorraine were kidnaped from the motherland within the memory of man, while these lost provinces of Italy, though hers by right, had not been hers in deed for a thousand years. She had performed such miracles of recovery in her glorious burst of the nineteenth century. She had so much to do internally that this problem could afford to wait.

Also, it seemed for a time that the Irredenta problem had reached a half solution. A dawn of liberalism had begun, it appeared, in Austria. Nominal parliamentary government had been granted; freedom to use their own tongue, to live without discrimination in their own way, had been accorded the Italians of Southern Austria. An Irredentist party, pressing the claims of their enslaved brethren, still existed in Italy; but it formed a small minority.

Aerial Ropeway Used by Italian Mineers

So, following her policy of playing any and every game that would grant her security for internal development, Italy, within fifteen years after her birth as a nation, had formed an alliance with Austria. As Count Nerisaid, Italy and Austria had to be either enemies or allies. And this measure, it was felt, afforded still more security to Italia Irredenta. Surely Austria, who valued this alliance for her own ends, would not persecute the blood brothers of her allies as she was persecuting the Czechs and other subject races who had none to take their part! Austria nursed this illusion by granting still more freedom to her Italian subjects. Just as lightly did Italy enter the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria. Indeed, this move had at the time the general approval of Europe. It created and maintained the balance of power, that impermanent foundation on which the armed camp of Europe managed to keep the peace for thirty years or more.

German Money in Italy

AND Germany, bound to Italy by the Triple Alliance, proved for a long time of real value to the rising little kingdom with her great internal tasks. German methods and German machinery helped in the great industrial renaissance at the north, which has placed Milan, Turin and Brescia among the most efficient manufacturing communities in Europe.

Early in the game Germany introduced, through the Banca Commerciale and other houses, her advanced system of banking, whereby the bank becomes a partner with the man who needs money to develop his business. In a thousand branches of business she made Italy a profitable customer. Hotel keeping is a mightily important asset to Italy, whose old monuments and works of art form a great commercial asset.

Everywhere the Germans wormed themselves into the hotel business, introducing modern methods that drew wealth into the country.

There was no historic quarrel between Germany and Italy, as there was between Austria and Italy—even if Bismarck did juggle that frontier. Since United Italy became a dream, the two nations had never been at war. Toward Austria there had always been hatred of the bitterest variety, especially in the north. France had been an open enemy many times. Napoleon I rent the country apart and divided it between his relatives and his marshals.

Napoleon III, even though he was their friend for a few months in 1859–60, had taken Rome from Garibaldi in 1848; his armed protection kept the new kingdom from occupying the Roman provinces between 1860 and 1870.

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The average Italian perhaps failed to understand that France was a different Power since she founded the Third Republic in 1870; Armageddon had been going for a year before most Europeans separated the sheep from the goats, realizing which nations had gone over the democratic ridge and which lingered in the shadows on the wrong side of the hill. But Germany had always seemed a friend. Hardly anyone in Italy, outside the well-informed diplomatic circles, perceived that she was the real villain of the drama, the prologue of which was being played even then; that Austria was to figure as the cat's-paw.

Then Armageddon broke. The Triple Alliance provided that every member of the agreement should support the others in case they were attacked. Now the Germans have slapped much camouflage over the causes of this war. But everyone in every European chancellery knew that Germany had been waiting and working, during several years, for a general assault on the liberties of this world, and that this was the moment. The Italians, who, under the Triple Alliance, had been watching their neighbor's game from the inside, knew it best of all. The German cry "We are attacked!" simply brought grim laughter from the Quirinal.

An anxious week passed, however, before the government, responsible, as in all democracies, to the people, felt sure that it might be allowed to act on its own instincts and its own plans. The people spoke decisively. Liège had not fallen before the Socialists passed resolutions declaring that they would never consent to an attack on France. Privately or publicly, nearly every other organized force of public opinion spoke to the same effect.

The government conveyed assurances to Paris that Italy would remain neutral. This enabled France to draw a whole army away from the Italian border and to win the battle of the Marne with it. Really the Germans, who knew exactly what they were doing and knew that Italy knew, never expected support from the junior member of the Alliance; but this prompt reassurance to France, with its decisive effect, was a disagreeable surprise. Then Italy sat still—and thought.

Long before Armageddon, friction had been growing with that enemy ally, Austria. Whether by policy or by virtue of a passion for political tyranny impossible of long suppression, she was breaking her tacit pledges toward the Italians of the Irredenta. The noose and the whip had been brought out of the museums and were at work again.

The really decisive moment, the true occasion, in the opinion of many minds, for the present war, occurred in 1905. As a concession to her ally, Austria had consented to the creation of an Italian-language university in the Irredenta. Suddenly she suppressed it utterly; and gradually she began a process of forced Germanization. The sparks of nationality had been burning low in the Trentino and Trieste. This blew them up into a sullen, smoldering flame. The Italians of the north said among themselves that, at the first opportunity, they must have a third war of liberation to get back their own.

Sympathy With France

Still, I think, Italy would never have gone to war for the Irredenta alone, any more than France would have gone to war for Alsace-Lorraine alone. An old, old people, the Italians are very complex; they do nothing for simple causes. First, there was the Belgian outrage and the gradual perception that this was a war of democracy. Then there was a feeling for England, whose diplomacy and whose volunteers had helped so much in the creation of United Italy. Finally, there was France. "And," says one of my Italian friends, "no one on this peninsula is indifferent to France. Some may dislike her and some like her; but none is indifferent."

One element especially liked France—the intellectuals. Between French thought and Italian thought, in art, science, philosophy and government, there has always existed a burning sympathy. True, in the Germanization of parts of Italy, German thought had taken a hold on some of the universities. The Italian intellectual resented that. "Teaching Dante by rule of thumb, *per Bacco!*" said one of this class to me before the war began. "Four years spent in reconstructing texts and not five minutes in contemplating his beauties!" So most of the Italians felt; the diamond-hard, diamond-bright thought of France was their birthright as Latins, not the pretentious, posing and unilluminated thought of Germany.

It was these intellectuals who made United Italy in the beginning. In Garibaldi's immortal thousand, who took Sicily and lighted the torch, there was scarcely one peasant; there were few men of affairs or of business. They were poets, painters, village attorneys, schoolmasters, university students—even clergymen. The intellectuals rose again. D'Annunzio, with that enormous prestige a poet has in Latin countries, took the stump. Cesare Battisti—afterward caught and hanged for treason by the Austrians—came down from Trieste and urged the claims of Unredeemed Italy. The Garibaldis, grandsons of the great Liberator, heritors of a name like that of Washington with us, threw in their powerful sentimental influence on the side of intervention.

These intellectuals, the true cause of Italy's war, joined hands with a small party against which, in other times, they might have fought most ardently. This was the Nationalist, founded at the time of the Tripolitan War, with the idea of a Greater Italy. The aristocracy, generally, held back; all aristocracies in neutral Europe incline a little to the Central Powers. But, except in minor centers, the aristocracy is aside from the current of Italian life.

Giolitti and His Party

The main opposition, indeed—and an honorable one enough—lay in the political powers that were. For a long, long time, Giolitti had been the strong politician of Italy. Three times premier by general election of the people, he remained between terms the quiet power—a kind of Latin Mark Hanna. We shall never understand the affairs of the purely Latin countries if we imagine that their legislative bodies, like ours, are divided into a real party system. Parties there are, but usually impermanent ones. The true line-up is a matter of personal following.

Giolitti had the strongest following in Italy. In all fairness it is no discredit to Giolitti that his connections were strongly German. After all, Germany was the head of the Alliance by which Italy had kept peace for thirty years; to many Italians who hated Austria she seemed a benevolent big sister, her hands full of gifts. Giolitti was against intervention. He pointed out, in a pronouncement which maddened the interventionists, that Italy could get nearly as much by trading with Austria on her neutrality as she could by entering the war.

All over Italy the interventionists rose and began to riot. Salandra, the premier, who occupied office in the beginning by sufferance of Giolitti, and Sonnino, the able minister for foreign affairs, had already gone over to the war party. The time for the decision in the Chamber of Deputies approached, and the students raged through Rome calling for the new war of liberation. To the last moment, I am told, the German ambassador sat back happy and contented, sure of a favorable vote. But the popular enthusiasm swept the deputies into the war party; and Italy solemnly ranged herself with the forces of democracy. Out of affairs for the time, Giolitti returned to Turin.

It was a complex affair, even more complex than I have here conveyed; but the mainspring of the Italian uprising was the burning desire for freedom, the sympathy with democracy, inherited by Italy from Garibaldi, from Mazzini, from Cavour, from all her giants of the fighting sixties. Only secondary was the desire to rescue her brothers of the Irredenta and, in rescuing them, to close the doors that menaced Italy.

We think of the Latin nature as suspicious; and in so thinking we only half-judge it. Suspicious on one side of his mind the real Latin is; on another he is as trusting as a child. For he is, above all, human, and has human tolerances and allowances for the failings or misfortunes of other people. So, with their eyes on their old major enemy, Austria, they went on neglecting to watch the real villain of the piece. Though they broke diplomatic relations with Germany, it was a year before they declared war. In that period most of the transplanted Germans went about their affairs, only carelessly watched. Even after the declaration of war with Germany, the measures of repression were neither stern enough nor thorough enough.

Further, small elements—if not actually disloyal, at least hostile to the war—continued to flourish. On one side were certain members of the Clerical parties, always at outs—owing to the old seizure of the Papal States—with United Italy. On the other extreme—and here extremes met—were the majority Socialists—the official party. The dissenting Socialist groups had indorsed the war. These majority Socialists have only a block of forty or fifty votes in a chamber of five hundred members. They are, however, able parliamentarians, and cohesive—the only group, really, in the Italian Parliament that holds caucuses and can be depended upon to vote *en bloc*.

As the war goes on and Socialism fails as a party, though it succeeds as a principle, one begins to perceive two main currents of Socialist thought, which I may call the doctrinaire and the liberal. Socialism, in the beginning, was a great democratic movement toward human freedom, in thorough sympathy with such uprisings for political liberty as the successful American, French and Italian revolutions, and the abortive German revolution of 1848.

In Germany, its birthplace, the gradual corruption of a once admirable race has largely turned it into a machine doctrine of economics; the original object, which was wider human liberty and the greatest good to the greatest number, has become lost in the machinery. The system—whatever its results—is the end of the majority German Socialist. From the beginning of the war we have seen German Socialism used by the oppressors of Germany as a tool against the corresponding class in enemy and neutral countries. It is being so used at this moment in our own country. I, who say this, profess myself a Socialist in theory. On the other hand, the liberal Socialism of France and Germany looks beyond the machine to its great object of wider human happiness.

Unfortunately the Socialism of Italy, at least in the majority party, had risen and flourished under German tutelage, and held the machine more dear than the product. Especially these Italian majority Socialists adhered to the narrower tenet of internationalism with peace—the doctrine their German tutors had rejected on the first day of the great war.

The German Socialist majority has made its admirers and associates in enemy countries dance to the time of a very tragic comedy during the past two years. Repudiating, themselves, any idea of peace save a triumphant German peace, they have at the same time cajoled their dupes into struggling for peace in the abstract at the very moments when peace would most advantage autocratic Germany.

The Advance on the Carso

Let me merely sketch the events of the next two years: The Italian Army proved so good as to astonish even its admirers. One by one it got the keys of the main doors to Italy. In a series of movements, notable alike for valor and for clever strategy, the Italians forced their way to the Carso and the lower Alps, and, in eleven desperate and ever-victorious battles, battered across them. The fine attack of last August gave them the Bainsizza Plateau and the important height of Monte Santo. Only one great barrier remained—Monte San Gabriele. Take that and the Italians would have an open road to Laibach and eventually to Vienna.

In spite of a few cabinet changes, the country behind the army held with all necessary firmness. Through the energy and capacity of her able northern engineers Italy made up for her shortage of coal and turned out the munitions. Like all the other Western Allies, she bungled the food problem in the beginning. In 1916, owing to a too-low maximum price, the acreage planted in winter wheat was comparatively small. On top of that came a bad, dry year. She found herself in food difficulties, though not insuperable ones. On the whole, prospects last summer seemed rosy. There were those who believed that we should have our decision on the Austrian-Italian Front.

Now let us turn to Germany: Her diplomats, last summer, spent half of their energy in getting a firm grip on the Austrians, who, weary of the war, were trying their best to wriggle out. From the beginning of the war the Germans recognized, as the prouder and less practical Allied nations did not, the value of propaganda for persuading the neutrals and for weakening enemies. That propaganda, as we all

(Concluded on Page 33)

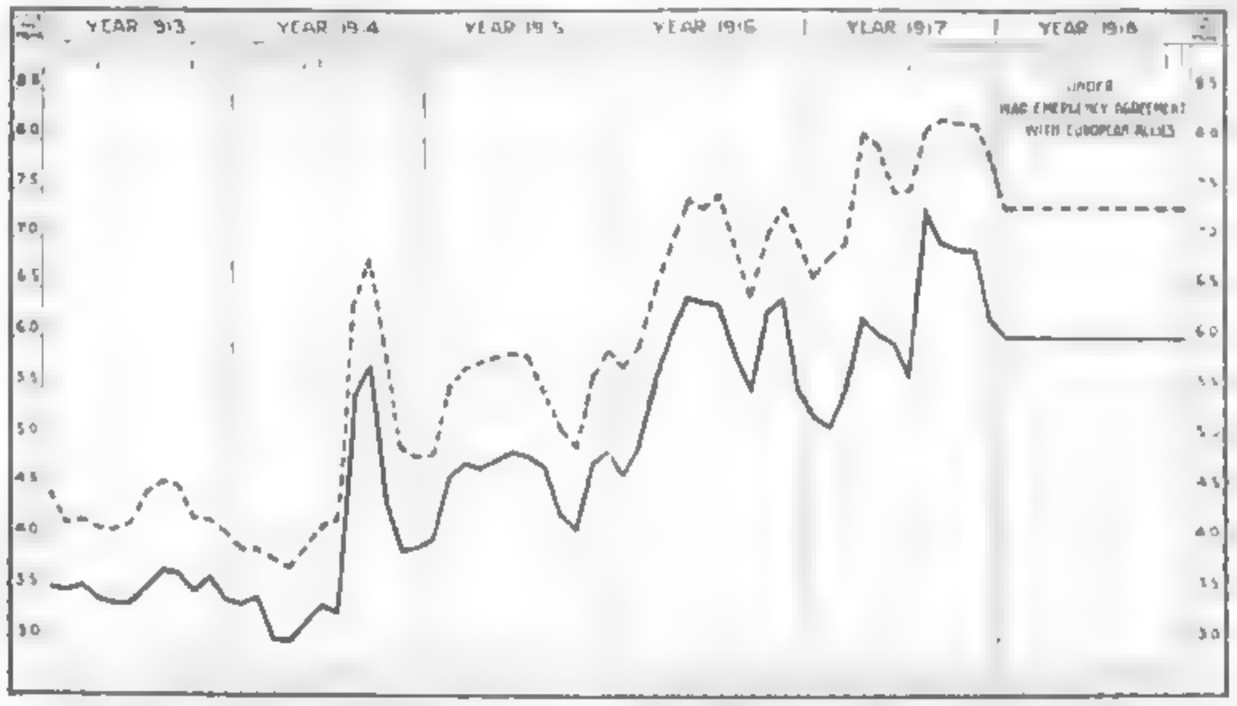
Why You Are Not Paying 30 Cents for Sugar

In April, 1917, the cables told of a plan proposed by Herbert C. Hoover, then in London, which he described as "a plan by which the Allies can consolidate under one head the whole purchasing of food staples from our market, and not only will competitive bidding be abolished, but by co-operative buying on our side we can arrange the proper balance between the rights of producers and consumers."

This plan was favorably received by the sugar refining industry, which had been on a war basis almost from the beginning of the European War.

The war had brought the Allies into the Cuban market, resulting in severe domestic and international competition with no increased supplies. Naturally, prices of refined sugar, both to the American public and to the Allies, rose under this forced draft.

Domestic sugar refiners, since the outbreak of the European War, not only have safeguarded the United States supply but have maintained the lowest sugar prices in the world. This brilliant record is due largely to the fact that sugar refining is in the hands of large business units, with an excess of refining capacity sufficient to supply all domestic needs and, so far, all demands of foreign countries.



MARKET QUOTATIONS RAW SUGAR AND REFINED GRANULATED SUGAR YEARS 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 - COMPARING AND SHOWING REFINING DIFFERENCE
RAW SUGAR —— (DUTY PAID PRICE) REFINED GRANULATED - - - - (NET WHOLESALE PRICE)

In the spring of 1917 there was a serious attempt at the disorganization of the sugar refining industry, following a long series of attempts at destruction of sugar ships.

Accompanying these incidents were widely circulated sensational reports predicting a sugar famine and sugar shortage, causing widespread apprehension. At that time, even with the assurance of ample supplies on hand, retail sugar prices rose in some sections to 20 and 25 cents a pound.

The efforts of the American Sugar Refining Company to allay public alarm, to check hoarding, to accept a price less than that which it could easily have secured, and to distribute its product fairly and evenly among the trade, were of real public service.

While there were great supplies of sugar in far-away Java which ordinarily would have gone to Europe, yet the necessity for saving ships became so great that Europe turned to Cuba for even larger supplies than previously.

It takes a cargo ship 150 days to make a round trip between England and Java, while a round trip between England and Cuba can be made in 50 days. Under these circumstances and seemingly to avoid paying proposed United States war taxes on refined sugar the European Allies purchased in Cuba the sugar which ordinarily would have come to the United States in the fall months.

These conditions, and especially the necessity for saving ships, led the United States and the Allied Nations to urge upon the sugar industry the adoption by voluntary agreement of the original Hoover plan, under the authority of the Food Control Act passed August 10, 1917.

The cane sugar refiners and the beet sugar producers unanimously agreed to the Hoover plan as a patriotic act in the interest of the American people and as an aid to the Allies.

This is the significance of the appointment by the United States Food Administration of the International Sugar Committee, to which the Allies send representatives for England, France, Italy and Canada, and to which the United States contributes three members.

Upon the success of the operation of the International Sugar Committee under the direction of the Allied Governments, acting for practically half the civilized world, will depend the readjustment of the world's sugar markets.

This plan is full of promise to all the nations party to the convention. It is an assurance that sugar, although comparatively cheap in view of war conditions, will not by reason either of competitive or speculative activity be increased in wholesale price. Sugar will become stabilized in price, with sufficient profit to producers, refiners and merchants to maintain and stimulate production and to cover the cost of refining and of distribution.

The marketing of Domino Cane Sugars in cartons and small cotton bags by this Company has helped amazingly during the pinch of the fall months, in giving a wide distribution among the retailers of the reduced sugar supply.

While a barrel formerly was the unit of the grocer, the same amount of sugar put in cartons and small cotton bags can now be divided between two or more grocers and so serve a larger number of people and prevent hoarding.

It will be necessary for grocers and consumers to watch carefully their distribution and purchases during the approaching period of readjustment. The refineries are now starting up and supplies of raw sugar coming forward, but it will take weeks, and possibly months, for the return of normal conditions.

Housewives can aid in conserving the sugar supply by buying these package sugars.

In war times and at all times it is our aim to safeguard the interests of the public we serve.

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Winther Model 148, shown above, maximum capacity 14,000 pounds. Bodies of any type supplied if desired

Out of the Melting Pot of Mexico

THE WINTHER TRUCK — the 1918 announcement of which we make today — unquestionably, we believe, has established a new standard of motor truck construction in America.

If Villa had not crossed into Texas on that 8th of March—

If President Wilson had not sent Pershing into Mexico—

This Truck would not perhaps have been possible.

Out of the melting pot of military service into which was poured half a hundred trains of 27 to 33 trucks each, a great symposium of America's best, came a new truck produced to match the new standards of commercial truck construction there found necessary.

It is a far cry from the desert trails of Mexico to the commercial highways of the old U. S. A.—perhaps.

But those same Mexican trails hold a lesson of vital interest to every motor truck user in America—to every American manufacturer with a transportation problem to solve.

From the lessons learned there, it has been possible to produce a truck freer from those faults and weaknesses heretofore considered inherent in motor truck transport—a truck of lower maintenance costs—of lessened repair expense—of higher day in and day out use—a truck of naturally immeasurably wider service.

With a new plant, unhampered by old policies or investment to protect—rich in experience and with ample capital, it has been possible to utilize to the fullest extent the fundamental facts of high grade motor truck building now known to the industry.

Winther Internal Gear Driven Trucks are not an experiment, neither are they "cheap" trucks. A mere statement of the materials entering into their construction would serve to convince even the laymen of their quality. No fundamental change has been found necessary in their building since the first Winther took the road—they are produced by men who "know how."

There is a Winther Truck for every heavy duty need. This is, we believe, the first time in the history of the motor truck industry where a complete line of trucks of this quality has at once been available. The reason is simple as A, B, C. All Winther Trucks are of the same basic design—of the same material—they vary only in size and capacity.

Winther Trucks have now been in service for over a year. Distribution is country wide—another record we believe unique.

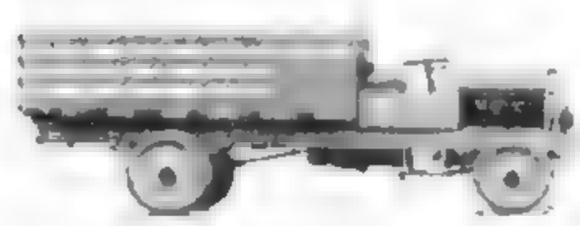
Go to the Winther distributor nearest to you—we will tell you who he is, if you do not know him—let him tell you the story of Winther, show you the truck and place at your service without obligation the Winther Traffic Engineer, who will gladly co-operate with you in a discussion and solution of your traffic needs.

Let us, also, send you the "Story of Winther," full detailed specifications, etc.

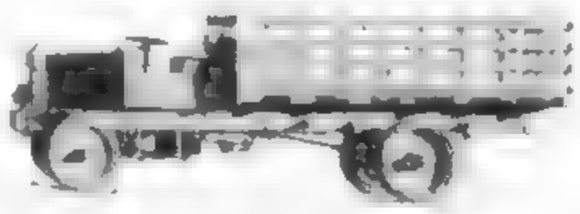
To Motor Truck and Pleasure Car Distributors and Dealers:

The present crisis is but the start of a campaign [illegible] opportunity for dealers [illegible] In those [illegible] possibility of your finding this a desirable connection.

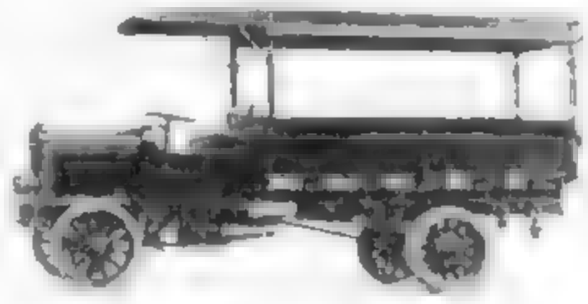
Winther Motor Truck Company
Dept. F, Winthrop Harbor, Illinois



Winther Model 108, capacity 10,000 pounds. Bodies of any type supplied if desired



Winther Model 88, capacity 8,000 pounds. Bodies of any type supplied if desired.



Winther Model 68, capacity 6,000 pounds. Bodies of any type supplied if desired.

Winther Model 48, capacity 4,000 pounds. Bodies of any type supplied if desired.

(Concluded from Page 30)

know, was very awkward in the beginning: it tried to attack the Anglo-Saxon and Latin mind by the methods effective with the peculiar German mind.

In the first three or four months of the war every time he opened his mouth the servile German savant, mobilized to persuade the inferior peoples, gave something away or merely raised a laugh. But the Germans, with their cool adaptation of the means to the end, changed their tune. I imagine that, just as they mobilized their expert chemists to make poison gases to destroy the body, they mobilized, also, their advertising experts, their psychologists, their best journalists, perhaps even their novelists and dramatists, to make noxious vapors against the mind. For their propaganda, as time went on, grew amazingly clever in its adaptation to circumstances and to the various kinds of minds at which it was directed.

There is one propaganda for Spain; in America such a campaign would fall flat, but it exactly suits the peculiar Spanish psychology; there is another for Switzerland; and there is still another for America. But, various as the methods are, I have felt all this year, as I studied the German camouflage in the European countries, a sense of general strategic plan under one clever head or group of heads. Everywhere, for example, they have been trying to instill the idea of peace: "It is coming; it is inevitable; to fight longer is foolish for all sides; the Germans desire it as much as anyone else."

The Pan-Germanist's God

I thought, last summer, that this was because Germany wanted to settle up the war before she found herself in a deeper hole. I am not so sure now but that it was part of a general plan to weaken the Allies by implanting so strongly the hope of peace as to relax the spirit and resistance of peoples.

Germany's generation of steady preparation for her burst toward empire had given her exceptional machinery to get at the minds of her enemies. She had an increasing people. It was a cardinal principle of the autocrats who were steering her destinies to make the German people breed like rabbits, so some day the heads of the empire would make an excuse for world conquest by saying: "We are overpopulated; it is just that we should ask for room."

Also they were able, through their tight grip over their docile subjects, to plant their immigrants at the strategic points where the empire needed them. When imperial policy felt that there were enough Germans in the United States the sluice gates somehow marvelously closed and the stream flowed elsewhere. Under this policy Germans, so long resident that they escaped the notice of the resident populations, were dropped in every corner of France, Belgium, Italy, England.

German character, as formed under the perverted system of moral education founded by Bismarck and her other empire builders, adapted itself wonderfully to the deeper purposes of this planting process. The average Englishman, Frenchman or American would not like to go among a foreign people with the long set purpose of betraying his neighbors. No reluctance of this kind handicaps the German. The school of ethics in which he was educated—the devil religion of modern Germany—holds that the supreme duty of man is toward the state. And this god of blood and iron requires only one morality of its worshiper—to serve the glory of the state, though every person therein be poorer, more degraded, less happy because of that service.

And no moral command of Christianity, or any other religion, must stand between the pan-Germanist and his god. For if men must give their souls, if need be, women must give their bodies. That policy of implantation, that education in the sanctity of duplicity, accounts for the success of the German spy system, both before this war began and since; and it also accounts for the machinery of propaganda, by which the psychological board in Berlin gets at the mind of the enemy.

So, in the autumn, the time came when the Germans decided to take charge of the Austrians and eliminate the danger from Italy. The job must have looked like a hard one; the Italian Army occupied an exceptionally good terrain for defense, and it was excellent in organization, in human material, in intelligent direction. The Germans, therefore, tried on it a new method. As an American politician who watched the events of October in Italy expressed it to me. "They didn't shoot bullets; they shot psychology."

When, ten days before the disaster, I visited the Italian Front, I noted a tendency of thought that puzzled me at the time, though it is all plain to me now. Officers and privates would say to me: "Well, I'll see you in Paris at Christmas"; or, "I'll be back to my job in America next winter." "How?" I would ask. "The war will be over in December," they would say; "it's all arranged." Many added: "The peace conference is meeting secretly in Switzerland."

In certain parts of the army this seemed a fixed idea. Of course, I believe now, this insidious idea came from Germanic sources. It was demoniacally clever. An army which believes that the war is settled, over, all arranged, is not going to put the best it has into a fight.

This was general propaganda, a gas cloud. But, as in any intelligent preliminary bombardment, the enemy concentrated on the point where it intended to break through. This point was not one of the great natural gateways to Italy. Its situation and the lay of the land made it easily defensible; and behind it were reserve positions even more secure. It was not the kind of sector that gives much concern to a general who expects a great attack. Doubtless it was picked for that reason. There, quietly, subtly, the enemy began its psychological drive. The full particulars I do not know—only scattered details.

The Pope's peace note appeared last August. Agents of the enemy, reading into it meanings the Vatican doubtless never intended, talked to the faithful Italian peasants, with their religious feeling and their narrow mental horizon. "Why do you fight?" they said. "Don't you know the Holy Father wills peace?" The Socialist or pretended Socialist agents approached their own kind, telling them that the workingmen of Austria and Germany wanted peace; that all were ready to lay down their arms together.

They harped on the illusion that England and France—especially England—were keeping up this war in order to get a grip on Italy. Austrian deserters, loaded with instructions before they deserted, assisted in the plot. They came over declaring that the comrades on the other side of the trench line wanted peace; that at the first movement of an attack they would throw down their arms and greet the Italians as brothers. Aëroplanes dropped pamphlets emphasizing all these points.

By Trick and Strategy

Newspapers came very irregularly to these mountain passes. Suddenly, all along the Front, someone distributed copies of fake Roman and provincial newspapers, so made up and printed that they looked like the real thing, even to the advertisements and the local items. They carried on their front pages the news of a starving Italy, and of bread riots in their own home towns, which had been put down, with heavy slaughter of women and children, by French and British troops! I need not say that all this was false.

By now an attack, for some time expected by the Italians, was on—or, rather, the preliminary bombardments and shifting curtain fires of such an attack. It seemed to be strongest near Tolmino, one of the dangerous gateways to Italy; and the picked troops there were standing beautifully. It was known, also, that several German divisions were stiffening the Austrians. The battle grew to a semblance of a real attack by October twenty-third, on which day, as I myself can witness, the shelling of back lines was violent, even so far as Monfalcone, on the sea.

Then, on October twenty-fourth, picked German troops, the best she had, hurled themselves against the bodies of Italians on whom Germany had turned the preliminary bombardment of propaganda.

What happened we shall not know until the story of this war is painstakingly pieced together from reports and memoirs. In substance this body of troops opened up and let the enemy through. Confused details have pierced the mists that lie over a disaster of the kind. Whole companies rose from the trenches and, in spite of their frantic officers, rushed, with outstretched hands, to greet their advancing "brothers," who passed them without a word and charged on toward the reserve lines.

The thing seems to have been wonderfully stage-managed. Before the advancing troops, I understand, scurried Austrians from the Irredenta who spoke perfect Italian, and who were costumed as Italian staff officers. Rushing into the gun emplacements and reserve trenches, they shouted orders for an instant retirement: *Sauve qui peut!* The reserves, in turn, opened up and let the Germans through. Almost unopposed, they poured into the valley of the Upper Isonzo; with rifles, with machine guns, with field artillery they took in the rear the left wing of that valiant Second Army which had, in August, taken so heroically the Bainsizza Plateau and Monte Santo.

Tangled up in mountains higher and more precipitous than the Catskills, to which they had hauled their guns by days and weeks of painful labor, what could they do? The left wing of the Second Army was virtually lost. The right wing was saved by the bersaglieri, those valiant marching troops who wear the broad sombrero and the burst of cock's plumes. Charging again and again into annihilation, but never ceasing to charge while they lived, they held back the tide until the right wing could roll back on Cividale and the plain. All that Italy had battered out of Austria in two years became untenable.

Propaganda in America

The Third Army, holding along the Carso from Gorizia to the sea, was saved, with most of its guns, by an action of cavalry as heroic as the charge of the bersaglieri. Before an orderly battle line could be restored, much more, including the Venetian Plain to the Tagliamento, became untenable, in its turn. And all this was not because of better or bigger forces or superior military strategy, but because of a subtle propaganda, applied to just one little sector of one of the best armies in this whole desperate game!

Well, it pulled Italy together; it had that minor advantage. And the German propaganda failed, I think, of its final objective. The Germans never intended that it should stop where it did. They expected, rather, to undermine the moral force of the whole nation—to make Italy a Russia. They showed that by their procedure in the days following the victory. Some of the first prisoners they took were filled up and turned loose. "We don't want you," they said to these men; "the war is over. Go home and tell your people that if they don't fight us any more they may have their country back, just as it was! We have come to rescue you from England and France."

No sooner had the enemy cavalry occupied Udine, formerly the Italian headquarters city, and hoisted its standard on the citadel, than the newly established German governor issued a proclamation to the same effect. It was the Italian version of the peace-without-annexations-and-indemnities lie used with such effect against Russia.

But the board of psychology failed, as Germans usually fail, to read the alien mind to the bottom. It did not know—for it had fooled itself—that the true heart of Italy was in this war. It did not count on pride, that governing motive with the Latin. It did not understand that free men, on their own invaded soil, will fight like tigers.

The board of propaganda is shooting psychology at us also; I know that, though I am in touch with my own country now only by means of the newspapers. And the ammunition, I perceive, is the same. Indeed, some of that brand was fired at me last summer by camouflaged German propagandists in Switzerland: Why fight? Let us have peace! England, the villain, is keeping up this war in order to strangle us! The war is almost over, anyway—why fight?

As in Italy, the Germans need only light the torch and hand it on. Well-intentioned people, quite honest, quite untreasonable, will carry it for them. In the newspapers appear now and then the names of some of my own friends, above suspicion of dishonesty—financial or intellectual—who are helping, with all the sincerity of high purpose, in this German game.

Besides which, German propagandists are probably walking our streets by thousands, keeping within the letter of the law, but spreading, without hindrance, the ideas engendered in Berlin.

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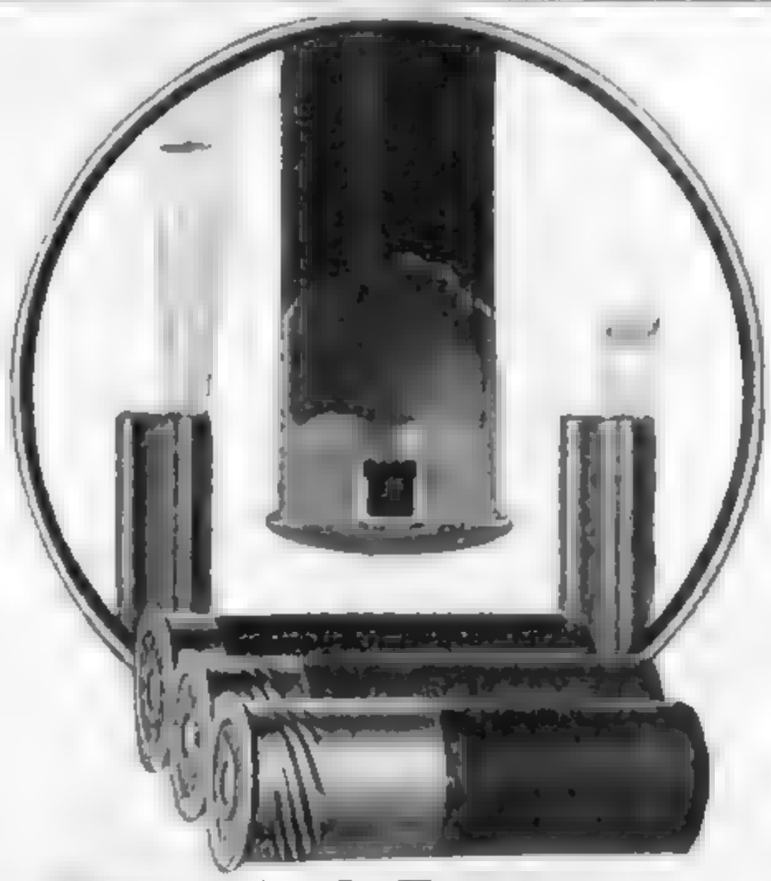

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UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE GIRL WHO WASN'T REFINED

(Concluded from Page 11)

was all off once!" But then the contrary thought came to my mind. "That's right too," I acknowledged. "I keep forgetting that. If this godson of hers was such a particular friend of the Comtesse de Vigny he's probably financially able to buy wooden legs for the whole French Army ——"

At this point Doctor Didier came waltzing in in his usual excitable manner, and back of him was Mary, who was in an even worse state of excitement than my highly strung colleague.

"*Mon Dieu, mon ami!*" cried the doctor as soon as he saw me—this having lately grown to be his favorite form of salutation; "what you t'ink now, eh?"

As usual I tried to give him a sample of our native wit. "Got the Kaiser on the operating table?" I asked.

"Better than that, *mon vieux!* Leesten! Mary's godson has a chance for his eyesight after all! What you t'ink of that, eh? *Nom du nom!*"

"No!" I exclaimed, staring at Mary's happy face.

"Oh, but he has, *mon ami!* How pleased the Comtesse will be! She is downstairs yet, waiting for the train to-night, and if I get a chance yet I must tell her. Now let me see ——" He reached up among the bottles and Mary took up the conversation.

"He cried," she whispered, "because of her; and somehow it has given his eyes a turn for the better. Doctor Didier says he'll give them a test in the morning when the light isn't quite so strong ——"

In thinking of her godson's happiness she hadn't thought of herself, but now her hand suddenly went up to her cheek. At the shelf Doctor Didier was still busy among the bottles.

"Oh, did I tell you who he is?" he exclaimed. "The Comtesse told me this afternoon. He's yo'ng Baron de Cleves—the banker's family—De Cleves et Cie. You know, they have a saying in Paris, 'The Jews lend money to the government, but the De Cleves lend money to the Jews.' *V'là!*" He corked the bottle at last and turned to Mary.

"Give him a spoonful of this every hour, *ma chère*, and—better medicine than all—tell him in the morning he shall have his bandage off for a few minutes—long enough at least for him to see the little godmother who has done for him so well!"

VII

THAT week I was on night duty, and at half past six, when I made my first rounds, Mary was sitting by her godson's bed, a blanket round her shoulders as though she meant to stay there till morning.

"Sh!" she cautioned me, finger on lip; "he's asleep."

"Young lady," I whispered, "don't you know that even nurses must sleep too?" But then I saw that they were hand in hand, and I didn't have it in me to say any more.

"It'll be my last night," she whispered back.

I think we must have disturbed the patient, for he stirred a little and spoke through his bandages.

"What does he say?" she asked me in dumb show.

I put my lips close to her ear. "He says that you don't leave him," I murmured. "He says that you're his own true, little beautiful ——"

And then I suddenly noticed how close I was to the purple tissues of the laughing face on Mary's cheek, and in spite of myself I drew back with a feeling that wasn't far from creepy aversion. But to my relief Mary didn't notice this, her attention being centered on her godson.

At half past nine when I dimmed the lights she was still keeping her pathetic vigil, holding his hand, I thought, as tightly as he held hers, as though knowing that love was soon to slip from her grasp and intent on making every moment count.

I was just on the point of speaking to her when the first bomb hit the roof of the main building. "He's got our number at last," I remember thinking as I looked up. Simultaneously a second bomb struck the roof just above us. There was a crash, a roar, a rending of timbers, and the last thing I remember, Mary was leaning over her godson's cot with arms extended as though to protect him, and then the whole roof seemed to come down on our heads.

VIII

THE next thing I knew I was down at one of the base hospitals, and no one could tell what had happened at Number 26, except that the place had been burned to the ground, though fortunately most of the patients had been saved. I wrote to Doctor Didier and to Mary, but neither letter received a reply. Then when I had been patched up sufficiently for the journey I had six months' leave and took the first steamer for New York. So with one thing and another it was nearly a year before I was in Paris again, and the moment I entered the office of the American Red Cross, whom should I run into but Mary Milligan!

"For the love o' Lulu!" I gasped, scarcely believing my eyes.

Yes, it was Mary. But what a change had taken place! There was nothing bold, nothing defiant, nothing unrefined about this new Mary. But, in some unmistakable manner which I can never hope to define, she had become a *grande dame*—a grander dame than the Comtesse de Vigny had ever known how to be—as though the old Mary that I once knew had been a chrysalis which had now burst into this splendid maturity. Truly, as Doctor Didier had said, "*Le bon Dieu*, he halways, halways knows what he is doing!" Remembering something else then, I looked at Mary's cheek, metaphorically rubbed my eyes, looked again ——

"Rubber!" she beamed, trying to speak in her old defiant manner and failing completely.

"But what's the answer?" I incredulously asked.

"Why, that night—you remember?—the jagged end of one of the rafters caught the side of my face"—she made a gesture with the side of her hand against her cheek. "So they patched me up with some new skin, and you see what a work of art they did—hardly a scar to show—even in the daylight ——"

Yes, the old disfigurement had vanished and in its place was a skin of beauty—a beauty so perfect that a strange wonder presently took hold of me. "Were—were any of the other nurses killed?" I asked.

"No," she said. "The only woman who was killed was the Comtesse de Vigny, who was just leaving for the train. . . . How you stare!" she said.

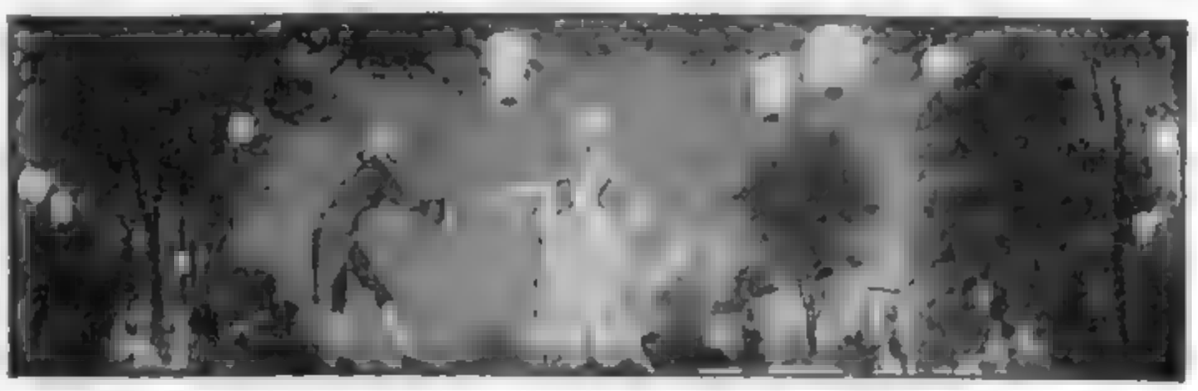
"But I thought you were dead!" I said, though my thoughts were on something else. "I wrote you three times altogether ——"

"What name did you write to?" she asked.

"Miss Mary Milligan, of course."

"Ah, that's it!" she said. "You see—for nearly a year now—I've been the Baroness de Cleves—*merci, m'sieur!*"

Whereupon, quite in the grand manner she made me a court curtsy, daintily holding her skirts with thumb and finger, and when she rose, smiling, I thought to myself with a thrill of awe, "Ah, but Doctor Didier was right!" For in the center of Mary's cheek where once the laughing face had been was a crescent-shaped beauty spot—a crescent-shaped beauty spot which I had seen before—as though placed there by the gods themselves, a hall-mark to call attention to the perfection of their work.



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THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

(Continued from Page 15

had the jeerer been anyone but Sankey, or had Elsa not heard Sankey, or had he not caught her in that furtive heel inspection. As it was, he knew that nothing could salve his shame and put him right in his own estimation but—new clothes.

He ordered them the next noon, on the installment plan, of course—not a new plan for him. But the clothes he ordered—suit, overcoat, shoes, hat, socks, scarf, shirts and gloves—were priced some three times higher than the amount the young man was accustomed to pay. The total was big—recklessly big. He did not care—debated whether to make it higher! He'd show Sankey!

But reaction is one of the great laws of Nature.

Out of the furnishing shop he walked slowly back to his desk at the National. And he hardly reached it before panic overtook him. That total! Good heavens! He could never pay it; why, the weekly installments were huge. He had fairly swamped himself with debt! He was in over his neck.

Perspiration drops came out on his forehead. On twenty-one dollars—and already he owed more than he could pay in months! On a little beggarly twenty-one dollars. To his panic-stricken mind there came then but one solution: Why, he'd have to have more than twenty-one dollars. He'd have to ask Hallett for a raise—he'd simply have to demand a raise!

In the mental state to which he had stampeded himself his judgment was in abeyance. Action must be taken at once. He could not wait. He had to have more money; he'd have to make Hallett see the necessity for it. And he bounced up from his desk, out of the room and across the hall and straightway plunged into the office where Hallett sat.

"Say, Mr. Hallett"—desperately—"can't you see your way clear to give me a raise? I—I'm in a position where I'm simply obliged to have more money!"

From his broad desk Hallett raised emotionless, bulging eyes.

"Possibly you are"—dryly. "But considering the fact that any minute of the day I can stick my head out this window and call from the street below fifty-seven young men who'd be worth quite as much to the firm as you happen to be ——"

Panic and desperation had robbed Arthur of the sense of constraint that usually enveloped him when in the acidulous Hallett's presence.

"That isn't so!" angrily. "D'ye mean to say my seven years here don't count for anything?"

Said Hallett coldly: "I don't know as they count for anything but years."

Sheer wrath and indignation jerked from the young man: "That's a rotten thing to say!"

A nasty gleam of amused certainty seemed to flicker out of the general manager's bulging, greenish eyes. "But it's true—isn't it?" he sneered. "You're doing the same work, in the same way, that you did—well, say five years ago."

"Well—I'm doing no less either!"

"No," smartly agreed Hallett. "Or we'd have dispensed with you some time ago."

For a minute Arthur McArney choked with plain wrath. But finally despair wrung angrily from him: "I don't care! I've got to make more money. I've made up my mind to make more money. If I can't here—then somewhere else."

Hallett surveyed him contemptuously. And, then, surprisingly, he grinned nastily and said: "Well, I'm not unreasonable. I'll raise you—five dollars a week, beginning this week." Arthur stared hopefully at him. "But—dog-gone you—see that you earn it—beginning this week! Or take your hat and get out."

Arthur McArney's neck swelled. He recalled that it was common report round the place that the joy of getting a raise out of old Hallett was always equaled by the pain. And now he felt that personally he hated the corpulent, sneering man with a hatred that was unholy and veered toward instant violence.

"Oh"—teeth gritted out the promise—"I'll earn it! Dog-gone y—— it! I'll promise you that!"

"Thanks," said Hallett expressionlessly. "Then suppose you hang round the shipping department to-night till round ten-thirty—instead of skipping blithely out at five-thirty with the crowd. And do this three nights a week hereafter. Business threatens to be rushing."

There was no doubt that the general manager of the National Notions Company believed in getting value received for any kindness shown to an employee. For the next eight weeks Arthur McArney gave his firm three evenings a week, besides his days; gave them grimly, conscious finally that the extra money wasn't any great help. Even added to the four dollars for keeping books the other two nights it slipped away. He paid some of his debts. This because some of his creditors sternly insisted that he should! But he continued to spend money fiercely on Elsa, on his free evenings; always with the burning knowledge that Sankey—and others—hung in the background ready to spend more than he could find. Elsa, though, was a kindly girl. On his few free evenings he usually found that she had no other engagements.

Perhaps it was because of Elsa's kindliness in this respect that his jaw took on a fierce, set line. He'd wear out Sankey—he'd wear out the others.

Bick was one creditor whom he paid first—though Bick had not reminded him of his debt.

"And don't pay if it isn't convenient," he said amiably, pocketing it hastily though. "I ain't a man to call in a loan to a friend. And I know"—patronizingly "it's hard scraping along on twenty-one per."

"It happens I'm not getting twenty-one"—curtly. "I'm making thirty—that is, all together."

"What!" exclaimed Bick. "Did the National raise you?"

"It certainly did" coldly, not thinking it necessary to explain the source of four of his thirty dollars.

"Say, that's news! How did it happen?"

Sneered Arthur McArney: "Oh, old Hallett likes the color of my golden curls. He's thinking of adopting me."

"You must've been humping yourself over there," cogitated his friend keenly, ignoring the sneer. "And if that's the case, why, I don't know but —— Business has boomed itself at our place, too, the last three months. I maybe can do something for you now. At least we'll give you the same you're getting at the National."

"You can go to the devil!" returned Arthur McArney. "I don't want your job—now."

"Now, Art! You ain't sore because a while back I couldn't ——"

But Art rudely strolled away to meet Elsa Owenson for luncheon.

However, it proved to be a dull luncheon. Truth to tell, the young man was feeling fagged. With his evenings at the National, his two bookkeeping evenings and his evening or so a week with Elsa he was kept pretty busy. It was beginning to be a strain, especially as the night work at the National had proved no sinecure.

Old Hallett seemed to be taking an ugly delight in making the young man earn his raise. He jerked him, night after night, from one department to another strange one; put him first at one ticklish inventory and then at another; always seemed to be meanly watching to catch him in error or in idleness. Until, lately, Arthur McArney had found himself dreaming of notions—needles and the stuff out of which they are made; thread, sea foam or not sea foam; tape and the factories whence it came.

Moreover, there seemed to be no imminent promise of let-up; in fact, one week Hallett kept him in his office four nights—and till eleven-thirty. This happened about six weeks after the offer from Bick Olson.

Something in the general manager's cold, bulging-eyed scrutiny of his tense self, this fourth night, irritated the young man. Did the old slave driver still think that he wasn't earning the raise? He suddenly felt impelled to tell him that he could get thirty dollars elsewhere.

"That so?" calmly observed Hallett. "The Continental must be short of thirty-dollar men."

Arthur McArney's jaws set stiffly.

"I just wanted to tell you"—huffily. "In case you happen to be thinking I'm not earning what I get here."

"Oh—then you don't intend to accept the Continental's offer?"

The young man purpled with rage. Bick's patronage had galled, Bick's past refusal

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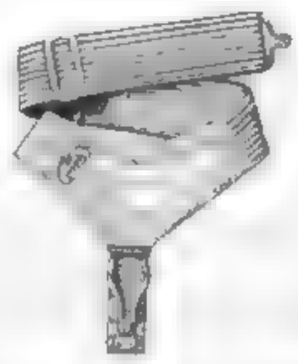

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had rankled—but Hallett's nasty suavity was almost beyond endurance.

"I'm—I'm considering it!" angrily, turning on his heel to his own desk.

Hallett grinned ironically after him. And Arthur knew it. But a week later Hallett notified him that thereafter the National would give him thirty dollars a week.

"Thanks"—shortly.

"Only," Hallett turned back to say, "this means four nights a week regularly, for a few months at least."

"All right"—unemotionally.

It was perhaps just as well that the crabbed general manager of the National Notions Company did not guess that under the taciturn acceptance of the additional money and night, his hard-driven employee was calculating feverishly just how much he could save—and borrow—for a silver-mounted vanity case worthy of a trinket-worshiping young woman. Christmas was nine weeks away.

The nine weeks went. Arthur got the vanity case. But it was a small one—and the shops held many large ones. He felt that it was not good enough for Elsa—though that brown-eyed young woman thanked him ecstatically and assured him it was what she had dreamed of. And thankfulness or something put a sweet, mistily brilliant glow in her eyes.

But whether it was the strain of the work-and-gayety-filled past months or pure weariness or a grim humor that had come to be habit, Arthur McArney, being summoned into Hallett's private office the day after Christmas, walked in there listlessly. His mind was busy, not on Hallett and the notions orders of the National company—orders which for some months back he could recite, item for item, by heart—but it was bitterly busy on some sure way to separate a fat broker named Sankey permanently from the company of Elsa Owenson. But there seemed no sure way.

Hallett was leaning back in his chair—an unusual posture for the general manager. He usually sat up straight or bent double over his desk.

When Arthur McArney entered, the greenish, bulging eyes surveyed him coolly and leisurely from head to foot.

"Well?" said the young man absently.

Hallett cleared his throat. "Well! I've called you here to tell you something," rather gruntingly. "About eight months ago I didn't think much of you. Lot of pinheads in this world. You seemed to be one of 'em. No grit to you. No grip to you. No get-up-and-hustle to you. Didn't act as though you'd ever be worth more than twenty-one dollars to a firm."

Arthur stared stupidly. But he was a bit too preoccupied with his own thoughts to work up resentment at once.

Hallett leisurely went on: "Well—you've changed. I guess you've developed a power of concentration you didn't know you had. Anyway, one week you started to walk in here mornings like you could tackle work—or something. Maybe you just happened to find yourself. Anyway, you've put on exhibition quite a knack at application. So—I helped you all I could"—suavely. "You—you know quite a little about the notions business now, don't you? More than you did?"—ironically.

By this time the young man had found voice and was not preoccupied with his own thoughts. "These nights of work have certainly put me in touch with most facts connected with notions," he muttered. "I know so much—I don't know how much I do know!"

"So I've been thinking"—dryly. "And—I've decided to make you manager of a down-state branch house, beginning next week—New Year's. It is quite ——"

"Is this a joke?" angrily demanded Arthur.

"—— quite a task to get managers," calmly went on Hallett. "Takes quite a little tact and training to make one, even when you've got material to work on. The salary, to start, is thirty-five hundred dollars. Lot more money than you're used to handling. But if a manager isn't worth that to us he isn't worth anything. And we expect to pay you ten thousand dollars a year within five years at the latest—or we will dispense with you. We need ten-thousand-dollar men. Do you think you can ——"

"Me?" Memory of the past strained strenuous months clutched at Arthur McArney's mind. "If I can't—you can can me! But—I can!"

"Thank you," grunted Hallett amiably.

It might or it might not have pleased Mr. Hallett had he known that from his office his just-created submanager shot to a telephone booth to demand if a certain gay young stenographer had an engagement for the evening. Elsa, it proved, had none.

But when he met her he was not talkative; neither at dinner nor when later they danced over the floor of the Purple Gondola. He seemed to be silent through a certain weariness—as though a past strain had just been permitted to make itself felt. However, he danced carefully and conscientiously as long as Elsa cared to dance; he danced, it must be admitted, much in the manner of a young man who has been inured to doing what the hour demanded instead of what he personally preferred to do.

But it was with obvious relief that at the end of the evening he handed Elsa, smilingly yawning, into the taxi toward which she matter-of-coursely turned. Or was it Arthur himself who turned toward it? At any rate he squared his shoulders and for once looked at a chauffeur as man at man.

Elsa leaned back sleepily in the taxi. But Arthur McArney leaned—toward her. Two long lines were conspicuously visible on his thin face. They extended from side of nose past compressed mouth to chin—a chin, by the way, that was more aggressive than it had been some ten months back.

The lines deepened as he leaned toward Elsa—his chin protruded a bit more as he said slowly, yet breathlessly too: "Elsa, dear, would you—could you—ever think about marrying me?"

Elsa stopped halfway in a yawn. Her black fringed eyelids lifted hastily. But her red lips quirked into a cool little smile.

"Why, I could think about most anything"—teasingly. "Work in a real-estate office teaches you to think on most everything in the encyclopedias."

"Elsa, don't tease me," he pleaded, adjusting his arm so that it fitted tightly to her slim chiffon waist. Or was it Elsa who adjusted her slim form to his hesitant arm? "I'll never love another girl—I've never seen another girl I could love like you ——"

Elsa's black fringed eyelids drooped a bit. And her cool little smile dropped suddenly away. "Honestly?" she demanded rather wistfully. "I—I didn't know whether you just liked to dance with me—or ——"

"Elsa!"—in wonder and reproach.

She defended herself—incidentally moving closer within his tightening arm. "Oh well—lately you've seemed to be thinking of so many other things besides me!"—with a frank pout. "I—I was afraid I was liking you better than—you liked me."

"Why, dear girl, if it hadn't been for thinking about you ——"

Then he did not trouble to finish the sentence. Elsa lifted her face—her pert, careless, pretty, powdered face, which just then, however, was hardly careless or pert. Naturally, lifting her face she lifted the two red lips which were part of it.

A minute or two later: "Do you know," said she repentantly, "the first time I saw you I wasn't particularly impressed by you. It was two or three weeks before I noticed what a strong, determined way you had with you ——"

"I can support you," interrupted he somewhat importantly. "There was a time back when I wasn't sure, but now ——"

"Oh, of course," complacently agreed Elsa as she daintily dabbed a puff at her nose. "Is it red?"

Then the taxicab rolled to a standstill at the curb in front of the Owenson cottage. Arthur McArney was helping her out, when suddenly she screamed: "Oh, my! Look!"

"What?" exclaimed both the startled young man and the startled Bill Burkins. "What's the matter? Tell me ——"

"That taximeter!" indignantly cried Elsa. "All those miles! Why, it'll be twelve dollars at least!"

Bill Burkins stiffened hostilely. "Don't you say anything about a taximeter of mine," he warned her.

"Oh, that's all right, my darling," laughed Arthur. "There was a time back—but now it can click away ——"

"It's not all right! It's outrageous!"

"My dearest girl, I tell you it doesn't matter now ——"

"It does matter! Twelve dollars would buy a—a piece of furniture! And we could just as well have come on the street car! And after this ——"

Bill Burkins, rolling away, winked astutely at the star-strewn night sky.

Said Bill to himself: "That girl's going to marry that fellow."

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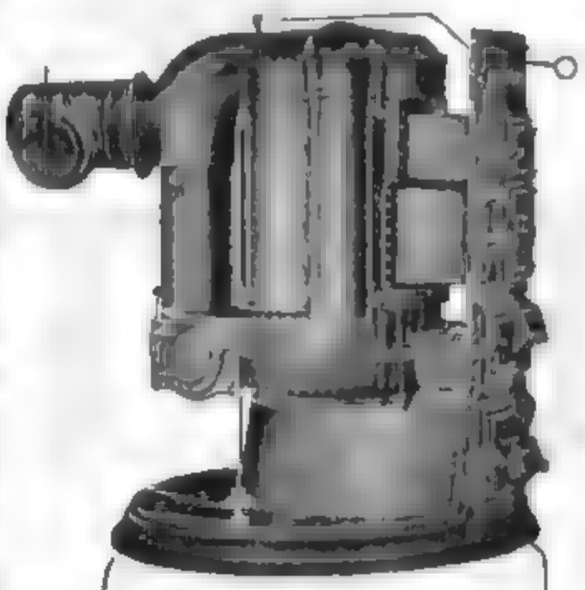

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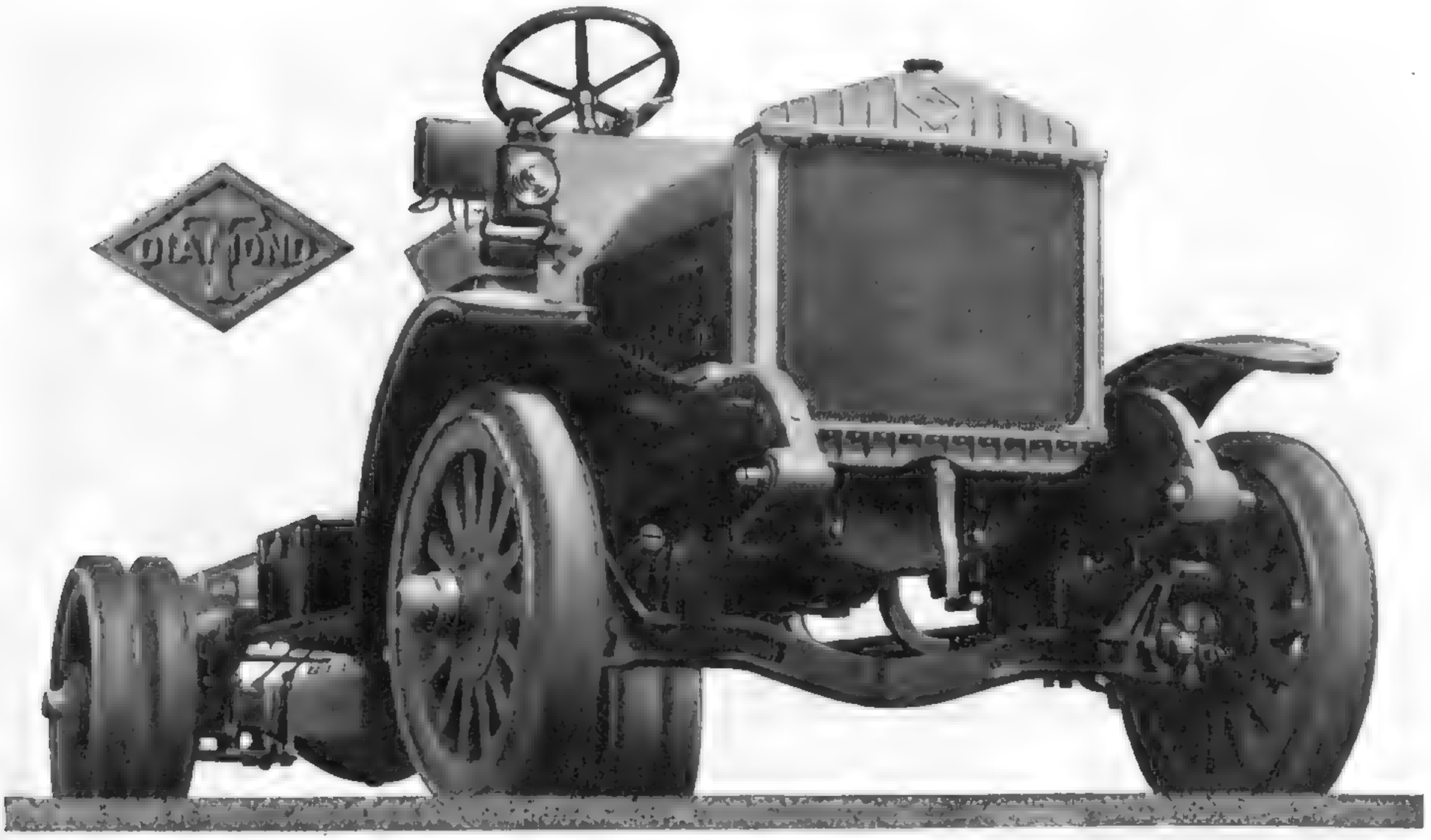

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THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 20)

to emerge? I was conscious of my absurdity, but I couldn't put an end to it; with each instant that went by my uneasiness seemed to grow. So I yielded, not without qualms as to whether the quarter would take me for a gibbering idiot. Grimly and doggedly I stalked the length of the Rue St. Dominique, and the stately houses on either hand seemed to scorn me, their shutters to eye me pityingly, as I peered to right and left for the possible cache of the car.

And within four hundred feet I found it. Against all reason and probability, there it was. At my left there opened unostentatiously one of those short, dark, neglected blind alleys so common in the older part of Paris, with the houses on either side meeting over it and forming an arched roof. Running back twenty feet or so it ended in a blank wall of stone; and amid the dust and débris that covered its rough paving I distinctly made out the tracks of tires, with between them, freshly spilled, a tiny gleaming pool of oil!

A taxicab at this psychological moment came meandering up the street, unoccupied, but with its red flag turned down. The driver shook his head vigorously as I signaled him.

"I go to my *déjeuner*, monsieur!" he explained.

"On the contrary," said I fiercely, "you go to the tourist bureau in the Place de l'Opéra, at the greatest speed the *sergents de ville* allow!"

I must have mesmerized him, for he took me there obediently, casting hunted glances back at me from time to time when the traffic momentarily halted us, as if fearing to find that I was leveling a pistol at his head.

It being noon the office of the tourist bureau was almost deserted, a single young French clerk keeping vigil behind the traveler's counter and looking bored to a degree. At my appearance he brightened up, with the sociable instinct of his nation.

"I want," I announced, "to ask about trains to Bleau."

He looked blank for a moment, then smiled in understanding.

"Monsieur is without doubt an artist," he declared.

I was not decidedly; but the words had been an affirmation and not a question. It seemed clear that for some cryptic reason I ought to have been an artist. Accordingly I thought it best to bow.

He seemed childishly pleased with his acumen. "Monsieur will understand," he explained, "that before the war we sold tickets to many artists, who desired, like monsieur, to paint the old mill on the stream near Bleau. It has appeared at the Salon many times, that mill! Also we have furnished tickets to archæologists who desired to see the ruins of the antique chapel, a veritable gem! But monsieur has not an archæologist's aspect. Therefore monsieur is an artist."

"Perfectly," I agreed.

"As to the trains," he continued contentedly, "there is but one a day. It departs at two and a half hours, upon the Le Moreau route. Monsieur will be wise to secure, before leaving Paris, a safe-conduct from the Préfecture; for the village is, as one might say, on the edge of the zone of war. With such a permit monsieur will find his visit charming—regrettable incidents will not occur, undesirable conjectures about monsieur's identity will not be roused. I should strongly advise that monsieur provide himself with such credentials, though it is not, perhaps, absolutely *de rigueur*."

Back in my room at the Ritz I consulted my watch. It was a quarter to two; certainly time had marched apace! Should I, like a sensible man, descend to the restaurant and enjoy a sample of the justly famous cuisine of the hotel? Or should I throw all reason overboard and post off on—what was it Dunny had called my mission? A wild-goose chase!

I glanced at myself in the mirror and shook a disapproving head.

"You're no knight-errant," I told my impassive image. "You're too correct, too indifferent-looking altogether—better not get beyond your depth!" I decided for luncheon, followed by a leisurely knotting of the threads of my Parisian acquaintance. Then, as if some malign hypnotist had projected it before me, I saw again a vision of that flashing, lean gray car.

"I'm hanged if I don't have a shot at this thing!"

The words seemed to pop out of my mouth entirely of their own accord. With no conscious agency of my own I found myself madly hurling collars, handkerchiefs, toilet articles—whatever I seemed likeliest to need in a brief journey—into a bag. Lastly I realized that I was standing, hat in hand, overcoat across my arm, considering my revolver, and wondering whether to take it with me would be too stagy and absurd.

"No more so than all the rest of it," I decided, shrugging. Dropping the thing into my pocket I made for the *ascenseur*.

"I shan't be back to-night," I informed the hall porter woodenly. "Or perhaps to-morrow night. But of course I'm keeping my room."

With his wish for a charming trip to speed me I left the Ritz, and luckily no vision was vouchsafed me of the condition in which I should return: Two crutches, a bandaged head, an utterly disreputable aspect; my bedraggled state equaled—I would maintain with swords and pistols if necessary—that of any poilu of them all.

As I drove toward the station various headlines stared at me from the kiosks. "Franz von Blenheim Rumored on Way to France," ran one of them. Hang Franz! I had had enough of him to last the rest of my life. "Duke of Raincy-la-Tour Still Missing," proclaimed another. I knew something about him too; but what? Ah, to be sure, he was the Firefly of France, the hero of the Flying Corps, the young nobleman of whose suspected treason I had read in that extra on the ship. In that damned extra, I amended with natural feeling. For it was like Rome; everything seemed to lead its way.

XIII

"WHAT'S the best hotel in the place?" I inquired somewhat dubiously. The man in the blouse, who had performed the three functions of opening my compartment door, carrying my bag to the gate and relieving me of my ticket, achieved a thoroughly Gallic shrug.

"Monsieur," said he, "what shall I tell you? The best hotel, the worst hotel, these are one—there is only the Hôtel des Trois Rois in the town of Bleau. Let monsieur proceed by the Street of the Three Kings and he will reach it. Formerly there was an omnibus—but now the horses are taken. And if they remained who could drive them, with all the men at the war?"

Carrying my bag and feeling none too amiable I set off along the indicated route. In Paris, rushing from the Rue St. Dominique to the tourist office, from that office to the hotel, from the hotel to the *gare*, I had been a sort of whirling dervish—with no time for sober thought. My trip of four hours on a slow, stuffy, crowded train had, however, afforded me ample leisure; and I had spent the time in grimly envisaging the possibilities which, I decided, were most likely to befall.

First and most disagreeable: That the men in the gray automobile were helping Miss Falconer in some nefarious business. In which case it would be up to me to fight the gentlemen single-handed, capture the girl and escort her back to Paris—all without scandal. Easier said than done!

Second possibility: That Miss Falconer, pausing at Bleau only en route, might already have departed, and that I should be left with my journey for my pains.

Third: That the gray car had no connection with her; that she had some entirely blameless errand. I hoped so, I was sure. If this proved true I was bound to stand branded as a meddling, officious idiot—one who in defiance of the most elementary social rules persisted in trailing her against her will. Vastly pleasant, indeed!

Fuming I shifted my bag from one hand to the other and walked faster. Night was falling, but it was not yet really dark, and I formed a clear enough notion of the village as I traversed it—one of the hundreds of its kind which make an artists' paradise of France. Entirely unmodernized, it was the more picturesque for that. If I tripped sometimes on the roughly paved street I could console myself with the knowledge that these cobbles, like the odd jutting houses rising on either side of them, were three hundred years old at least. Green woods, clear against a background of rosy sunset, ran up to the very borders of the town. I passed a little, gray old church. I crossed a quaint bridge, built over a winding stream lined with dwellings and broken by mossy washing stones. It was all very peaceful, very simple and rustic. Without second sight I could not possibly have visioned the grim little drama for which it was to serve as scene.

A blue sign with gilded letters beckoned me, and I paused to read it: The Touring Club of France recommended to the passing stranger the Hotel of the Three Kings. Here I was, then. From the street a dark, arched stone passage of distinctly *moyen-âge* flavor led me into a courtyard paved with great square cobbles, round the four sides of which were built the walls of the inn. Winding, somewhat crazy-looking, stone staircases ran up to the galleries, from which the bedroom doors informally opened; the gray walls were broken at intervals by shuttered windows; and before me I glimpsed a kitchen with a magnificent oaken ceiling and a medieval fireplace in which a fire roared redly; while at my right yawned what had doubtless been a stable once upon a time, but with the advent of the motor had become a primitive garage.

I took the liberty of peering inside. Eureka! There, resting comfortably from its day's labors, stood the dark-blue automobile which had brought Miss Falconer from the Rue St. Dominique—or else its twin!

"You'll notice it's alone, though," I told myself. "Where's the gray car?"

My mood was grumpy in the extreme. The inn was charming, but I knew from sad experience that no place combines all attractions, and that a spot so picturesque as this would probably lack running water and electric light.

"*Bonsoir, monsieur!*"

A buxom, smiling, bare-armed woman had emerged from the kitchen door—the hostess plainly. I set down my bag and removed my hat.

"Madame," I responded, "I wish you a good evening. I desire a room for the night in the Hotel of the Three Kings."

"To accommodate monsieur," she assured me warmly, "will be a pleasure. Monsieur is an artist without doubt?"

I wanted to say "*Et tu, Brute!*" But I didn't. When one came to think of it I had no very good reason to advance for having appeared at Bleau. It wasn't the sort of place into which one would drop from the skies by pure chance, either! I was lucky to find a ready-made explanation.

"But assuredly," said I.

She disappeared into the kitchen, returned immediately with a candle, and led me up the stone staircase on the left of the courtyard, talking volubly all the while.

"We have had many artists here," she declared; "many friends of monsieur, doubtless. Since monsieur is of that fine profession his room will be but four francs daily; his dinner, three francs; his little breakfast, a franc alone."

"Madame," I responded, "it is plain that the high cost of living, which terrorizes my country, does not exist at Bleau."

Equally plain, I thought pessimistically, was the explanation. My saddest forebodings were realized; if the name of the hotel meant anything, and three kings had ever tarried here, then that conjunction of sovereigns had put up with housing of a distinctly primitive sort. My room was clean, I acknowledged thankfully; but that was all I could say for it. Gloomily I eyed the bowl and pitcher, the hard-looking bed, the tiny square of carpeting in the center of the stone floor.

"Your house, madame," I suggested craftily, with a view to recognizance, "is, of course, full?"

She heaved a sigh.

"It is wartime, monsieur," she lamented. "None travel now. Yet why should I mourn, since I make enough to keep me till the war is ended and my man comes home? There are those who eat here daily at the noon hour—the curé, the mayor, the mayor's secretary; sometimes the notary of the town, as well. And to-night I have two guests, monsieur and the young lady—the nurse who goes to the hospital at Carrefonds with the great new remedy for burns and scars. *Au revoir, monsieur.* In one little moment I will send the hot water, and in half an hour monsieur shall dine!"

I closed the door behind her and flung down my bag, fuming. So Miss Falconer

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was a nurse, carrying a panacea to the wounded—doubtless a specimen of the sensational new remedy just recognized by the medical authorities, of which the one newspaper I had glanced through in Paris had been full. The masquerade was too preposterous to gain an instant's credence. It gave me, as the French say, furiously to think; it resolved all doubts.

I felt inexplicably angry, then preternaturally cool and competent. For the first time since the Modane episode I was my clear-sighted self. I had been trying futilely to blindfold my eyes, to explain the inexplicable, to be unaware of the obvious. Now with a sort of grim relief I looked the facts in the face.

My hot water appearing I made a sketchy toilet and then descended to the courtyard, where I lounged and smoked. My state of mind was peculiar. As I struck a match I noticed with a queer pride that my hand was steady. With a cold, almost sardonic, clarity I thought of Miss Falconer. First a prosperous tourist, next a dweller in an aristocratic French mansion, then a nurse. She equaled, I told myself, certain heroines of our Sunday supplements—Queens of the Smugglers, moving spirits of the Diamond Ring.

Upstairs in the right-hand gallery a door opened. A light footstep sounded on the winding stairs. The critical moment was upon me; she was coming! I threw away my cigarette and advanced.

She was playing her part, I saw, with due regard for detail. Now that her furs were off she stood forth in the white costume, the flowing headdress, the red cross—all the panoply of the *infirmière*. She came halfway down the stairs before perceiving me; then, with a low exclamation, grasping the balustrade, she stood still.

I didn't even pretend surprise. What was the use of it?

"Good evening, Miss Falconer," was all I said.

It seemed a long time before she answered.

Rigid, uncompromising, she faced me; and I read storm signals in the deep flush of her cheeks, the gray flash of her eyes, the stiffness of her white-draped head.

"Oh Lord!" I groaned to myself in cold compassion. "She means to bluff it! Can't she see that the game's played out?"

"This is very strange, Mr. Bayne," she was saying icily. "I understood that you were to drive an ambulance at the Front!"

How young, how lovely, how glowing she looked as she stood there in her snowy dress. I found myself wondering impersonally what had led her to these devious paths.

"So I am," I responded with accentuated coolness. "My time is valuable; it was a sacrifice to come to Bleau; but I had no choice. What's wrong, Miss Falconer? You don't object to my presence, do you? If you go on freezing me like this I shall think there's something about my turning up here that worries you—upon my soul I shall!"

She should by rights have been trembling, but her eyes blazed on me disdainfully. I felt almost like a caitiff, whatever that may be.

"It doesn't worry me," she denied with the same crisp iciness, "but it does surprise me. Will you tell me, please, what you are doing here?"

Should I return "And you?" in a voice of obvious meaning? Should I take a leaf from the book of my hostess and say "I'm a bit of an artist. I've sketched all over Europe. And I've come to have a go at the old mill, that so many fellows try"? Such a claim would just match the assumption of her costume! But no. "The fact is," I said serenely, "I came straight from the Rue St. Dominique to keep the appointment you forgot."

The announcement, it was plain, exasperated her, for slightly but undeniably she stamped one arched, slender, attractively shod foot.

"Mr. Bayne," she demanded, "are you a secret-service agent?"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, startled. "No!"

"Then I'm sorry. That would have been a better reason for following me than—than the only one there is!" she swept on stormily. "You knew I didn't wish to see anyone at present—I said so in the note I left! Yet you spied on me, and you tracked me deliberately, when I had trusted you with my address—it's outrageous of you! You ought to be ashamed of doing it, Mr. Bayne!"

A stunned realization burst on me of the line that she was taking, the position into which, willy-nilly, she was crowding me. I had trailed her here, she assumed, to thrust my company on her; and upon the surface I had to own that my behavior really had that air! If I had followed her, say along Fifth Avenue, with equal brazenness I should have had a chance to explain my conduct to the first police officer who noticed it, later to an indignant magistrate. But, heavens and earth! She knew why I had come! And knowing, how did she dare defy me? I retained just sufficient presence of mind to stare back impassively and to mumble with feeble sarcasm: "I'm very sorry you think so."

She came down a step. "Are you?" she asked imperiously. "Then—will you prove it? Will you go back to Paris by to-night's train?"

I had recovered myself. "There isn't any train to-night," I protested, civil but adamant. "And—I'm sorry, but if there was I wouldn't take it; not until I've accomplished what I came to do!"

The girl seemed to concentrate all the world's disdain in the look that measured me, running from my head to my unoffending feet, from my feet back to my head.

"Most men would go, Mr. Bayne," she flung at me, her red lips scornful. "But, then, most men wouldn't have come, of course. And all you will accomplish is to make me dine up here, in this—this wretched, stuffy room!"

Before I could lift a hand in protest she had turned, mounted the stairs again and vanished. The door—shall I own it?—slammed.

XIV

PRESENTLY, summoned by the hostess, I went to my lonely meal in a mood which nobody on earth had cause to envy me. One thing was certain: Should it ever transpire that Miss Esmé Falconer wasn't a spy I should lack courage to go on living! Remembering the coolly brazen line I had taken and the assumptions she had drawn from it I could find no desert wide enough to hide my confusion, no pit sufficiently deep to shelter my utterly crestfallen head!

In any case I had not managed my attack at all triumphantly. From the first skirmish the adversary had retired with all the honors on her side. Carrying the matter with a high hand she had dazed me into brief inaction, and then as I gave signs of rallying had retreated in what to say the least was a highly strategic way. Well, let her go for the moment! She could scarcely escape me. I would see the thing through, I told myself with growing stubbornness; but I didn't feel that the doing of a civic duty was what it is cracked up to be. Not at all!

I felt the need of a cocktail with a kick to it. But I did not get one. However, the cabbage soup was eatable, if primitive; and in fact no part of the dinner could be called distinctly bad.

Having finished my coffee I went outside, feeling more cheerful. It was dark now. A lantern swinging from the entrance cast flickering darts of light about the courtyard, the rough paving stones, the odd old staircases and galleries, the as yet leafless vines that clung to the gray walls. Upstairs a candle shone through the window of Miss Falconer's room. In the kitchen by the great chimney place I could see a leather-clad chauffeur eating—the same fellow who had driven the blue car from the Rue St. Dominique, of course; and while I watched madame emerged, bearing the girl's dinner tray, which with much groaning and panting she carried up the winding stairs.

It was foolish of Miss Falconer, I thought, to insist on this comedy. She might better have dined with me, heard what I had to say and yielded with a good grace. However, let her have her dinner in peace and solitude I resolved magnanimously. The moon had come out, the stars too; I would take a stroll and mature my plans.

Lighting a cigarette I lounged into the street and addressed myself forthwith to an unhurried tour of Bleau. I was gone perhaps an hour—not a very lengthy interval, but one in which a variety of things can occur, I was to learn. My walk led me outside the village, down a water path between trees, and even to the famous mill, which was charming. Had I been of the fraternity of artists, as I had claimed, I should have asked no better fate than to come there with canvas and brushes, and to immortalize the quiet beauty of the scene.

A rustic bridge invited me, and I stood and smoked upon it, listening to the ripple of the half-golden, half-shadowy water, watching the revolutions of the green old wheel. I had laid out my plan of action. On my return to the inn I should insist on an interview with Miss Falconer, and would tell her that either she must return with me to Paris or that the police of Bleau—I supposed it had police—must take a hand.

My metamorphosis into a hero of adventure—racing about the country, visiting places I had never heard of, coolly assuming the control of international spy plots, brutally determining to kidnap women if necessary—was astounding, to say the least. That dinner in the St. Ives restaurant rose before me, and I heard again Dunny's charge that I was growing stodgy with advancing years. Suppose he should see me now, involved in these insane developments! He might call me various unflattering things, but not stodgy—not with truth! I chuckled half-heartedly—my last chuckle, by the by, for a long time. Unknown to me and unsuspected, the darker, more deadly side of the adventure was steadily drawing near.

When I entered the courtyard of the Three Kings the door of the garage stood open, and the first object my eyes met within it was the pursuing gray car! I stared at the thing, transfixed. In the march of events I had forgotten it. I was still gaping at it when madame came hurrying forth.

"I have been watching," she informed me, "for monsieur's return. Friends of his arrived here soon after he left the house!"

"The deuce they did!" I thought, dumfounded. I judged prudence advisable.

"They have names, these friends?" I inquired warily.

"Without doubt, monsieur," she agreed, "but they did not offer them; and who am I, to ask questions of the officers of France? They are bound on a mission plainly. In time of war those so engaged talk little. They have eaten, and they have gone to their rooms, off the gallery to the west. And the fourth of their party—he alone wears no uniform; he is doubtless of monsieur's land—asked of me a description of my guests, and exclaimed in great delight, saying that monsieur was his old friend, whom he had hoped to find here and with whom he must have speech the very moment that monsieur should return. I know no more."

It was enough!

"He's mistaken," I said shortly. I really thought, for the moment, that this must be the case.

Her broad, good-natured face was all astonishment.

"But, monsieur," she burst forth, "he even told me, this gentleman, that such might be monsieur's reply! And in that event he commanded me to beg monsieur to walk upstairs, since he had a thing of importance to reveal to monsieur, one best said behind closed doors!"

I stared at her, my head humming like a top. Then, scrutinizingly, I looked about the court. The light in Miss Falconer's room had been extinguished. Did that have some significance? Was she lying *perdue* because these people had come? In the rooms opening from the west gallery, above the street entrance, I could see moving shadows. The gray car had arrived—and it bore three officers of France for passengers! What could this mean?

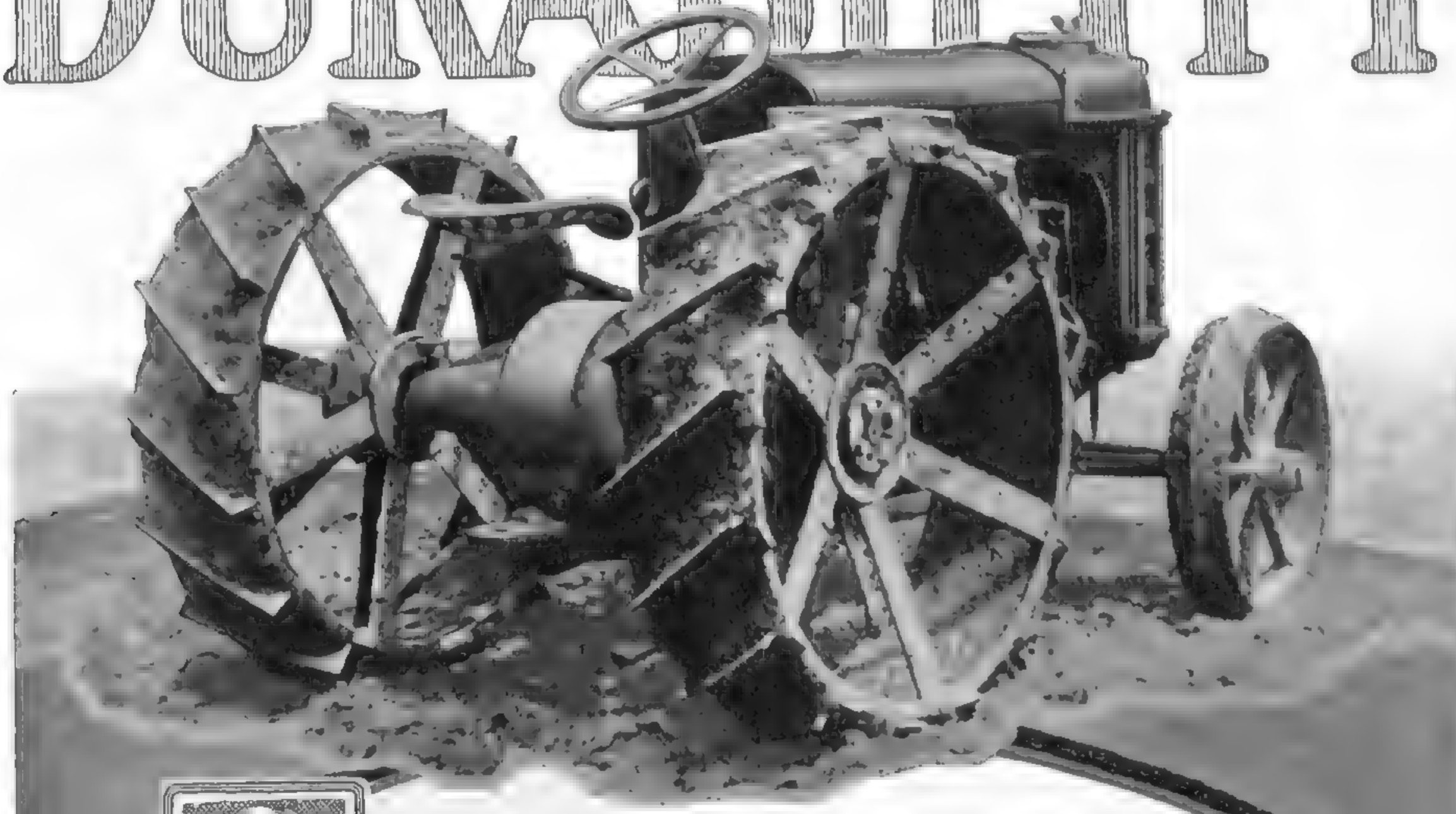
Of course, whoever had left the message had mistaken me for a confederate. I could not know any of the new arrivals; it was equally impossible that they could know me. None the less, with a slight, unaccustomed thrill of excitement I resolved to accept the invitation as if in absolute good faith. It was a first-class chance to get inside those rooms, to use my eyes, to sound this affair a little; to learn whether or not these men were the girl's pursuers; her accomplices, as army officers, they could scarcely be. Would they forestall me by arresting her, by taking her back to Paris? It was astonishing how distasteful I found the idea of that!

I told madame that I thought I knew, now, who the gentlemen were. I climbed the west staircase with determination and knocked on the door of the first room that had a light. A voice from within, vaguely familiar, bade me enter. I did so immediately, and closed the door.

In the next room through a door ajar I saw three men grouped about a table, all smoking cigarettes, all clad in horizon blue.

(Continued on Page 45)

DURABILITY



Henry Ford's Gift to Civilization

HENRY FORD has given to the world a Tractor that will revolutionize farming—and help win the war by doing the work of thousands of men loaned to Uncle Sam. Lord Northcliffe recently wrote in the London "Times":

> "I mounted the Ford Tractor and plowed a half-mile furrow in about eight minutes—a speed of almost four miles an hour. Any boy or girl could drive it."

BALL BEARINGS

were chosen by Henry Ford for his Tractor because of their proved durability, their load-carrying capacity—because they reduce friction to an irreducible minimum, give a greater degree of dependability and are most economical in operative cost.

Every manufacturer or user of industrial or war machinery, motors, trucks, tractors, automobiles or locomotives should investigate Ball Bearings.

GURNEY

BALL BEARING COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY CHICAGO, ILL.

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The Expert Six—
A Leader for 1918!

EARLY returns from all over the country indicate an overwhelming success for this new Lexington Minute Man.

Because it strikes a fresh note—meets the higher efficiency standards and coincides with the economy demands of the times!

It is both *comfortable* and *competent!*

No type has ever had more thorough testing and perfecting than the Six. And *this* car represents the very acme of six cylinder achievement. It is the *only* engine dead gas cannot choke, due to our exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System.

To benefit by the latest improvements you should see this beautiful car at once.

Our sales have broken records by their increase of 1000% in three years.

Intrinsic superiority did it—the kind of performance you should get with *your* money.

On top of this achievement now comes this bigger value than ever with the same unalloyed character of its successful predecessors—

Combined with wonderful improvements and refinements, possible at its moderate price only because of—

Our modernized manufacturing system of a whole chain of affiliated factories *specializing* in automobile parts.

One big improvement is the new Lexington frame, eliminating 100 separate parts, which are now made integral with the frame instead of being bolted on. This prevents rattles and squeaks.

There is a new easy-to-handle emergency brake. You can operate it with one finger!

The motor develops 40 horsepower. The wheelbase is 122 inches.

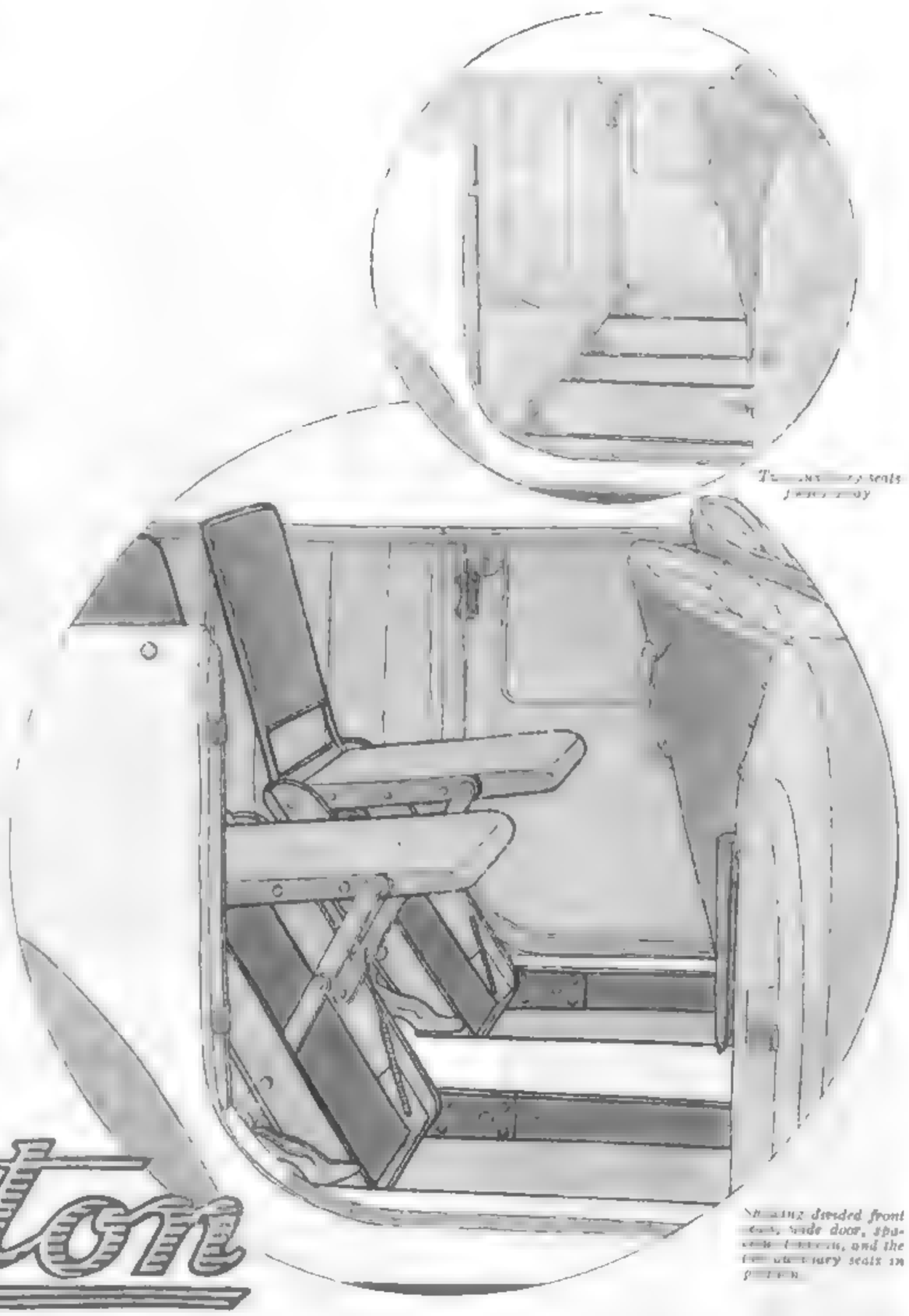
Get acquainted thoroughly with the bigger value of this new car—Call upon your Lexington Dealer or write us.

Series "B" five-passenger Touring Car, with two auxiliary seats, $1585; four-passenger Speedster, $1585; and five-passenger Convertible Sedan with two auxiliary seats, $1785.

Series "O," four-passenger Clubster, $1385, and four-passenger Convertible Coupé, $1545.

All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice

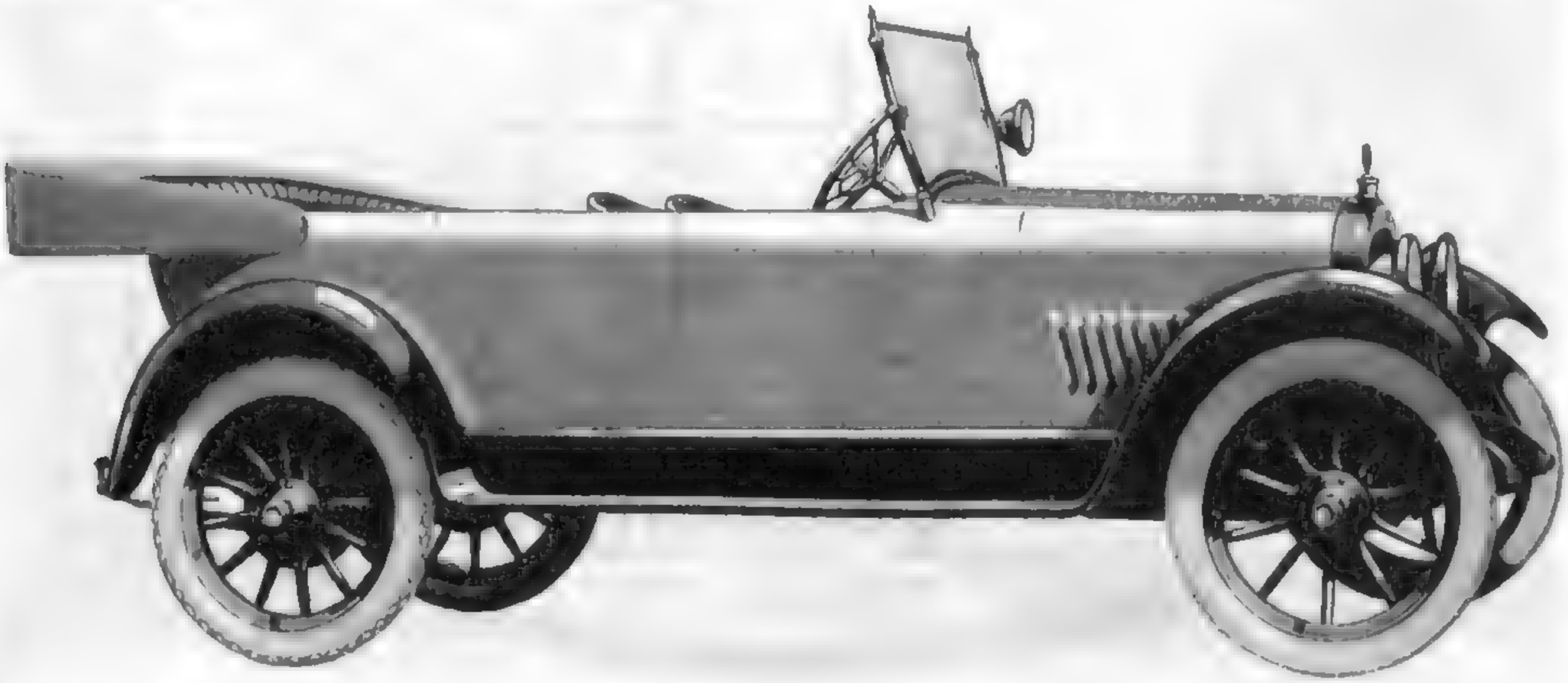
Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs., Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.



Showing divided front seats, wide door, spacious tonneau, and the two auxiliary seats in place

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



(Continued from Page 42)

They glanced up at me for a moment; then politely they looked away. But a fourth man, who had stood beside them, came striding out to meet me—and I confronted Mr. John van Blarcom face to face.

Officers fresh from the trenches have told me that one can lose through sheer accustomedness all horror at the grim sights of warfare, all consciousness of ear-splitting noises, all interest in gas and shrapnel and bursting shells. In the same way one can lose all capacity for astonishment, I suppose. I don't think I manifested much surprise at this unexpected meeting; and I heard myself remarking quite coolly that there had been a mistake—that I had been told downstairs that a friend of mine was here.

"That's right, Mr. Bayne," cut in Van Blarcom shortly. "I've been a friend of yours clear through, and I'm acting as one now. Just a minute, sir, please!"

He had shut the door between ourselves and the officers, and now he was drawing the shutters close. Coming back into the room he seated himself and motioned me toward a chair—which I didn't take. His authoritative manner was, I must say, not unimpressive. And he knew how to arrange a stage setting, if rather crudely; the room, with all air and sound excluded, seemed tense and breathless; the one dim candle on the table lent a certain solemnity to the scene.

"Look here, Mr. Bayne," he began bluffly, "last time you spoke to me you told me to —— Well, we'll let bygones be bygones; I guess you remember what you said. You don't like me, and I'm not wasting any love on you; so far as you're concerned personally I'd just as soon see you hang!

"But I've got to think of the United States—I'm in the Service—and it doesn't do her any good to have her citizens get in bad with France."

Standing there gazing at him with an air of bored inquiry, behind my mask of indifference I racked my brains. What did he want of me? What did he want of Miss Falconer? What was he doing in this military galley? Hopeless queries, without the key to the puzzle!

"Well?" I said.

"I don't ask you," he went on crisply, "what you're doing here ——"

"You had better not!" I snapped. "What tomfoolery is this? Do you think you are a police officer heckling a crook? And why should you ask me such a question any more than I should ask you?"

He grinned meaningly.

"Well," he commented, "there might be reasons. I'm here on business, with papers in order, and three French officers to answer for me—but you're a kind of a funny person to make a bee line for a place like Bleau! An inn like this doesn't seem your style, somehow. I'd say the Ritz was more your type. And while we're at it, did you go to the Paris Préfecture this morning, like all foreigners are told to, and show your passport and get your police card? Have you got it with you to show the mayor if I set him after you? If you have you stepped pretty lively, considering you left Paris by the two-thirty train!"

"If anyone in authority asks me that," I said, "I'll answer him. I certainly don't propose to answer you." My arms were folded; I looked haughtily indifferent; but it was pure bluff. The only paper I had with me was my passport. What the dickens could I do if he turned nasty along such lines?

"As I was saying," he resumed, unruffled, "I'm not asking you why you're here, because I know. I've got to hand it to you that you're a dead-game sport. Most men's hair would have turned white at Gibraltar, after the fuss you had. And here you are again!"

"I suppose you mean something," I said wearily, "but it's too subtle and cryptic. Please use words of one syllable."

He nodded tolerantly. Leaning back, thumbs in his vest pockets, swelling visibly, he was an offensive picture of self-satisfaction and content.

"You can't get away with it, Mr. Bayne," he declared impressively. "You've taken on too much; I'm giving it to you straight. You can do a lot with money, and good clothes, and being born a gentleman and acting like one, and having friends to help you—but you can't buck the French Government and the French Army and the French police! In a little affair of this sort you wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Your ambassador, even, would turn you down cold—he wouldn't dare do anything else. This is the last call for dinner in the dining car, for you. Last time I wanted to tell you the facts of the case you wouldn't listen—will you listen now?"

I considered. Then ——

"Yes," I said, "I'll listen. Go ahead!"

He floundered for a moment, then plunged in boldly. "About this young lady who's brought you and me to Bleau. Oh, you needn't lift your eyebrows, much as to say 'What young lady?' You know she's here, and I know it; and she knows I've come and has put her light out, and is shaking in her shoes over there—I can swear to that! Well, I want to tell you I never started out to get her; I just stumbled across her on the steamer by a fluke. But I kept my eyes open and I saw a lot of things; and to-day when I got to Paris I told them at the Préfecture. You can see what they thought of the business by my being here. I wasn't keen to come—I've got my own work to do. But they want me to identify her; and they've sent three officers with me—not policemen, you'll notice, because this is an army matter, and before we make an end of it we'll be in the army zone."

I don't know just what he saw in my eyes, but it seemed to bother him. He fidgeted a little; as he approached the crucial point his gaze evaded mine.

"Now, then, we'll come down to brass tacks, Mr. Bayne," said he. "I don't know what kind of story the girl told you; but I know it wasn't the truth or you wouldn't be here—that's sure. She's a German agent; she's come to get the Germans some papers that they want about as bad as anything under heaven. There's one man who tried the job already. He got killed for his pains; but he hid the papers before he died, and she knows where; and she's on her way to get them and carry the business through. I don't say she hasn't plenty of courage—why, she's gone up against the whole of France—but I guess you're not very anxious to be mixed up in this underhand, spying sort of matter, eh?"

My hands were doubling themselves with automatic vigor. I wanted—consumedly—to knock the fellow down. However, I controlled myself.

"What's your offer?" I asked.

"It's this." He was obviously relieved, positively swelling in his tolerant, good-humored patronage. "I said once before I was sorry for you, and that still goes; we won't be hard on you if we have got the whiphand, Mr. Bayne. You just stay in your room to-morrow until she's gone and we're gone, and you needn't be afraid your name will ever figure in this thing. I've made it all right with my friends in the next room. They know a pretty girl can fool a man sometimes, and they've got a soft spot for Americans, like all the Frenchies have. Take it from me, you'd better draw out quietly, instead of being arrested, tried, shot or imprisoned maybe—or being sent home with an unproved charge hanging over you, and having all your friends fight shy of you as a suspected pro-German! Isn't that so?"

"You certainly," I agreed, "draw a most uninviting picture. I'll have to consider this, Mr. van Blarcom—if you'll give me time?"

"Sure!" was his hearty response. "Take as long as you like to think it over; I know how you'll decide. You don't belong in a thing like this anyhow; you never did. It's bound to end in a nasty mess for all concerned. There's a train goes to Paris to-morrow morning at eleven—you just take it, sir, and forget this business, and you'll thank me all your life!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HIDE AND SEEK AFLOAT

(Continued from Page 17)

The destroyer set her course and the blinkers winked from ship to ship of the division the orders for the night. One lonely British tramp, riding high, turned coastwise and went her way without an escort, running her chances, trusting to sheer luck and pluck to win her desired haven. She was a grimy ocean drudge, yet with a certain nobility of purpose, kicking along at eight or nine knots, easy mark for a torpedo, dumbly doing her duty as it came to her.

What looked like a trawler in the dusk was rolling idly with engines stopped. She appeared to be waiting for something. There were surmises, bits of a story heard and hushed, a German submarine discovered on the bottom—sounds of hammering which came to the surface and were heard by a passing patrol boat—the submarine disabled and finding it impossible to rise and her crew trapped fathoms deep. There they would die in the course of a few days unless the bursting depth bombs had already shattered their craft and drowned all hands.

The merchant skipper sometimes speaks lightly of the navy navigator as loaded with too much theory and not enough horse sense and seamanship, but he must take off his hat to the young men who guide the destroyers along these blind paths under lowering skies where there is often no sight of sun or star for days, and they must grope for the rendezvous by dint of dead reckoning and the sailor's sixth sense. They run without lights, every ray carefully screened, through the blackest nights, with darkened ships blundering all about them, convoys steering for the Irish Sea, for the channel ports, for the coasts of France—where the danger of collision is more imminent than that of the torpedo by daylight. It is highly to the credit of this American destroyer fleet that it has not yet failed to find and meet the ships it was sent out to protect and that not one vessel has been lost or even seriously damaged as the result of accident.

Night closed down and the watch officers took their turns on the bridge, clambering down to the small wardroom for a yarn and a smoke before rolling in to sleep with great earnestness. Somewhere out in the murk and drizzle the other destroyers were trying to avoid losing each other, for to be caught straying about like lost sheep when daylight comes makes all hands unhappy. The commander dodged in for more coffee and was reminded of the little French boat which had been picked up on an earlier cruise, such a tiny peanut of a skiff it was, not much bigger than a bathtub, adrift a hundred miles from land, doomed to founder when the weather shifted.

Five men and a boy were in it, afloat without food or water, for the kindly Hun had robbed them thoroughly, even to the few francs in the skipper's pocket. Theirs had been a fishing sloop of only forty tons, old, almost worthless, like the men aboard her. All the young men of the port had gone to the Front and those who were left must sail out to fish or the women would be hungry. The boy was only thirteen, too young to be a soldier of France. The sloop, with her patched red sails and these wizened patriarchs of a crew, seemed scarcely worth the vengeance of Imperial Germany; but it was a bit of frightfulness and therefore calculated to keep other poor French fishermen ashore.

Huddled in their cockleshell of a skiff these forlorn sea waifs saw the destroyer bear down on them and were in terror lest it might be another visitation of the enemy. They trembled in their wooden shoes, muttering prayers, clasping their hands, their seamed brown visages wistfully agitated. Even when taken aboard they were perturbed until the word Americans was repeated to them over and over again, and they had looked about the deck and were convinced. Then the boy exploded in as joyous an *"Oh, là, là, là!"* as was ever heard in France.

The Yankee gunners made a pet of him, dressing him in a bluejacket's uniform and volubly conversing with him, mostly in gestures, while he tried to tell them the story of his village and the fishing boats and the war. These castaways were cared for and safely returned to the harbor, which had given them up for lost.

The destroyer gave an extra twist and a wriggle as she lifted, rolled and went plunging into a comber that made the men of the watch cling to the life lines as they clawed their way along the deck. To be washed overboard, even in weather no rougher than this, was the easiest trick in the world. The wardroom mess boys knew there would be no setting the table for breakfast. It was every man hold his cup or his plate in his hand and tuck himself into a corner, with the chairs lashed fast to the table to keep them from waltzing all over the place.

This was a cheerful room for all that, and excellent company, borrowing no trouble, letting to-morrow take care of itself, enjoying the fleeting intervals of leisure, a ruddy, youthful group, for this is a young man's game. The engineer officer had been struggling with balky evaporators and leaky glands down among his "underground savages" in the humming caverns where the turbines whirled and the blowers sang as they drove the air to the oil-burners. He was one of your conscientious pessimists who really enjoy having things go a bit wrong if they have to mend them.

One boyish ensign confided that destroyer work was too tame for him. He was getting fed up with it. Give him an independent command, one of those hundred-and-ten-foot motor launches on the North Sea patrol, where Fritz dashed out for an honest scrap now and then. There was the life! Another ensign, detailed from the reserve, slept on a locker and stowed his clothes where he could find a nook because there was no stateroom to spare. He was the son of a man of immense wealth and power, and anxious to have his shipmates forget it. They treated him with the absolute democracy of the sea, where a man must stand upon his own two feet; and he was doing his level best to qualify as a watch officer of a destroyer. The other youngsters grinned and thought it a particularly merry jest when they read in some American newspaper a blatant editorial to the effect that this is a war fostered by capital to serve its own selfish ends, and the poor man must do the fighting.

They talked of the Chinese sailors who had been saved from an open boat, famished skeletons, surviving longer than the white officers merely because they were Chinese. How long they had been adrift they could not make clear, but they were in the last extremity when found. The British mate was still alive, but the boat capsized while the destroyer was endeavoring to get alongside. A dozen life belts were flung at him, and his hand lifted above the water to clutch at one of them. His fingers were too limp and nerveless to lay hold and they slid across the belt as he sank and vanished.

One of the Chinese could whisper a little pidgin English when they were hauled over the side to collapse on deck. The surgeon fetched whisky from the medical stores, but these hapless heathen refused to drink it. A long parley, stubborn shaking of heads and wagging of pigtails, and then it dawned upon their fuddled minds that these saviors were not Germans who were trying to kill them with poisoned whisky. Jabbering, apologetic, they gulped it down and showed signs of animation.

Incredible as fact, much too wild for fiction, are the experiences of the open boats as they have been related to the crews of the destroyers. None is more amazing than that of the sailor imprisoned beneath the overturned boat. With a crowd of his shipmates he abandoned their sinking steamer, but the toppling seas soon capsized them. All were drowned but three, who somehow found themselves caught under the boat, which floated keel up. Washed there, they became jammed between the thwarts and the bottom boards.

The poor wretches were able to keep their heads clear of the water and to breathe. Apparently they were unable to free themselves or else they dared not let go and try to dive and swim clear and so drown outside. They clung there, knowing that the hope of rescue was utterly futile, for no passing vessel would trouble itself to stop and examine a capsized boat. The blind, instinctive desire of life restrained them from letting go and making an end of it.

At length two of them succumbed and their bodies washed about in the gloomy confined space where the third man still held on and insisted on remaining alive. Through two days and nights he managed to survive beneath the boat and then had strength enough to flounder out from under the gunwale and gain the open sea. There he hauled himself up on the boat and sprawled across the keel. The sea had become mercifully smooth and he was not

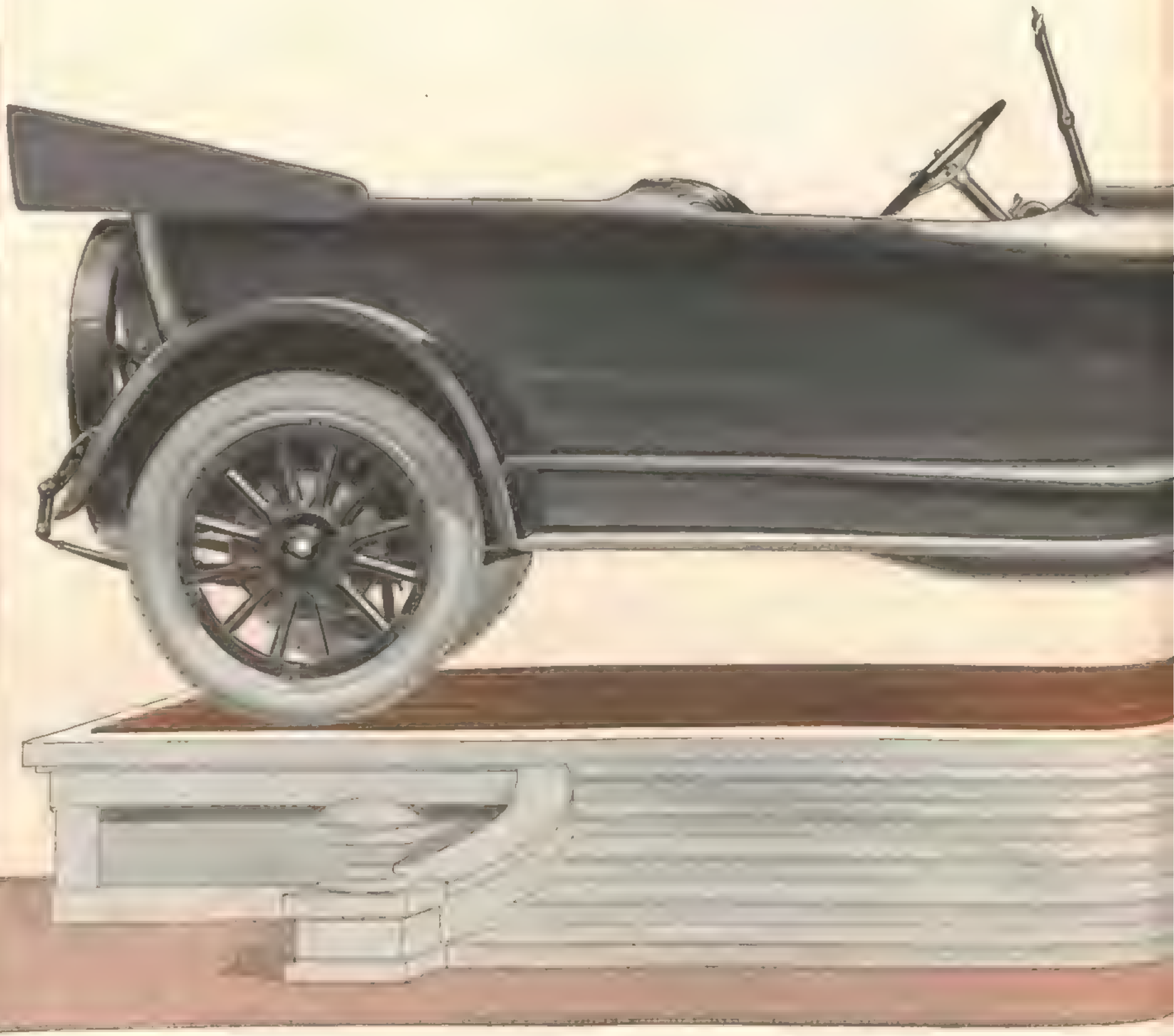
(Concluded on Page 49)

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

RE

INTRODUCING

The New Series Reo Four



Model

Fours

We have long been and still are profound believers in the four cylinder type of automobile motor.

The inherent ruggedness; the simplicity; and the consequent low upkeep are the chief reasons.

For the average American family whose needs are encompassed by a five passenger car, the four cylinder type has proven its worth and maintained its supremacy.

Today the demand for a full size, five passenger four cylinder car of Reo quality is greater than ever. The Four is coming into its own.

The model herein shown is the latest edition of that famous four cylinder Reo—standard now for longer than any other automobile.

Refined, rather than improved—for what Reo owner could suggest a really important improvement in his reliable Reo?—the differences are more in outward appearance than in inward excellence.

Yet a close scrutiny will disclose many minor changes in mechanical details as well as in body design.

The latter speaks for itself. When Reo owners see this new Four they will exclaim "At last the Reo Four looks as good as it is!"

Your Reo dealer will have a sample on his floor shortly if it is not already there. Make it a point to be one of the first to see this beautiful new Reo model. It will be the sensation of the year.

And then—place your order without delay and secure as early a delivery date as he can promise you.

For several months past, as all motordom knows, we have been unable to supply more than twenty-five per cent of the Four cylinder Reos our dealers wanted.

So don't delay and then blame the dealer. First come must be served first—and tardy buyers will surely be disappointed.

Wheel base is now 130 inches—yet the car is lighter. Motor 4 x 4 —same as formerly—but crank shaft main bearings are larger, to take care of extra power developed by refinements made from time to time. Same unique cantilever One Rod control. Same clutch, same axles—but spiral bevel driving gears now in rear. Extra long 154 inches rear springs—riding in this new Reo will be a revelation to you. Gasoline tank at rear—Stewart vacuum system. And other features you will enthusiastically approve when you see and ride in—and drive—this new Reo Four

Reo Motor Car Company

Lansing, Michigan

Columbia Grafonola

"Ask all the questions you wish"

You are to have the Grafonola in your home. You and your family will enjoy the music. You are the judge and jury. You are the one to be satisfied. So the Columbia dealer wants you to go the limit and "ask all the questions you wish."

If you knew all he knows about the Grafonola, you wouldn't let another day pass without the joy and pleasure of its music in your home. He welcomes the most searching test, because that shows the Grafonola at its best.

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250. Period Designs up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY - NEW YORK

Columbia Columbia Records TRADE MARK Grafonola

Food will win the war. Don't waste it.

(Concluded from Page 45)

washed off. For three days longer he floated before being sighted and taken off. He recovered and his story was accepted as true by the Admiralty, which had received a report of the loss of the steamer.

At midnight the destroyer was buffeted by a moderate gale. When a merchant ship rolls forty degrees the skipper has something to tell ashore. For a destroyer this is an indifferent performance, and the crew takes no notice until she tumbles over fifty or sixty degrees and moving about is like climbing the side of a house which turns topsy-turvy every few seconds.

From behind the weather screen of the bridge there was nothing to be seen except the phosphorescent flash of the waves as the bow dipped into them. Now and then a porpoise shot straight toward the ship and left a sparkling wake so precisely like that of a torpedo that the landlubber unconsciously raised himself upon his toes, took hold of a stanchion, felt cold shivers run up and down his spine, and waited for the explosion. Gun crews of merchant steamers and transports have banged away at many an innocent porpoise or blackfish and reported torpedoes as missing the mark by an eyelash; and such episodes have been solemnly set down in official records. It is excellent target practice for green gun crews and a pleasant excitement for the porpoise. The old hands aboard a destroyer have learned to know the real thing when they see it, though they confess without shame that during their first month in the war zone they enthusiastically shot at barrels, spars, fish, empty boats, and what not, and chased phantoms with prodigious diligence.

Standing there on the darkened bridge, with the radio messages uncannily intercepted from other ships hidden somewhere in this invisible area of dangerous ocean, the commander told of sinking the submarine, the feat that won him mention for the D.S.O. He was zigzagging just ahead of a merchant steamer whose course was similarly erratic, protecting her against just such peril as was suddenly encountered. The submarine showed a periscope close at hand, closer than her captain had expected to find himself. He had chosen his position ahead and a little to one side, the best point of vantage for launching a torpedo at a thousand yards' range.

How Fritz Bungled

The zigzag turn of the destroyer upset his reckoning. She was surging so near that he could not attack and his only hope of safety was in quick submersion to a safe depth. As he went down the destroyer swerved and passed directly over him, handled with instant, certain skill. Officers and men gazed down from deck and bridge and caught glimpses of the shadowy outline through the green water. It was the great chance, the hundred-to-one shot for which they had been yearning. Fritz was cunning and wary but he had bungled it this time.

The destroyer was on top of him, ready to loose the weapon he most feared, the depth bomb set to explode when eighty feet down, and sure destruction to a submarine. It leaves the destroyer at the touch of a finger and in this instance it sank within a few yards of its quarry. The explosion shook the destroyer as she sped to go clear of the eruption, and the water leaped into foam, soon mingled with a spreading slick of oil. The commander did not wait to discover more evidence—his task was to guard the merchantman; but other vessels passed over the same spot, and for several days the oil from the shattered submarine's fuel tanks was floating to mark her grave.

This is an instance fairly typical of the remorseless game of hunting the German U-boat from the seas. The Hun shows no mercy and therefore he receives none, unless he comes to the surface and the crew surrender as prisoners of war.

It is not fighting but stalking an enemy which lies always in ambush, leaving no trail, with thousands of square miles as his range. He will not stand up against a destroyer in a duel with gunfire. Whenever a destroyer's battery is employed it is mere snap shooting a flash of a periscope or the ripple made by a conning tower. To be unceasingly vigilant, to harry the submarine into waters less effectively patrolled, to drop a depth charge if the opportunity offers—this is the program so far as offensive tactics are concerned.

The Second Day Out

The destroyer's crew would far rather have it as it was in the days of old—a strange sail sighted, the call to general quarters, and a hammer-and-tongs engagement with an enemy willing to give and take punishment. Or give them a fling at a German raider out of Kiel or Zeebrugge, or a round with a flotilla of hostile destroyers in a North Sea raid. They have no complaints to make, however, but are tremendously proud of the job and realize that they are the luckiest men in the American Navy. It is enough to know that the admirals under whom they serve, American and British, have so often signaled them "Well done."

The second day of the cruise from our base was still rough and windy, poor weather for submarines to come to the surface. The destroyer division had scattered during the night but now they reassembled, and the radio carried the word along, news from the troop convoy, which was twenty-four hours behind its schedule. This meant many more miles to run in search of the great steamers that were steadily plowing toward the danger zone. Our own destroyer commander displayed no signs of worry, but his manner was not quite so blithe and his eyes were tired. He had never failed to find his convoy, but in his heart was the dread of missing the ships at the rendezvous or losing them during the night.

Between this designated place in the pathless ocean and the coast of France were hundreds of miles of a course infested with submarines whose captains would hold it as a splendid deed could they sink an American transport with several thousand men.

These keen-scented destroyers showed how true had been their reckoning when at dawn of the third day the ships they sought were discerned as spectral shapes, towering, majestic, moving in column and so far preserved from attack. Trained, obedient to the word, the destroyers took their stations ahead and on the flank, very small and nimble beside their unwieldy charges, swinging against the sky line or disappearing to the funnels between the lifting seas. The scene suggested so many Holstein cows sedately marching toward the pasture bars while several aggressive terriers frisked at their heels or scampered to and fro.

Presently the decks of the troopships were packed with dense masses of brown, at a distance like blotches of paint smeared fore and aft and along the rails. Binoculars disclosed these masses as composed of men in khaki, everyone with a life belt round him. Thus they stood for hours on end, gazing at the destroyers. If they cheered the wind blew the sounds away, and the impression was one of intent silence, solemn and very memorable, of crowded ships steadily advancing toward the stern business of war as waged by a free people on the western shores of the Atlantic, who had pledged themselves to make the world safe for democracy, at no matter what cost.

These American troops had left their home ports in the same silent, undemonstrative fashion, magically vanishing overnight from their camps, leaving behind them a myriad anxious conjectures, intimate regrets, sundered ties.

It was, no doubt, much like the fabric of a dream to them, to be drawing near the coast of France, with the deadly submarine blockade to run before they should file down the gangways with kits and rifles to swell by so many more the American Army, of which they were part of the vanguard of millions more.

There was another night to pass through, the most anxious of the voyage, and another morning to guard against attack—the favorite hour for the Hun to strike, when the sun has not yet dispelled the mists and he can sight the tall hull of a ship while his periscope is still invisible. This final night began most auspiciously. The destroyer commander ventured as far as the wardroom for dinner and observed that this convoy seemed to be fairly sane and well-behaved, not apt to be taken with hysterics or to wander all over the shop.

Menaced by Transports

He had been escorting troopships for months, beginning with the fleet that brought over Pershing's first divisions, but a man never got quite used to it. A lot of responsibility when you stopped to think of it. This whole war, so far as America's part was concerned, figured itself out as a question of ship tonnage and a safe road across the Atlantic. Otherwise there was nothing doing for the Stars and Stripes, no matter how many armies were raised and trained. And it was up to the destroyers to get them to France. Nothing else to it. So without flattering itself the navy could claim to be the most important part of the show.

All of which was strictly true, and the commander might have become more eloquent, but a voice roared from the bridge into the wardroom speaking tube that the convoy had suddenly gone crazy and there was the devil to pay generally. This was more or less after the fact. The senior officer in charge of the transports, new at the game, was primed with theory and tactics to the chin, and "Safety first" being his motto he decided to execute a maneuver. Unfortunately he failed to signal this intention to the destroyers that were boiling along to port and starboard or just ahead. They were taking chances as it was, snuggling close and trying to perceive the dimly outlined steamers which seemed about to stamp them under. Now without warning these immense menacing shapes executed a turn of ninety degrees and charged as though running amuck.

The destroyers simply tucked their tails between their legs, laid back their ears and ran for their lives, anyhow, anywhere, to escape being stepped on and obliterated. They were so painfully surprised that there was no time for profanity until later. It was a peril of war which smote them unexpectedly. They hunted some safer part of the ocean and top speed was none too fast to suit them. The wonder is that they were able to stop and turn about.

Signals flashed from ship to ship and the transports regained their reason, convinced that they were safer to steam sedately until daylight, with no more fancy evolutions. The destroyers also calmed down and came back, a trifle nervous and ready to bolt at an instant's notice but again driving ahead in their proper positions.

Back at the Base

Then our eloquent commander reëntered the wardroom and spoke with feeling, with an impassioned earnestness that brought tears to the eyes of strong men and blistered the white enamel paint of the steel walls. What he had to say might pass a censor if thoroughly expurgated, but the charm and meaning would be lost. The chief yeoman, a sound critic, came in with reports to sign, paused enthralled, and paid his commander a tribute of dumb, respectful admiration.

And so, next day, the troopships came to France in safety, welcomed by patrol boats and torpedo craft flying the tricolor, and by ships of the American Navy parading in advance. Near the long arm of the breakwater which sheltered the port the transports slackened way to await their turns at disembarking the regiments which had come so far to do their part for France and freedom. The destroyers, restless, eager, signaled a fare-you-well and turned to hasten back to their base and rest a little before going to sea again.

It had been a voyage perhaps more uneventful than one fancies such an adventure to be, but this is a surface impression. Submarines were reported as active near the routes traversed, ships were blowing up in these same seas, and the men who commanded the destroyers of the division were well aware of the hidden hazards of their trade. They had done their work, nineteen hundred miles of it, and were thanking God in their hearts that another tour of duty with the troopships had been successfully achieved. A trifle haggard they seemed, wearied by the kind of strain which, after a time, begins to tell on the hardiest nerves and makes a man go stale, like a football player trained too fine.

And yet this conclusion seemed all wrong when they came ashore to gather in the evening with their comrades at the club. Trim, taut, immaculate, gentlemen unafraid, they were very good to look at, these officers of the United States Navy who are playing the finest game in the world and playing it up to the hilt. They crowded about the piano, and a British commander pounded the keys to the chorus of their own chantey:

"Talk about your battleships, cruisers, scouts and all,
Talk about your Fritzers who are aiming for a fall,
Talk about your coast guards, it's brave they have to be,
But Admiral Sims' flotilla is the terror of the sea."

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Panorama of the Goodyear cotton-growing project in Arizona at picking-time.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Making the Desert to Bloom

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of philosophers put together."

Jonathan Swift.

DOWN in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, under the brazen sky and sirocco breath of the mesa, Goodyear is putting the desert to work.

Infertile plain and immemorial waste are now being made to yield up to mankind some portion of that bounty which is the common debt of earth.

Thirty-five thousand acres of arid soil are in process of development there for the growing of the finest quality of long-staple cotton.

Six thousand acres of this enormous tract already are producing such cotton, of a grade which experts tell us has no equal in the world.

* * *

The task that Goodyear faces in reclaiming this parched acreage has been from the beginning a most formidable one.

Barely 5,000 acres of the tract could be irrigated from the great Roosevelt dam, the remainder had to be watered from deep-drilled wells equipped with power pumping-plants.

In the work that has been done and is now going forward an entire regiment of men is employed.

Fourteen immense caterpillar tractors and 1,200 mules prepare the fields for cotton and attend the cultivation of the producing land.

The progress that has been made and is now being accelerated is only a presage of what will be accomplished.

Great ginning mills have been erected at Phoenix, Chandler, Tempe, Glendale and Polleson, with an oil mill at Phoenix.

It is planned to establish two model towns on the property, complete and modern in every respect.

Each will have, besides dwellings for employees, clubhouses, hospital, warehouses, garages, machine shops, general office, store buildings and church.

In addition to its own endeavors in the Salt River Valley, Goodyear is encouraging small producers there by assisting them in every possible way.

From present indications it is estimated that in the valley next year a total acreage of 100,000 will be reached.

The greater proportion of the lint from the fine cotton produced will be used in the manufacture of motor car tires; the seed will be handled commercially in various forms.

On the basis of present prices it is computed that the aggregate yield from the district this year will approximate five million dollars.

* * *

In the strict sense, Goodyear is not and has never been a producer of raw materials.

It is Goodyear's chief function to convert raw materials into quality products for wide public use.

But where it is evident that by widening its sphere Goodyear can benefit its products and the public, this step will always be taken.

It was in this spirit that Goodyear established its own fabric mills in Connecticut, and that this new Arizona project was put under way.

The aim and the end of all such endeavors by Goodyear is a heightened merit and value in the products it builds.

The success with which such endeavors hitherto have been attended is seen in the unmatched popularity these products enjoy.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

Makes Your Ford Act Like A Six

SPEEDERATOR does make your Ford act like a six.

We can't *tell* you how wonderfully this mechanical miracle transforms Ford performance.

You've got to *drive* your Ford with Speederator on, to appreciate the difference.

Get Speederator today from your accessory dealer. Or send direct to us.

Buy Speederator On A Money-Back Basis

Use it 30 days and if you're not absolutely satisfied you get your money back without argument.

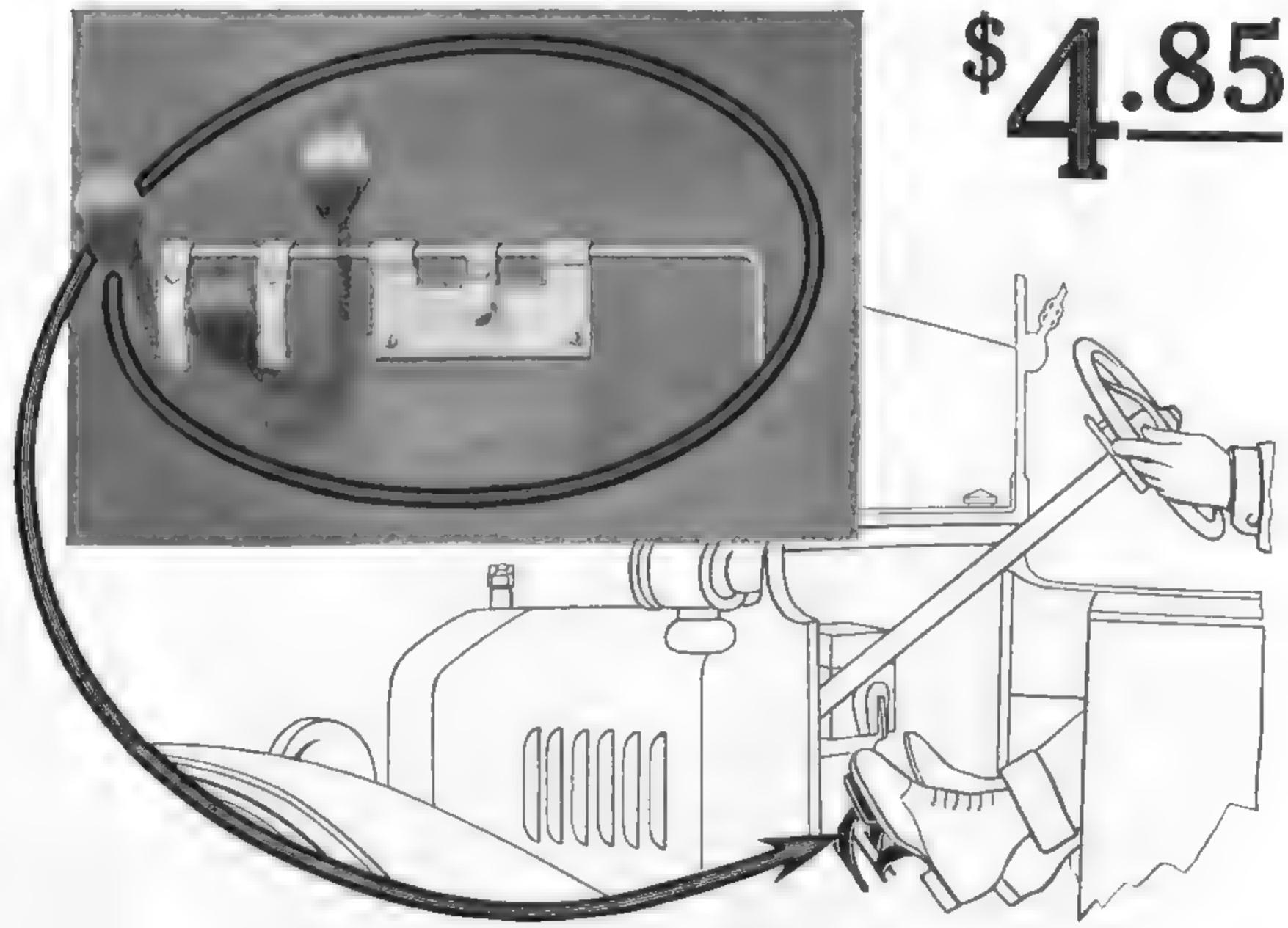
With Speederator on, your Ford slips away from the curb like a boat from her dock.

No clatter of racing engine when you crank up. No stalling or bucking when you start.

No jiggling the hand throttle—no engine racing—when you start or change speeds.

It gives perfect and absolute automatic control of the engine. Your Ford glides through traffic with an ease you never knew before.

That's the way you want your Ford to behave—like a six-cylinder car.



$4.85

VERSAL PRODUCTS

SPEEDERATOR

Makes Your Ford Act Like A Six

VERSAL PRODUCTS

17 Ford Officials Use Speederators

No less than 17 Ford officials have put Speederators on the Fords they drive themselves.

They give highest praise to this wonderful device.

One has said it is the only Ford accessory he considers worthy of the Ford.

Others are equally enthusiastic.

35,000 Speederators In Use—Not One Kick

In one short year, more than 35,000 Ford owners have put Speederators on their cars.

Yet we have never received a single complaint.

With Speederator on your own Ford, you will be as happy as the 17 Ford officials and the other 35,000 users.

The Speederator is the only device made that gives the same improved performance to the Ford.

You Put It On In 20 Minutes

You can put Speederator on your Ford in 20 minutes—yourself. A screw-driver and a pair of pliers are the only tools you need.

It is out of sight under the foot board. You don't have to bore a hole.

You can hardly stall a Ford engine that has Speederator attached.

More reasons why you should get Speederator at once.

Makes The Ford More Economical

Speederator stops engine-racing. That means it stops gasoline waste. This saving is frequently more than 15 per cent.

You also save—because ease of operation reduces wear and tear on the car.

It reduces wear of the gear bands. More economy.

Buy Speederator for its saving alone. It soon repays its cost, and a great deal more.

Your Foot Pedals Work Speederator

You don't have to learn to use Speederator—it works itself.

You simply work the Ford foot pedals as you always do.

You don't have to touch the hand throttle; it isn't necessary.

Speederator connects with the carburetor and keeps your engine going—*at the proper, economical speed required for the load.*

No Strings To This Money-Back Offer

Buy a Speederator. Use it 30 days. If you're not satisfied take it back to the dealer, and he will hand you $4.85.

No strings to this money-back proposition. No argument. No quibbling. You are satisfied—or you get your money back.

That is how sure we are that Speederator will *satisfy you—completely and absolutely.*

Get Speederator today from your dealer. Or send the price to us, and receive it by Parcel Post.

Price $4.85

Far West $5.05—Canadian $6.85

Dealers, Grab This Opportunity

Dealers, order quick by wire so that you can cash in on the tremendous demand for Speederator. Every one sold means a booster who will send hundreds to your store. Speederator is the one sure-fire Ford accessory that you can stand back of, because we have yet to receive our first complaint. You can't go wrong. Order through your jobber, or direct. This advertisement is the first of a big national campaign. See our representatives during the Chicago Show at the Blackstone, La Salle and Sherman Hotels.

Versal Products Manufacturing Company

Formerly Detroit Starter Co.

Detroit, Michigan

THE FORGOTTEN PHILIPPINES

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

JUST nineteen years ago the American Army landed on Philippine soil and the American flag was raised over the fortifications of Manila. Next to the coming of the Spaniards, more than three centuries ago, this was the greatest event in the history of the Philippine people; but it has taken them all these nineteen years even to begin to realize it. By the light of the great world war, and by some lesser lights perhaps, they are beginning now to understand.

For the first time Occupation Day has been celebrated by Filipinos and Americans alike, with joint ceremony and with mutual congratulation and compliment. It was on the whole a most significant day, marking as it did the beginning of the end of the old antagonism and ingratitude with which these people, whom we could not with honor set adrift, have met every effort we have made to benefit and assist them.

The present administrators of Philippine affairs are disposed to take unto themselves all the credit for the changed relationship between the Filipinos and Americans, saying that the day's demonstration would not have been possible under the old régime. And it may be that this claim is justified. The Filipinos very narrowly escaped being abandoned in the midst of this terrific storm of universal strife and left to their own resources in a world that is normally none too safe for a weak and unprotected people; and they were so frightened by the prospect that for the first time they began to get a somewhat undistorted vision of themselves. To have refused that day to celebrate what is so manifestly worth celebrating would have been extremely unintelligent.

It is a notable fact that most of the speakers, Filipinos as well as Americans, dwelt almost exclusively on the material benefits that have resulted from American occupation.

The Governor-General was not present. He was at Baguio—the beautiful cooling-off place up in the hills which was established by the old régime—and he telegraphed that he could not come because a heavy rain had swept away a bridge on the Benguet road. He had promised to make the principal address of the day and was expected to say something momentous, something befitting the occasion which seems to have put the stamp of success on his administration.

The celebration was conducted, on the one side, by the Veterans of the Army of Occupation and Pacification; on the other by the Veterans of the Filipino Revolution. It was these old foes who met together in the limelight; and they fraternized in a way to make the spectators thrill with unwonted emotion.

The master of ceremonies was an old American soldier, now a prominent business man in the community, who has consistently opposed every move that has been made during the past four years to tear down the old governmental structure and to substitute the new order of things that now exists, and he was joined on the speakers' stand by no less a hero of revolution than Aguinaldo himself.

Just Like the Fourth of July

WHEN General Aguinaldo "came aboard," as someone expressed it, he did not come to congratulate his compatriots on their new political privileges; he came to shake hands with his old enemies and to signify his acquiescence in the increasingly popular belief that his defeat was the best thing that could have happened to his country. It is generally believed that Aguinaldo is a real patriot, and his whole course of conduct during American sovereignty in the islands has served to strengthen this belief.

There was a parade of course, with Filipino bands and American military bands industriously outblaring and outdrumming each other; and long lines of school children, boys and girls, dressed in white and carrying small American flags. There were floats to demonstrate the progress that has been made, and other floats designed to call attention to new difficulties to be met and overcome; and, all together, it was as much like the Fourth of July in an American town as anything well could be.

Nor must one forget the new militia. The Philippines are to have a regular military organization, and the officers, all recently appointed and many of them veterans of the insurrection, are very smart in their new white uniforms. The commanding general of the militia is an old major of American volunteers—the type of Irishman who looks more decorative at the head of a parade than anyone else can look; while all the other officers, with a few exceptions to make training possible, are Filipinos.

This was a perfect occasion, of course, for reference to the twenty-five thousand Filipino troops that have been offered to the President for service in France; and nobody seemed disposed to make less than the most of it. The people out here got the news of this offer from the United States, and it was one wonderful surprise! But it gained instant popularity among the Filipinos, so it makes very little difference where it came from.

It was the Hon. Manuel Quezon's offer, and, considering the fact that the Philippine Legislature was not in session, many persons wondered where he got his authority. Then it was remembered that the Governor is "Commander in Chief of all locally created armed forces and militia"—see Jones Bill; and when criticism was answered with the assertion that "all those who needed to know knew," the unsympathetic element in the community—not all Americans, by any means—subsided and let it go at that; though once in a while one of them mutters that it is all a grand-stand play for popularity in the United States and that you could find twenty-five thousand Koh-i-noor diamonds in the Philippine Islands as easily as you could find twenty-five thousand men capable of fighting as fighting is now being done. But this is not true. I am sure of that. Next to being an officer, the average Filipino would rather be a soldier than anything else. The twenty-five thousand could be recruited without much difficulty, and with the right kind of training, and commanded by American officers, there is no reason to suppose that they would not stand up very well.

A City Made Over

THE parade started at seven in the morning and the whole performance was over by the time the sun got high enough to begin to scorch, because that is what must be done in the tropics. As a matter of fact I am waked up regularly every morning about five o'clock by the sharp commands of the officers in charge of troops that are drilling in the plaza and on the wide streets surrounding the hotel. It is not possible anywhere in the world to-day to get away from drilling troops, and somehow the more one sees of them the more one loves them. They are so earnest, and they work so hard.

The soldiers who drill round here in the early mornings are Americans. They are raw material too. Anyone can see that. The regular soldiers are being withdrawn from the islands as rapidly as possible, and these recruits are taking their places—to be whipped into shape and themselves withdrawn for active service in their turn, I suppose. And being whipped into shape in the Philippine Islands in hot weather is no joke.

The Philippines have what might be called a very even climate, in that it is a hot climate all the time. But April, May and June are the really hot months. I have known it to be almost as hot in Manila in June as it gets in New York or St. Louis—but not often. Ordinarily it is just good-old-summertime weather—the kind that makes the cool of the evening enjoyable. The real reason, I suppose, why the Philippine climate is thought by some persons to be better than the average American climate is that people out here know how to keep out of the sun and to live with reference to climatic conditions. That is the first thing a newcomer must learn, and until he does he is likely to go about expressing his discomfort in sweeping comparisons between these equatorial possessions of ours and a place he is willing to be good to keep out of.

Just now the monotony of eighty or eighty-five plus in the shade is broken nearly every afternoon by a *chubasco*—a ripping, high-wind-driven, splintery rain that blows itself out just in time to give the sun a chance to set in its accustomed blaze of glory. This blaze of glory may be all flame color; or it may be orange and brown and olive green and all the purples and all the rose colors and all the colors indescribable. It is usually shot with flame and it rolls in fantastic masses and mountains of cloud all the way across the western sky, while sometimes the sun, shining through it, paints rainbows on the misty blue in the east just to show what a palely beautiful thing a rainbow can be.

Then comes, suddenly, black night, when the waves chop up the bay and break in long lines of soft green phosphorescence on the beaches and against the sea walls. It really is very wonderful—though it is not important. I know that, and I have written about it only in a desultory kind of way, because the important things are not such pleasing subjects after all, and I have a curious desire to write all round them instead of getting directly at them.

There is a *chubasco* blowing now, and after a while it will blow away off and become only a deep blue cloud bank behind the volcanic range of hills that fringe the eastern horizon. Then the people will begin to come out in white-clad and colorful throngs to cool and to preen themselves in the fresh-washed air; the Constabulary Band will come to the band stand on the Luneta and begin to play; and the automobiles and carriages and *calesas* and *carromatas* and children's pony carts will begin to roll round and round the big oval drive and down the long stretch of the bay shore that is as a municipal grand stand from which to view the spectacular sunsets.

There was no such thing as a bay-shore drive in the old days. Where now lies the finely metaled roadway, the uncontrolled surf of a wide-open bay used to roll and beat against badly constructed sea walls that were forever out of repair. A *chubasco* then was a nuisance, and too often a danger; while a typhoon was to be dreaded as the wrath of the Almighty. There were no breakwaters in the harbor, therefore no harbor really; only a great beautiful bay miles wide and miles long—and affording safe anchorage for nothing. The kind of blow that is no longer of any particular consequence used to pile the shipping up on the beaches and do incalculable damage. I remember one typhoon in which almost everything afloat in the bay was driven ashore. And one craft, with what may have been pardonable curiosity, came up and thrust its prow into a second-story window of the Elks' Club—to be treated for a long time afterward by the fun-loving Americans as an honored guest.

The Elks' Club, or the building known as the old Elks' Club, stood then at the very water's edge, but it is far inland now; and on the wide, level fill a new Elks' Club has been erected, a dignified concrete building which is close neighbor to a palatial, wide-verandaed and vine-hung Army-and-Navy Club. Opposite these clubs, with many acres of perfectly kept lawn lying between, where one remembers in the old days a rubbish-strewn and malodorous beach, stands the finest hotel building in the Orient—a building that has cost the Government nearly a million pesos and a number of civilian stockholders more than a million pangs of uncertainty. The city had to have a hotel, you see, and the only American thing to do was to make it the best in the East. The stockholders—typical American boosters, every one of them—seem to be quite happy about it, too, because, even though they have never seen such a thing as a dividend, they can point with pride and hold their heads up as right-minded citizens. And that is a thing Americans liked to do out here in the great Development Era.

Just now, looking out of my window through the slanting downpour, I am seeing visions. My view reaches far down the curving sweep of Bagumbayan, a broad asphalted driveway bordered on one side by giant acacias and fire trees and the Botanical Gardens; and on the other—by one of the many evidences of American occupation. On this side used to lie the wide, stagnant, fever-breeding moats. How well the old-timers among Americans remember the frothy green scum of them and their loathsome stench! How many American soldiers remember wading up to their armpits in the hideous filth of them to scale the ancient walls of the fortified city and to plant the American flag where it now waves on the grass-carpeted ramparts? Nineteen years ago, almost to a day!

In Memory of John Mehan

TO-DAY, looking down Bagumbayan, I see a wonderful stretch of perfect lawn where the moats were and can follow the course of a municipal golf links in and out among grouped displays of brilliant foliage plants. There is flaming hibiscus against the old wall, and public tennis courts lie white-lined against the close-clipped lawns.

The Filipino legislators have renamed many of the streets in Manila to honor national heroes, and Bagumbayan is no longer Bagumbayan; it is Calle P. Burgos. But they changed the name of the Botanical Gardens also—and to honor a fine American. One blesses them for that and objects to the new names of the old streets only because the old names are written in history and rolled sonorously off one's tongue in picture-painting sound. The Botanical Gardens are now the Mehan Gardens, and in the Mehan Gardens the speakers' stand was erected for this memorable celebration.

"Old John Mehan" nearly everybody called him. Not because he was old, but because he was greatly loved. It was he who turned the gravelly old glaring city of Manila into a vast green and flowering garden. The Spaniards did not believe that lawns were possible in such a climate, so everywhere that lawns should have been there was either hot gravel or blistered clay. Even the Botanical Gardens were graveled, and the palms and plants everywhere looked dust-dry and scraggy and altogether sad and unbeautiful. The city's cemeteries were too horrible to be described.

John Mehan, a sturdy American with keen, clear eyes and a finely trained mind, took it all into his wizard hands and made it what it is. Then—he died. And now we have the Mehan Gardens, with his little brown, orchid-hung

(Concluded on Page 56)

What Will You Do

Every Ton on the Highway is One Ton Less in the Yards

It is no longer a question whether motor transport is possible, practical or profitable.

It is in actual operation, demonstrating its success daily.

Neither is it a question as to whether this form of transportation should be extended.

The national obligation to *produce* can be met only by every possible extension of every practical method of *delivery*.

The one question left is; how far can you, as an individual, help to relieve freight and express congestion, and accelerate movement of raw materials and finished goods.

Do You Know What Has Been Done?

Already hundreds—if not thousands—of manufacturers, jobbers and transportation companies are maintaining regular service by motor-truck—both outgoing and incoming—between points distant from 20 to 1000 miles, in some cases even further. For example:

Boston to Lawrence, Franklin, New Bedford, Whitman, Campello, Brockton, Bridgewater, Lynn, Peabody, Camp Devens, and other New England points.

Boston to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and even to Akron, Ohio.

New York to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and many points in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Philadelphia to New York, Boston, Washington, Wilmington, Baltimore, Chester, Bethlehem, Allentown, Lancaster, Reading, etc.

Chicago to Elkhart, Gary, Rockford, etc.

Cleveland to Canton, Akron, Elyria, Painesville, Lorain, Kent, Ravenna, Norwalk, Sandusky, etc.

A through service from Chicago to Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Boston and other Eastern points is being projected.

Out in California upwards of fifty concerns report over sixty trucks in regular long distance hauling.

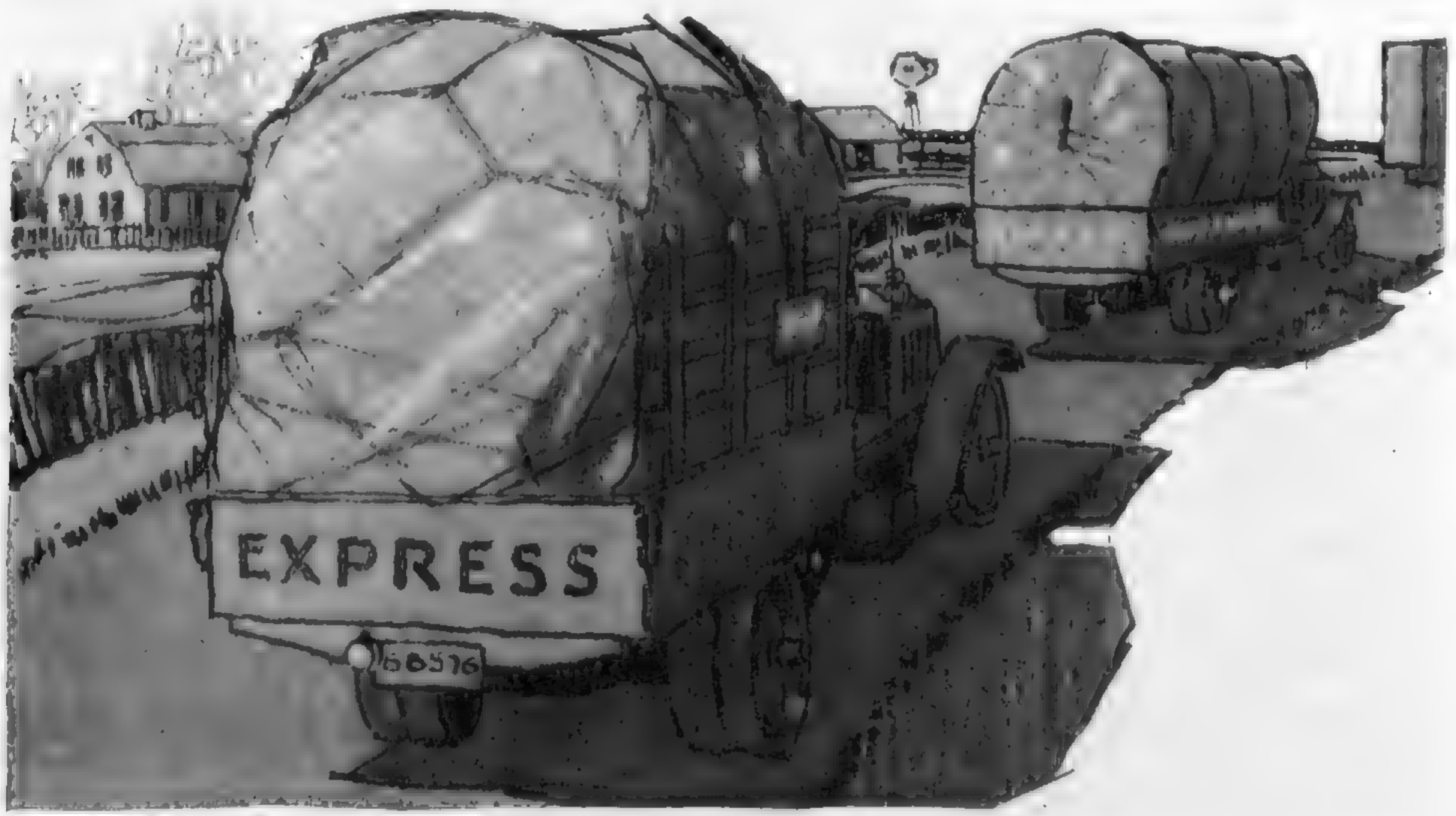
What the Trucks are Carrying

Among other things are iron, steel, coal, ore, lumber, chemicals, rubber goods, building materials, mine supplies, machinery, sheet metal goods, fabrics, corsets, straw hats, earthenware, dyes, wrapping paper, silos, wholesale groceries, farm products, and a large tonnage of raw materials, parts and finished goods for war industries.

Does it Pay?

The best answer to that is to consider a few specific cases.

The Beam-Fletcher Corporation, Hauling Contractors, of Philadelphia, have been maintaining 12-hour service to New York, handling 400 tons daily in each direction. With their fleet of 32 five-ton trucks they also have



for Motor-Transport?

Do Your Bit for Stronger Bridges and Better Roads

been reaching points in nine different states.

The Stedman Bent Co. of Philadelphia operate 12 five-ton trucks over a wide area—largely for war industries—reaching Wilmington, Baltimore, Bristol, New York, Trenton, Lancaster, Plainfield, Bethlehem, Allentown, etc.

The Ohio Freight Delivery Co., of Cleveland, are operating one, two and three-and-one-half-ton trucks over country roads between stations at Cleveland, Lorain, Elyria, Akron, Norwalk, Sandusky, Toledo and Canton; and when this advertisement went to press were awaiting delivery of 25 four-ton trucks to meet the increased demand for their service.

Several of the great rubber companies at Akron, Ohio, are maintaining service involving many trucks and long hauls to points in and out of Ohio, one case including a regular service to Boston and return.

At the same time smaller concerns, with few trucks, operate on 20-mile or greater radius from scores of towns and cities in New England and the Middle West.

Such service proves its own commercial practicability.

How Does Time Count in Your Deliveries?

There never was a period in the nation's industrial life when time had such value attached to it—when it could mean as much for either profit or loss.

Motor transportation, moving goods both day and night, avoiding delays, loss, damage and extra labor expense at terminals in loading and unloading, means profit.

Will the Truck Last Long Enough?

Naturally that depends on the quality of the truck, condition of roads and so on. But as trucks are built nowadays they make astonishing mileage records. Many authenticated instances are at hand of trucks that have covered 100,000 miles in hard service and are still going.

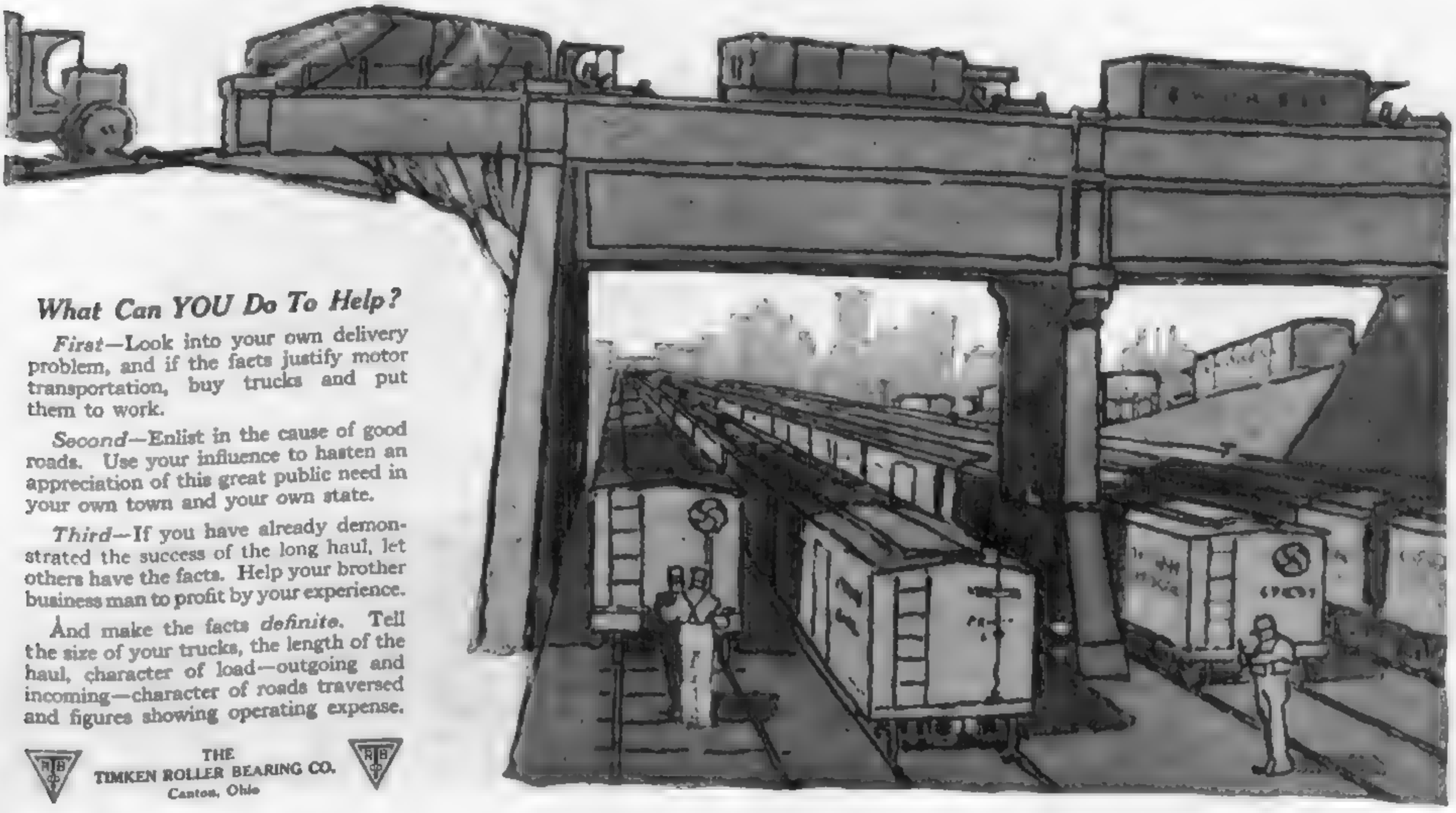
The Biggest Problem is the Road Problem

This fact has been recognized by the Council of National Defense in the formation of The Highways Transport Committee, by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, by State Councils of Defense, and by many other organizations.

In several states work is actively in progress for the widening and paving of highways, strengthening of bridges, and other necessary steps in preparedness.

Motor transport has already been endorsed by the wise statesman and the practical business man. It has therefore reached the positive stage of *individual responsibility*.

What can you do to help?



What Can YOU Do To Help?

First—Look into your own delivery problem, and if the facts justify motor transportation, buy trucks and put them to work.

Second—Enlist in the cause of good roads. Use your influence to hasten an appreciation of this great public need in your own town and your own state.

Third—If you have already demonstrated the success of the long haul, let others have the facts. Help your brother business man to profit by your experience.

And make the facts *definite*. Tell the size of your trucks, the length of the haul, character of load—outgoing and incoming—character of roads traversed and figures showing operating expense.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 53)

house in the midst of them to be an intimate reminder of him as long as his old friends live to enjoy the riches he left them. The Filipinos loved him, too, and worked for him and learned of him; and they are so proud of the city he made for them that there is reason to hope they will maintain it when it is all their own to do with exactly as they please.

There is not so much reason to hope, however, that the more material benefits of American control will be kept up to standard if the Filipinos are ever deserted by us and allowed to go it alone. The harbors are lined with magnificent piers where once there were no piers at all, and there are tremendous storage warehouses down on the business end of the fill. There are new breakwaters and buoys and lighthouses and cable and wireless stations; everything necessary to the safe and orderly conduct of large commercial enterprise; and back in the city there are splendid new public-school and university buildings and the finest hospital plant east of Suez. New bridges span the river and the streets are for the most part finely paved. The city is well drained, and from a new reservoir up in the hills, miles away, comes a plentiful supply of clean water. And all, every bit of it, the result of American energy.

Where there were no highways of any kind in the country there are hundreds of miles of as fine automobile roads as could be found anywhere. One calls them automobile roads because it is a name denoting a high standard of excellence. They were built that the Filipino farmer might have some way to get his produce to market; they were built to encourage industry and to foster national pride of the right character; and after they were finished, *camineros*, or road keepers, were stationed every few miles throughout the whole system to watch for damages and to repair them instantly. These *camineros* wore bright-red calico trousers and a pleased expression, and were a great addition to the general picturesqueness of things.

There is no need to enumerate the advantages reaped by the Filipino people from American sovereignty. The United States was like a stern mother who boxes her boy's ears when he struggles against getting his face washed and his tousled hair brushed, but the United States has turned out something that can no longer be regarded as a civilized world's disgrace.

Ten Years of Americanism

Within the space of ten years the Filipinos were privileged to exchange abysmal ignorance for a fair measure of general education; the terrors of almost constantly epidemic dread disease for the security of cleanliness and good average national health; the restraints of a roadless and undeveloped country for the freedom and the material benefits of a network of splendid highways; the commercial limitations of an open and storm-swept port for the possibilities of a deep-dredged, protected and pier-lined harbor; the unsafety of social chaos for courts of just law and the sheltered confidence of adequate police protection; and the midnight of complete impoverishment for the dawn of a prosperity never before dreamed of. Yet some persons wonder why the Filipinos should have celebrated American Occupation Day!

It cost tremendous effort and sustained ambition to establish all this, but it will cost even greater effort and ambition to maintain it and to keep up the standard of progress and improvement. The Filipino is naturally unenergetic and neglectful, and that is why I doubt whether there is reason to hope for much in the way of material benefits kept going under unaided or misguided Filipino direction.

The men who made American achievement in the Philippines what it is were Americans not Republicans or Democrats; just Americans; and Americans usually who were trained specially for the work they were permitted to do.

President McKinley knew that knowledge is an acquirement and not a gift, so he sent the first body of civil administrators to the islands with instructions to study the situation and its problems thoroughly before they assumed office and began to exercise authority. Mr. William Howard Taft, who was appointed first Governor-General, spent an entire year investigating conditions and acquainting himself with the details of the work he had to do before he took the oath of office and began to do it. He traveled all over the archipelago—not such a safe thing to do then as it is now—and listened to the representations of the people of every race; and when he thought he had gained a fair view of the difficulties he had to overcome he enunciated the policy of American control: The Philippines for the Filipinos and government for the benefit of the governed. And by "the governed" he did not mean the then obstreperous and personally ambitious Filipino politicians.

Mr. Bryan in the Islands

His promise of eventual independence was premature; he thinks so himself, and says so. It served no purpose but to keep alive unwarranted and unintelligent Inmediatista hopes and to hamper the people in their development; but it was a necessary answer to the clamors of American anti-imperialists at home and a necessary backstop for the arguments of William Jennings Bryan, who, more than any other man, was responsible for the fact that the Philippine question became a partisan political football to be kicked from pillar of ignorance to post of prejudice for partisan political purposes.

Mr. Bryan knew almost as little about the Filipinos as I know about the inhabitants of Mars, but "the enslavement of a liberty-loving people under the glorious banner that stands for liberty throughout the world" was too good a theme to be neglected. He also tried criticizing American methods and casting doubt on Republican American integrity in the administration of insular affairs; but he did not get very far with that. He came to the islands once, but he gave nobody an opportunity to show him anything. He was afraid that somebody would try to influence him, and he wished to keep an open mind. So he hobnobbed with Filipino politicos; and to my certain knowledge about the only thing he asked for at the Ayuntamiento was a list of the Americans who had been convicted of malveraation in office.

He got it too. And to the sorrow and shame of all proud and honest men it was long enough. But the list of Filipinos who had been guilty of misappropriating public funds intrusted to them was so much longer—many times as long, in fact—that the secretary who made out the list did not think it would be fair to exclude them, so he made a thorough and alphabetically arranged job of it. When it was finished the few American names were very inconspicuous. This is only an incidental story, but it serves to illustrate.

Filipino agitation for independence was always borne with patiently and was even encouraged, but that it has retarded their real progress more than anything else the wise ones among them are the first to admit.

When I arrived here a few days ago, after an absence of four years and a half, and had given myself time to look round a bit, the thought I had was that the democratic ideal for which we have begun to lay down American lives and treasure is likely to come to some measure of grief at the peace conference which must assemble somewhere, sometime. That ideal will be the chief subject of discussion, and we are the only people on earth that believes in giving the small peoples, or rather the peoples as yet untrained in the exercise of democratic privileges, everything they ask for along with leave to go to the devil in their own blissful way. The Dutch certainly do not believe it; and they are having disturbances now in their East Indies which they say are a direct result of the example we have set in the Philippines. The English do not believe it; and they will never leave unregenerated India to fester in the midst of a world that is trying so hard to cure itself of uncivilization. The French do not believe it; and they will never withdraw their controlling influence from such fringes of the world as they now dominate.

Only we—and we do not believe it. We are hypnotized by self-righteousness and trying to realize a wish to be all that we say we are. But understand, I am writing about nothing and thinking of nothing but our position in the Philippines. And it was before we went to war that the democratic idea in a raw state began to be applied here.

We began to make a right application in the Philippines of the democratization idea the minute the little brown brothers stopped struggling and gave us a chance; but in our sacred name as a people a splendid work has been called practically finished just as it was well begun. Colonial administrators all over the world have been interested in our experiment, have watched it closely, and had begun to apply some of our principles to the solution of their own problems—to the great benefit of their subject peoples. It was an example of national morality they could not disregard. But now the question they are asking is: "What do you people think you are doing in the Philippines?"

And one worried Englishman said to me the other day: "It is all very well, and I suppose you are going to influence us to make a lot of concessions. But how do you propose to reconcile your retention of responsibility with your surrender of control? It looks to me like brewing trouble for the sake of having trouble on hand."

The Quality of the Service

In the old days out here—I lived in Manila five years and have been from one end to the other and in nearly every corner of the archipelago—we used to think that no American could possibly come to the islands in an administrative capacity and retain for long any purely partisan political opinions with regard to our national position and purpose.

When Mr. Taft left the islands, to become secretary of war in President Roosevelt's cabinet, he was succeeded in the office of Governor-General by Luke E. Wright, a Democrat. Mr. Wright was Attorney-General of Tennessee for eight years and came to Manila with the first Philippine Commission, appointed by President McKinley. From 1900 to 1904 he was Vice Governor and Secretary of Commerce.

Governor Wright was succeeded by Governor Henry Clay Ide, a Republican, who was Chief Justice of Samoa from 1893 to 1897 and a member of the first Philippine Commission. He was Vice Governor and Secretary of Commerce and Police two years before he became Governor-General.

The next Governor was another Democrat, James F. Smith, a California lawyer who came to the Philippines in June, 1898, as colonel of the First California Volunteers. He was appointed Brigadier General of United States Volunteers in 1899 and was military governor of the island of Negros for one year. In 1900, when civil government was established, he was made Insular Collector of Customs, and a year later became Associate Justice of the newly created Supreme Court. In 1903 he was made a member of the commission and secretary of Public Instruction. He was Governor-General from 1906 to 1909, when he was appointed Associate Judge of the United States Court of Customs Appeals.

I am not writing all these biographical details because I think they are particularly thrilling, but because I wish to emphasize the quality of the service that the United States has given the Philippine Islands. Not only were all the governors men who were trained for the position they occupied, but the chiefs of bureaus as well and other government employees had to qualify for appointment before they were intrusted with important responsibilities. I do not mean to say that they were all so good that only praise can be uttered in connection with their names—none of them was, so far as I know—but at least they were not blind men leading the blind. And there were exceptions, I suppose, even to the general rule of high-average efficiency. There must have been in the rapid formation of an absolutely new governmental organization. But I cannot think of any just now. Besides, as I have said, Mr. Taft devoted a year to preliminary investigation before he even began to organize the government, and among the men who assisted him in this investigation, as well as in the volunteer army that had seen two years' service in the islands, he found excellent material.

The Philippine Bureau of Health won world renown under the direction of Dr. Victor G. Heiser and his predecessors. He became Chief Quarantine Officer for the islands in 1903, and was made Director of Health in 1905.

Sanitary Measures

In the early days of American control a terrific cholera epidemic once every so often was regarded by the people as being among the necessary evils. The whole country reeked with filth, and lepers by the thousands stalked the streets and even sold food in the open markets, unnoticed and undisturbed. Smallpox took its annual toll of the population, and conditions generally were so bad that Americans detailed for duty in the islands approached their work with dread in their hearts such as required true pluck and rigid self-discipline to overcome. Incidentally, the people were grossly ignorant, Christians though they were, and they practiced cruelties upon their sick and afflicted in the process of "casting out devils" which cannot be written about except for the pages of scientific journals.

The Bureau of Health under its several leaders and their assistants succeeded finally in stamping out cholera. It is a disease endemic in the islands, but a patient campaign of education in simple hygiene together with every other possible measure not only reduced the danger of epidemic to a minimum but resulted in a noticeable and rapid rise in human values throughout the whole population.

An old soldier said to me this morning: "I declare these people don't even look like the same beggars we had to lick. Would you think a little good living and decent treatment could make such a change? Their skins fit tighter, for one thing, and they are clean and well dressed; but that ain't so much what I mean by their being different. There is something in their eyes. Blest if I don't believe it's the beam of a dawning intelligence!"

With regard to the lepers: One is reminded that Robert Louis Stevenson immortalized Father Damien, who went to Molokai. The whole world knows that story, and it is very wonderful; but to those who know the stories of the men who established and have maintained Culión Leper Colony in the Philippine Islands it sounds curiously tame and unimportant.

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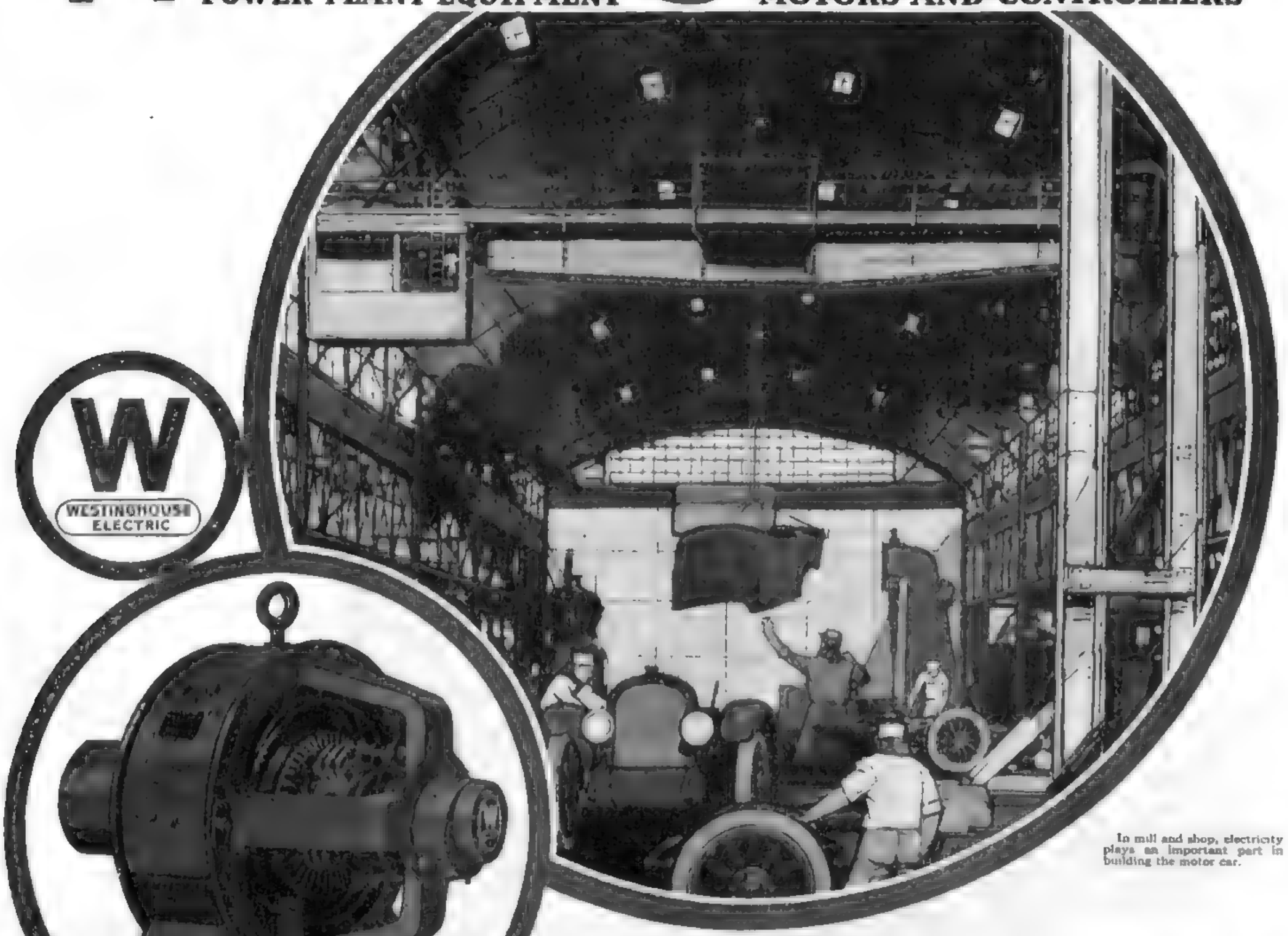
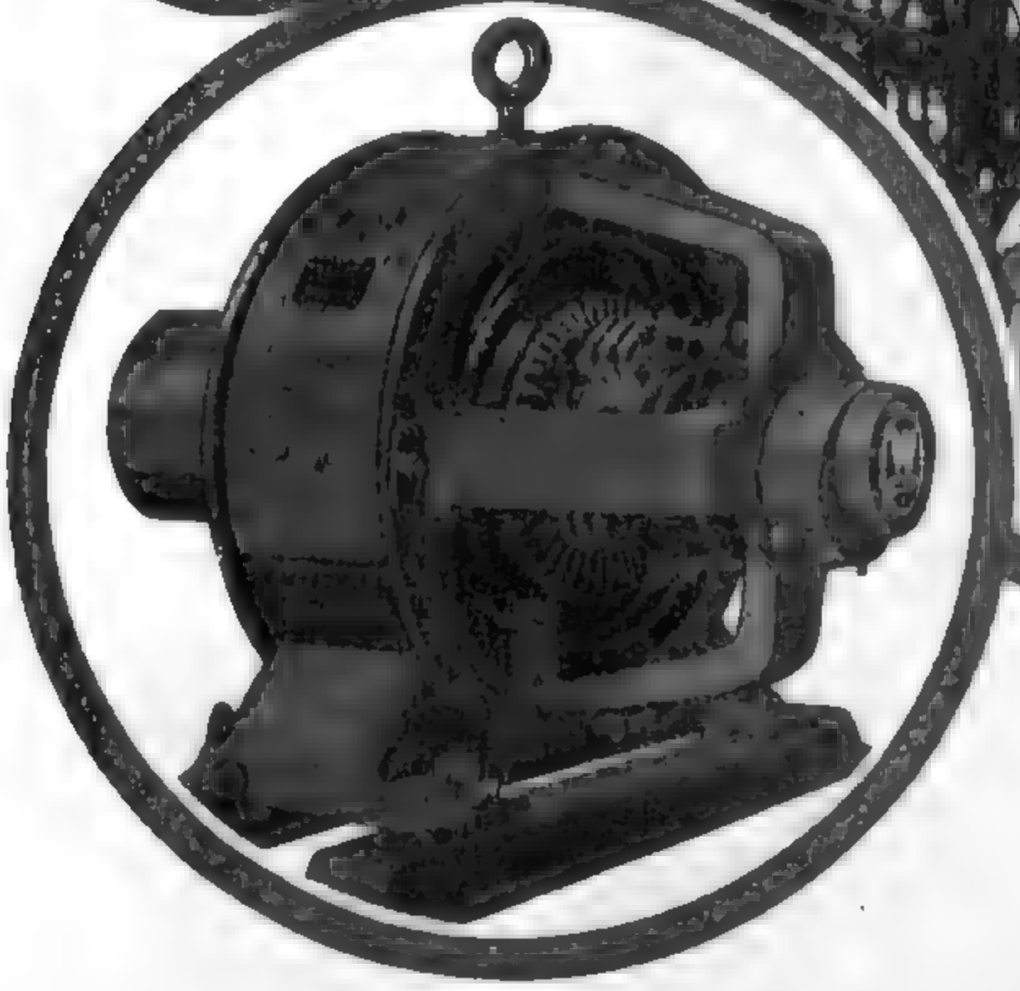


In mill and shop, electricity plays an important part in building the motor car.



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East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Putting the Lid on the Stock Market

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

MORE people seem to be interested in the stock market during the progress of a war than at any other time. This is natural, because the fears and alarms of military campaigns bring about feverish and extreme movements in the prices of stocks. Strain upon the money markets drives down the price of bonds and other fixed-interest-bearing investments. There are always terrifying possibilities to frighten the owners of securities, especially of stocks. Fear that the Confederates might capture Washington, and at least the possibility that the Germans might reach Paris—such are some of the influences upon the market in great wars past and present.

Nor is the movement all one way. Wars bring inflation and booms, perhaps temporary and artificial but none the less "bull" influences for the time being. Perhaps no advance in the whole history of the stock markets exceeded in violence and extent those that took place both in this country and in Japan during 1915 and 1916. But it would be strange and abnormal indeed if war with its horrors did not hold more of evil potentiality than of good for both the speculator and the investor.

Stock markets also affect more people in wartime because millions then become owners of securities for the first time. Ownership of government bonds is spread broadcast, and generally even during the blackest period of a war there is a more or less unrestrained market for these bonds on the leading stock exchanges. All eyes are turned in that direction at the very moment when because of the war it may be necessary to put artificial restriction on the free play of supply and demand. Usually one stock exchange in each country is enough more important than all others to make its policies and actions the predominating influence. In general it may be said that New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Tokio are now the central investment and speculative markets of the world.

The extreme length to which a stock exchange may go in meeting wartime conditions is, naturally, to shut its doors. Overwhelming disaster, sudden emergency of a most violent nature, or widespread disorder and the breaking up of government such as exists in Russia, would naturally force the New York Stock Exchange to close. Less radical measures which might be adopted, and which actually have been adopted by various exchanges since the war started, are the abolition or regulation of short selling, "minimum" prices, below which no one is permitted to sell, and the abolition of any except "cash" transactions.

Orderly Adjustment

Every sensible person is aware that prediction during this war is a sorry business. What appears the quintessence of wisdom at this writing may look foolish when the article is in the hands of its readers. But as far as can be seen at present the commonsense thing in finance is an orderly adjustment of the country to its war problems. This applies just as much to the committees of Congress, to the Secretary of the Treasury and to the bankers as it does to the governors of the stock exchange. If Secretary McAdoo or Senator Simmons had announced five minutes after President Wilson read his famous war message last spring that a law would at once be passed taxing incomes and profits as high as sixty per cent the results would have been deplorable to the last degree.

Just so if the war should long continue and become extremely disastrous for this country it might be necessary to close the stock exchange. Who knows? But as long as the exchange can be kept open it will and should be kept open. The nearer to normal that conditions can be maintained in finance without hindering the prosecution of the war the better it is for the country. Indeed, the keeping open of the stock exchange is a demonstration of power, and will so remain as far ahead as we can see at present.

If it had been closed during the violent decline in stock prices that occurred in October and November great comfort would have been given our enemies. The mere circulation of the rumor at that time that it might close did infinite harm. Thousands of shares of stock were sold merely because the owners thought they had better get out while there was a chance. They would never have thought of selling if the closing rumor had not reached them. The selling orders came from Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Detroit and Cincinnati as well as from New York. Moreover, banks in all parts of the country drew in their loans on "call" for fear the exchange would close, and as a consequence money rates jumped up. When it became known that the rumor was groundless money rates eased off and stocks moved up.

For the financial system of the country to have broken down to the extent of closing its largest investment and speculative market at the very moment when the Liberty Loan was being floated would have played right into Germany's hands. The moral effect would have been tremendously unfortunate. It may be said with the utmost emphasis that neither at that time nor at any time since have the leading bankers or financial authorities considered it desirable to strike such a blow at confidence, and they both hope and trust it may at no time be necessary.

The Abuse of Short Selling

It is always possible to restrict or forbid short selling, but the plan usually works badly because the relief is only temporary and the after-results are unfortunate. Germany tried it once, but gave it up, and France tried it during the Russo-Japanese War with but poor results. Yet it may become necessary at times. The New York Stock Exchange has neither prohibited nor restricted short selling, but since November first it has placed this form of speculation under formal and official scrutiny and a threat of publicity in order to prevent its abuse during wartime. Thus far the results have been excellent.

If the war lasts long enough it may be necessary to forbid all speculation in stocks and bonds. It will be an evil necessity, because such a regulation will be unenforceable. It can be enforced easily enough on the stock exchange, but not on the curbs, gutters, or in the saloons, cafés and bucket shops. Normally it requires no argument to prove the need of reasonable stock speculation. No way has yet been found to organize large corporations without speculation. A man will invest in a small enterprise in whose management he has some voice without a speculative market; but who will buy stock in a great concern whose managers one does not even know, unless there is some way of selling out? And there is no sure way by which the investor can get out unless there are speculators ready to buy.

Now as long as we have speculation there must be two sides to it. Speculation without short selling is like a country consisting entirely of radicals or entirely of conservatives. It is the commonplace of daily Wall Street experience that stocks in which there is no "short interest" are the ones which drop five, ten and twenty points between sales, and those in which there is a reasonable amount of short selling fall only fractions at a time. Bull speculators, and especially professional bull pools, always try to unload at high prices, and they often succeed. Then when some bad news comes and the market goes to pieces, bear operators who had sold at higher prices begin to buy and check the decline. Experience and first-hand evidence all go to prove that short selling checks the extreme advances and declines, thus acting as a balance wheel.

But short selling, like buying, for that matter, or like eating and resting and exercise, can be abused. The short seller, or bear, often sells even after prices have fallen, greedily unwilling to take his fair profit by buying in because he hopes prices will go still lower. Ordinarily this does no harm because his efforts are more or less offset by the bull pools. But since this country got into war there have been very few bull pools, and there is no doubt whatever that short selling and bear raiding have in certain instances gone much too far. Difficult and delicate as it is to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate short selling, the line must and can be drawn.

At the outbreak of the European War the world was so frightened that all stock exchanges were obliged to close. But the New York exchange was the last to close, and prices descended in an orderly, well-behaved manner. This was largely because of the extensive short interest then in existence. It was fortunate that the exchange remained open so long because prices had an opportunity to fall so far that when operations were resumed months later it was on a sound, normal level, with everything liquidated. The European exchanges on the other hand closed so quickly, before prices had fallen far, that when at last they resumed it was only with the greatest difficulty that brokers could meet their debts. Indeed it is said on good authority that not all the 1914 accounts on the London Stock Exchange have been liquidated yet, so drastic was the drop between the closing and the reopening prices.

Again, in the summer of 1917, there was a slump in security prices, perhaps the severest this country has ever gone through unaccompanied by actual panic. This retreat, this "readjustment" of lines made absolutely necessary by our participation in the war, was conducted in an orderly manner, without failure and catastrophe, largely because of the existence once more of an extensive short interest. Not only were there none of the bank failures which usually go with such conditions, but there was not even a nasty rumor about a bank, or a single brokerage failure. Wall Street survived a panic in all but name without a casualty. Of course the Federal Reserve system was an important factor in this happy result, but the heavy short interest was another.

Now the short interest created late in 1916 and early in 1917 was absolutely legitimate up to a certain point. Indeed it was a patriotic thing to do to raid the market which maniacs had created in 1916. There was far more danger to the country from the absurd heights to which stocks went in that year than from any possible depths to which they may fall from now on. Panics never come from lowering prices too far. They are always the result, or accompaniment, of driving prices too high.

Short Sales Under Scrutiny

But at last, in the fall of 1917, prices had fallen as far as they reasonably should go. The fears, uncertainties, timidities and apprehensions which naturally attended our shift from the fat complacency of a money-making neutral to the responsibilities of a struggling and ultimately suffering belligerent, the mounting costs and expenses of doing business, the huge taxes and the sweeping bare of all investment markets by successive Liberty Loan operations—at last stock prices had adjusted themselves to all these influences and had perhaps "discounted" even worse. Then it no longer became desirable to sell stocks short. At that point the bear ceased to perform an economic function and became a danger and a nuisance.

So it was necessary for the stock exchange authorities to take the bull by the horns, or rather the bear by the tail. It had to put a ban upon the vicious operations of mere seasoned gamblers who play stocks just as they play poker, without thought as to the moral or economic effects. With stocks already at panic levels, and probably far below what they will later sell at, the bear raider became a white-livered pirate and wrecker, especially in view of a most unusual and peculiar condition that could exist only in this war, namely: That the machinery of short selling might easily be used by disloyal citizens or even by enemies to attack American credit and property values, carrying these attacks to a point which might even impair the nation's war-making power.

All manner of ugly and alarming reports were circulated, and the plain fact was that a few large plungers, forgetful of all sense of proportion, decency and patriotism, continued to slam the market. If the stock exchange authorities had not acted the Government probably would have stepped in and assumed control. But the governing committee of the exchange was not caught napping. On November first it passed a rule that all members must report daily in sealed envelopes the amount of their short sales and the names of the customers for whom the sales were made, and also the amount and names of stocks borrowed—borrowing of stock being an absolute prerequisite of bear raiding. Brokers and the public as well were given to understand that if bear raids did not cease at once the names of the buccaneers would be made public. These steps of course had the desired effect. The cards were on the table. Bear raids stopped at once, and up to this writing the market has been settling down into normal.

Reference has been made to alarming rumors. It is difficult, of course, to hunt rumor-mongers to their lairs, for rumor is an impalpable, intangible thing. Circulating false rumors to depress values is, under certain conditions, a state-prison offense; but the writer recalls only two instances in which men have been sent to jail for such a crime. One of the offenders was a notorious crook and the other was such a persistent, noisy and open defamer of a certain well-known corporation that he must have been mentally unbalanced.

Before the Tide Turned

It is a good sign that in the last few years the stock exchange authorities themselves have shown constantly increasing vigilance in running down ugly rumors, or at least in threatening to run them down, which really does almost as much good. The moral suasion is what counts. Unfortunately not many persons have sense enough to realize that it is just as wrong to circulate rumors to boost prices artificially as it is to depress them. Recently a faked telegram from the president of a corporation was published in Wall Street and the price of the stock rose several points on the false statement of large earnings. This particular fake was investigated, but generally people are complaisant enough about false rumors on the bull side though indignant the country over when the bears employ similar tactics.

Many persons have wondered whether it would not be wise to place minimum prices on stocks. This was done when the exchange first reopened in November, 1914. But though people were frightened to death at that time and the world's morale was badly shattered, it was then known to an inner circle of bankers and to the exchange authorities that the country was on the eve of great prosperity. The exchange had been closed because of the complete demoralization of the balance of trade between this country and Europe. It was opened because the balance was swinging in our favor. The problem was to open the door just a little way at first and see what people would do. It was thought that once people realized how rapidly the country was headed toward prosperity they would buy instead of sell stocks, and this was exactly what happened. But lest something different might happen minimum prices were established for a time.

In November and December, 1917, no one knew positively whether the bottom had been reached. It was feared that in case of a great military defeat minimum prices would merely have the effect of limiting operations on the exchange and driving them into the gutter, where even lower prices would be made. This is what happened when the exchange was closed altogether in August, September and October, 1914. During the Civil War the stock exchange refused to keep open more than an hour or two a day and offered extremely limited facilities, with the result that stocks were slaughtered all night in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Minimum prices will not hold the lid on if things go badly.

On several of the European exchanges no operations are now permitted except for cash. There are no margin purchases, no operations "for the account," or on "futures." Under such conditions the market practically becomes "frozen." Holders of stocks cannot sell except at considerable sacrifices. It becomes more difficult than ever for corporations to raise funds except on government loans. The country is deprived of a valuable barometer of trade and finance. Such a limitation is desirable only as a last resort.

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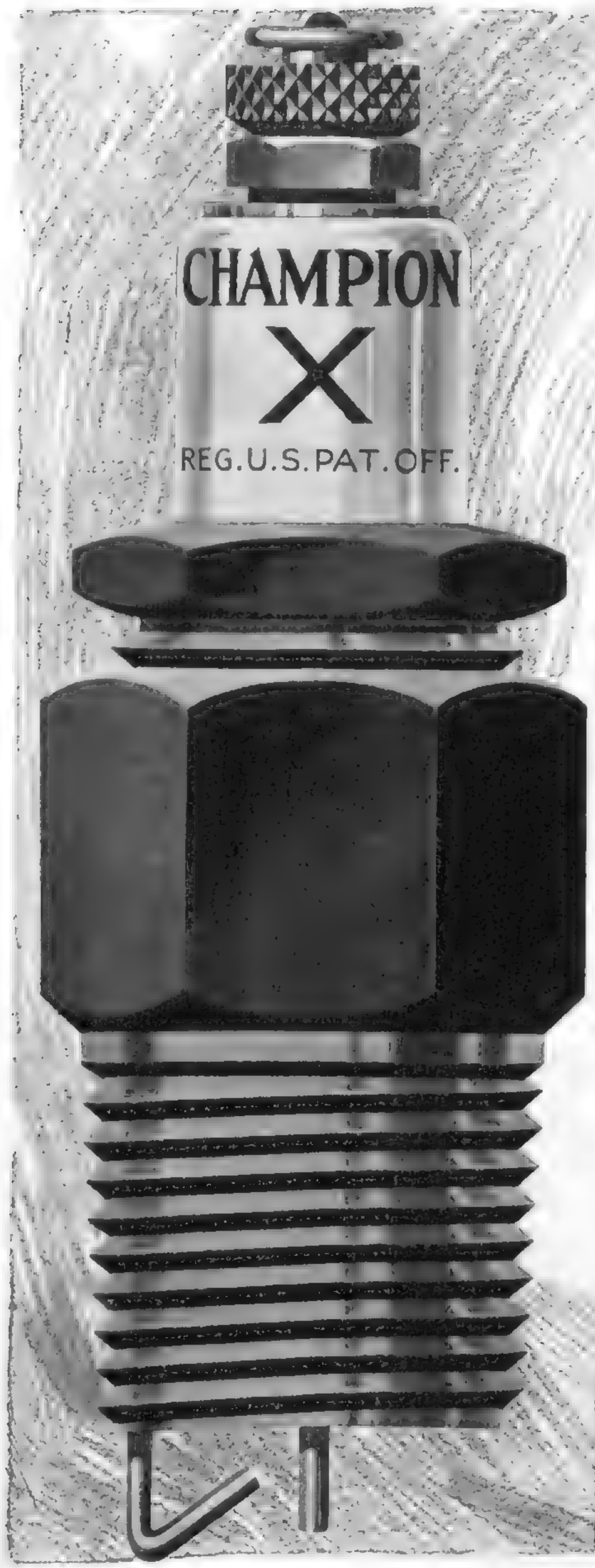
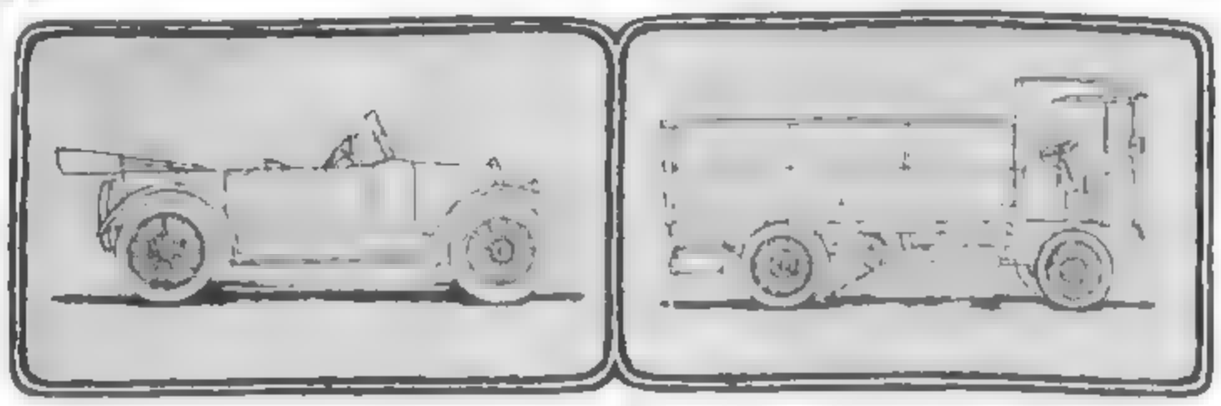


Champion To Dependable World Trade



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Then you may be sure that the product so distinguished among the many has come to be the standard of *quality and value.*

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And this combination of quality and value in Champions is the result of superior facilities.

The Champion scientific laboratory facilities for the development of quality in Spark Plugs are unequalled in all the world.

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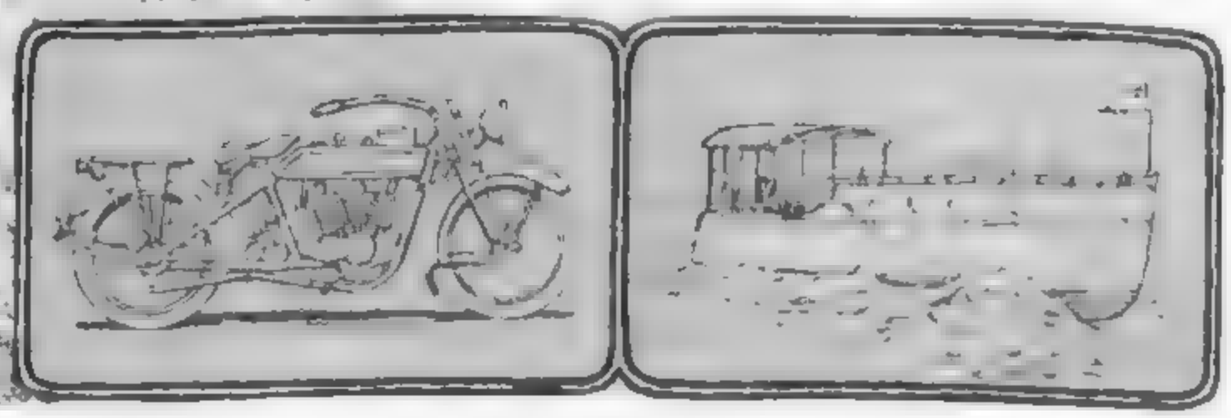
Champion Spark Plug



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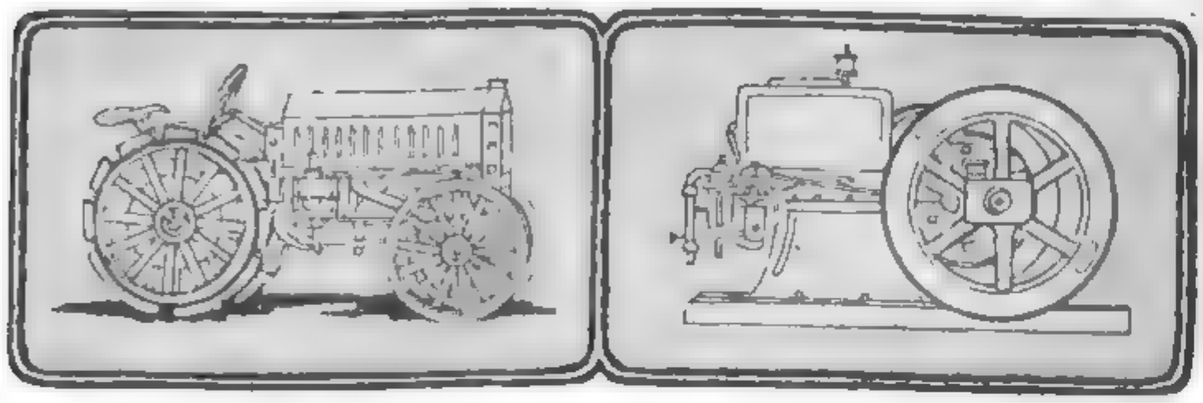
Spark Plugs



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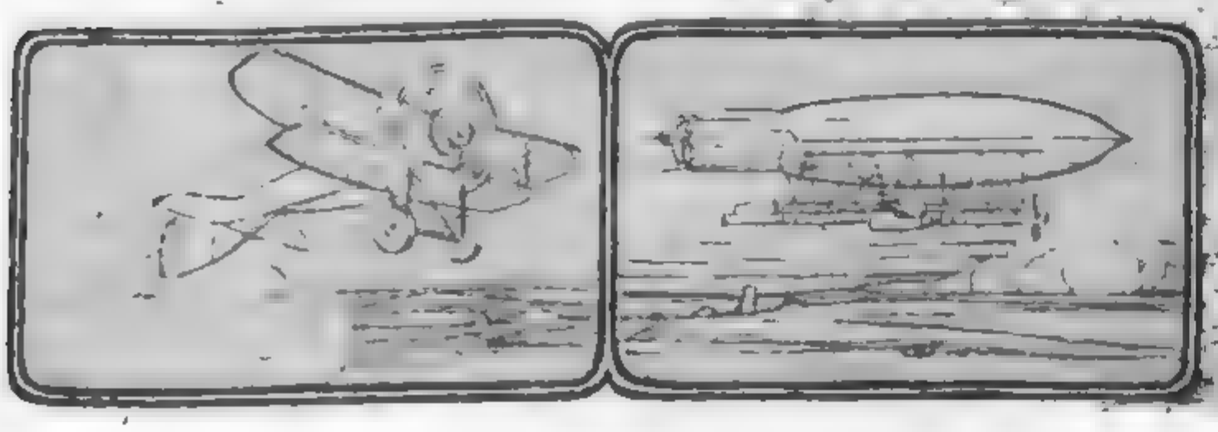
Company, Toledo, Ohio



THE GRIZZLY DOES HIS BIT

By ENOS A. MILLS

WHEN the food supply of the grizzly bear becomes scarce he goes to bed and sleeps until another supply is available. He feasts on the fat of the land during the summer, and literally wraps himself in a thick blanket of fat. Thus wrapped, when winter comes on he digs a hole and crawls in. He refuses food until there is a reasonable supply, even though he waits five months for it.

One autumn day a professor from the Chicago University and myself visited the Hallett Glacier. New snow had fallen a few days before and a soft slushy coating of this still overlay the ice. We explored one of the upper crevasses of the glacier and then emerged to look down its steep slope. He challenged me to coast to the bottom. Seating ourselves on this soft wet snow, at his word "Go!" we slid away on the steep snow-lubricated mountain. Just as we started, we espied at the bottom of the slope, where we were soon to be, a huge grizzly bear. Each autumn numbers of insects and sometimes bushels of grasshoppers are either blown upon the ice and snow, or else approach it too closely and fall from having their wings chilled. Evidently the grizzlies long ago learned of this food supply, and the ice fields are regularly visited by them during the autumn.

I wish you might have seen our efforts as we tried to change our minds on that steep slope! The grizzly was eating grasshoppers; but he heard us and fled at a racing gallop, giving us an excellent side view of his clumsy, far-outreaching lively hind legs, going it flat-footed.

Ofttimes, too, in autumn along the timber line the grizzly feeds freely upon the latest of the season's berries and the last green plants. In this region and in the heights above, the bears fatten themselves before retiring for their long winter's sleep.

The hibernating habits of the grizzly are not completely understood. The custom probably originated, as did the hibernation of other animals, from the scarcity of food. A long acquaintance with the grizzly and the study of his hibernation have been of the greatest interest.

With the oncoming of winter, only a few kinds of bear food remain. The grizzly daily seeks out these; he is ever alert for any small animal or fish that he may catch, and gladly accepts the body of a dead bird or any carcass he finds. He is generally fat when he turns in for his winter's sleep; but I do not believe he eats a special food during the last few days before denning up. However, he may do so.

Getting Ready for Winter

On the few occasions when I was able to keep track of a bear he did not eat a single thing during the four or five days that immediately preceded his retirement. I have examined a number of grizzlies that were killed while hibernating, and in every instance the stomach and intestines were entirely empty. These facts lead me to conclude that bears do not eat just before hibernating; that they rest and fast for a few days before going permanently to the winter den.

The bear prepares his winter quarters in advance of the time needed. After the den is completely ready he continues his usual search for food. Generally this requires long excursions, and he may wander fifteen to twenty miles from the den.

In climbing along the bottom of a deep narrow ravine one November day I espied on a slope above me what appeared to be a carload or more of freshly dumped earth. My first thought was that a prospector was at work driving a tunnel; but upon examination it proved to be a recently finished but unoccupied hibernating den. The entrance was about three feet in diameter. Just inside, the den was a trifle larger; and it extended, nearly level, into the mountain side for about twelve feet. At the back it was six feet across and four feet high. The size of the den varies and is apparently determined by the character of the soil in which it is made and by the taste of the animal making it. Most other dens I have measured were a trifle smaller than this one.

During the period immediately preceding hibernation the grizzly may spend the time in the den he will occupy during the winter; but in a number of cases I have known him to occupy a temporary nest upon the surface of the ground.

In the Northwest grizzlies hibernate in the heights above the timber line. Many used to hibernate above the timber line in the front range of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado; but in Southwestern Colorado and in the Yellowstone Park region their winter dens are in lower altitudes—sometimes as low as six thousand feet.

The grizzly may use the same den for several winters or have a new one each winter. He may dig this himself or take an old one that another bear has used or one shaped by Nature—a cave or a rock slide. Near my home on the slope of Long's Peak I have known them to den up beneath the thickly matted prostrate trees at the timber line, an altitude of about eleven thousand feet. I knew of one grizzly hibernating in a prospector's abandoned tunnel. Sometimes, like the black bear, he will dig a den on a steep mountain side beneath the widely spreading roots of trees; sometimes beneath a large fallen log, close to the upturned roots which support it. In crossing the mountains one February I noticed a steamy vapor rising from a hole in the snow by the protruding roots of an overturned tree. I walked to the hole to learn the cause of it. The vapor was rank with the odor of a bear.

Snow for a Comforter

If completely sheltered in a cave he is commonly satisfied to lie on bare rocks, with nothing over him. In other places he crawls beneath a huge pile of trash—leaves, sticks and roots. Snow had drifted deeply over each hibernating place I found. In many localities the hibernating den is in a northern or northeasterly slope. This possibly is for the purpose of insuring a permanent snow covering.

About the middle of one snowless December, which followed a snowless November, one day I came upon a grizzly bear carrying spruce boughs into his den. Evidently, with the absence of the snow blanket, he found the den cold.

Sometimes the entrance to the den appears to be partly closed by the occupant; once in, he reaches out and claws the lower part of it full of earth or rakes in trash and leaves. In most instances nothing is done to close the den; but the snow usually does this most effectively. The first snows that come drift back into the den, pile upward, and at last the entrance is closed.

Twice I have known bears to hibernate in enormous nests that were made of the long fibers of cedar bark. One of these nests must have taken days to construct, as more than forty cedar trees had been more or less disrobed to supply material for it. It resembled the nests of trash that razorback hogs in the South construct, though much larger. The bear, after piling it up, had worked himself into it near the bottom, somewhat after the fashion of a boy crawling into a haycock. Over this nest the snow spread its blanket and probably afforded the bear all the protection he needed.

Most of the hibernating places I have examined were without any floor covering. In other words, the bear slept upon the naked earth or the bare rocks. However, I remember seeing one den the bottom of which was thickly covered with pine boughs; and another was lined with three or four inches of long coarse sedge.

The primal cause for hibernation is the scarcity of food. The period of hibernation is determined chiefly by the length of time that food is scarce.

Snow is a factor in determining when bears begin their winter's sleep. It helps to close and keep snug the den. Early snows commonly mean early hibernation. If the bear is fat and winter begins early he is likely to hibernate early; but if snow is scarce and food can still be obtained he is likely to delay hibernation.

The individuality of the animal is also a factor in determining when he begins hibernation. I have known a difference of three weeks' time in the beginning of hibernation by two fat, apparently healthy bears in the same locality. A grizzly in poor flesh seems to hesitate about turning in for the winter. On two occasions I have known grizzlies poor in flesh to delay hibernation for a month or more after the other local grizzlies had disappeared.

They may begin hibernating as early as the middle of November. In most localities the time of turning in is likely to be a month later than this. A grizzly may emerge from the den early in March or not until a month or two later. He hibernates from two to five months. Most of this time is spent asleep in the den, without water or food. He may occasionally stick his head out and look round. Some may come out more than once and walk round or sun themselves for a few hours; but commonly they lie close until spring.

A sniffling and grunting attracted my attention one winter day as I was snowshoeing along the side of a ravine. Presently, a short distance ahead of me, I saw a grizzly thrust his nose out of a hole. Then his head followed. At first his eyes were closed and then they opened slightly. His head was shaking and drooping. It fell lower and lower, when, with a jerk, the grizzly would raise it, only to let it shake and droop again. Evidently it was the head of a very sleepy grizzly. After repeating this performance a number of times, occasionally opening his eyes briefly, he withdrew and disappeared in the den.

During the first few weeks that they are hibernating grizzlies are easily awakened, and so, too, toward the end of the hibernation; but during the middle period they are more drowsy. Hunters, trappers and snowslides have driven grizzlies from their dens during every stage of hibernation, and in a short time after the bear came forth his senses were as alert as ever; he was able either to run away or to fight in his normal aggressive manner.

Prospectors in Jefferson Valley, Montana, told me they had staked some claims and started to drive a tunnel early in December. A day or two after they began blasting they noticed a bear break out of a snowy den and scamper away on the mountain side. They tracked him to a place where he had holed up again. It was their belief that either the noise or the jar of their shots had awakened and reawakened him. Disgusted, he had sought a quieter sleeping place.

After the Long Sleep

In the spring many grizzlies appear to have the habit of coming out to sun themselves. I examined the tracks that led from one den early in March. Apparently this bear had, during the previous two weeks, been out a number of times to sun himself. One well-beaten pathway of tracks led to a rocky cliff, which he appeared to have used during the morning. Another pathway in the snow led to a slope where he had repeatedly lain down; and this slope was exposed to only the afternoon sun.

At the limits of tree growth one cold March day I came upon the tracks of a grizzly bear. As these were descending the mountain I back-tracked them and found the den in which the grizzly had spent the winter. The inside of the den was gravelly and comparatively clean.

It was just sundown when I reached this den, and as the heights were icy I hesitated about continuing across the Divide that night. The weather had been clear during the week, and as only this single line of tracks led from the den, I judged that this was the first time the grizzly had sauntered forth. I knew the bears often go forth for a short ramble in the spring and then return to the den; but I concluded to take chances and occupy it for the night. I do not know what this grizzly did—whether or not he came back in sight of the den; but my fire may have kept him at bay.

In the spring the grizzly's claws are, of course, longer and sharper than in the autumn or early winter. The soles of his feet, too, commonly have a new covering and are soft and tender. Ordinarily by early winter the pads of a grizzly's feet are hard and cracked, and the claws often badly worn

In all the snowy records I have seen of bears coming forth to sun themselves, to exercise or to change dens, there never has been the slightest indication that they ate anything. One of the absurd tales which still circulate concerning the grizzly is that he sucks his paws while hibernating. In the spring he comes forth fat and does not at once eat heartily. His first food is likely to consist of the green shoots of early plants or the twigs of trees.

In the instances when I was able to watch them there was almost a fast during the first few days after they came from winter quarters. Only a few ounces of food were eaten during the first few days immediately after emerging. Each drank a little water. The first thing each ate was a few willow twigs. Apparently they eat little until a number of days have elapsed.

During the grizzly's long hibernating fast the walls of the stomach contract, sometimes completely closing the interior. Two stomachs I saw, which were taken from bears killed late in the winter, were like solid chunks of rubber. Probably the muscles slowly relax; at any rate, several days commonly pass after he comes out before the grizzly is "as hungry as a bear."

I watched one for seven days after he emerged from his hibernating cave. His winter quarters were at timber line on Battle Mountain, an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet. The winter had been of average temperature, but with scanty snowfall. I saw him, by chance, just as he was emerging, on the first day of March.

Working Up an Appetite

He walked about aimlessly for an hour or more; then returned to his sleeping place without eating or drinking anything.

The following morning he came forth and wandered about until afternoon; then he broke his fast with a mouthful of willow twigs. He took a drink of water. After this he walked leisurely about until nearly sundown and then made himself a nest at the foot of a cliff in the woods. Here he remained until late the following afternoon, apparently sleeping. Just before sundown he walked out a short distance, smelled of a number of things, licked the snow a few times and returned to his nest.

The next morning he went early for water and ate more willow twigs. In the afternoon he came on a dead bird—apparently a junco—which he ate. Another drink, and he lay down at the foot of a tree for the night. The following morning he drank freely of water, surprised a rabbit, which he devoured, and then lay down and probably slept until noon the next day. On this day he found a dead grouse and toward evening caught another rabbit.

On the seventh day he started off with more spirit than on any of those preceding. Evidently he was hungry. He caught another rabbit, apparently picked up three or four dead birds, and captured some mice. He covered more distance than in all the other days.

Much of the spring food of bears consists of young shoots and grasses, swelling buds, and the tuberous roots of plants.

A bear is as fat in the spring when leaving the den as he was when he entered it the preceding fall. He can run about for days and travel many miles without indication of hunger or any signs of fatigue. After the first few active days he begins to lose weight, and commonly continues to lose it for several weeks; but with the feasts of summer he adds to his weight, and sometimes in July he is again accumulating fat.

The winter life of many animals is stern and strange. During the autumn the beaver gathers a harvest of food sufficient for the winter months. This is stored in the water, for use when the pond is closed over with ice. The cony harvests hay for winter. Numbers of animals hunt food each day in the snow; but the woodchuck and the bear hibernate—that is, they fast and sleep in a den during the winter.

Come: let's go back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again!

BEDTIME stories over, tumble-time all through—good-night to Johnnie and Dollie.

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"What shall we do? That's it! And it will be good because they show Paramount and Artcraft pictures. But hurry—we don't want to miss a minute of it."

* * *

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You slip out of yourself. And your mind is all dressed up in a pinafore or knickerbockers. You're headed hot-foot back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again. The Land where things are what they ought to be—the land of Fancy-Free, of Youth—the wonderful land of motion pictures.

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And you agree that Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures are good company to keep as you go back to Johnnie and Dollie, wiser in the wisdom of the Land-of-Beginning-Again—with a mind even more ready for understanding their problems and a surer, closer comradeship with these keepers of your hearts.

* * *

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For Wheat Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Rye Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Graham Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Whole Wheat	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Bran Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Raisin Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Fruit Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Nut Bread	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Brown Bread	use	33%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Coffee Cake	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Roll Dough	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Pie Crust	use 25 to	50%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Tea Biscuit	use 20 to	40%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Fried Cakes	use 25 to	35%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Crullers	use 25 to	35%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Doughnuts	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Fritters	use 20 to	40%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Griddle Cakes	use 25 to	50%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Waffles	use 20 to	40%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Muffins	use 25 to	50%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Dark Sheet Cake	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Dark Cup Cake	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Dark Cookies	use 15 to	25%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Dumplings	use 25 to	50%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Noodles	use 25 to	50%	of Barley, Rye or Corn
For Puddings	use 25 to	50%	of Barley, Rye or Corn

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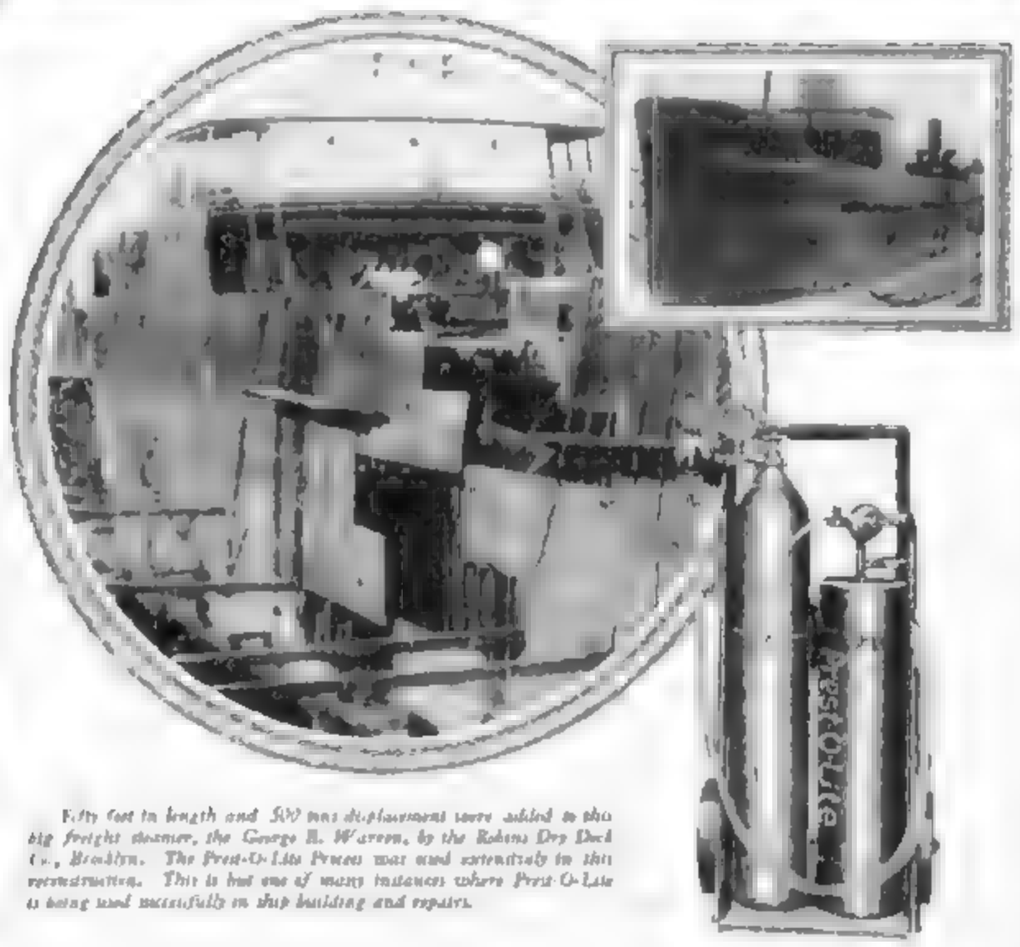

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CAPTAIN SCHLOTTERWERZ

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timid heart was oppressed by the strange place and by strange thoughts concerning it, she felt a moment's gladness that they had come.

"Jake Helmholz is a cholly feller," Mr. Hitzel went on, chuckling. "He gits along good down here. Says Viila ain't nefer come in hundert and finfty miles. He ain't afrait of Villa, besites. He seen him once; he shook hants nice, he said. Dinnertime, Jake Helmholz he's got a fine supp'ice to show us, he says."

"You mean something he's having cooked for us for dinner as a surprise, papa?"

"No; he gits us a Cherman dinner, he says; but it ain't a supp'ice to eat. He says 'You chust wait,' he says to me. 'You'll git a supp'ice for dinner. It's goin' to be the supp'ice of your life,' he says; 'but it ain't nutting to eat,' he says. 'It's goin' to be a supp'ice for Miss Bairta, too,' Jake says. 'She'll like it nice, too,' he says."

But Bertha did not care for surprises; she looked anxious. "I wish he wouldn't have a surprise for us," she said. "I'm afraid of finding one every minute anyhow, in the washbowl or somewhere. I know I'll go crazy the first time I see a tarantula!"

"Oh, it ain't goin' to be no bug," her father assured her. "Jake says it's too fine a climate for much bugs; he ain't nefer worry none about bugs. He says it's a supp'ice we like so much it tickles us putty near dead!"

Bertha frowned involuntarily, wishing that her father had not used the word dead just then; she felt Mexico ominous round her, and even that intermittent cockerow failed to reassure her as a homely and familiar sound. Mexico itself was surprising enough for her; even the appearance of her semirelative, the landlord Helmholz, had been a surprise to her, and she wished that he had not prepared anything additional. Her definite fear was that his idea might prove to be something barbaric and improper in the way of native dances; and she had a bad afternoon, not needing to go outside of her room to find it. But a little while after the sharp sunset the husk-colored chambermaid brought in a lamp, and Mr. Hitzel followed, shouting wheezily. He had discovered the surprise.

"Hoopee!" he cried. "Come look! Bairta, come down! It's here! Come down, see who!" He seized her wrist, hauling her with him, Bertha timorous and reluctant. "Come look! It's here, settin' at our dinner table; it's all fixed in the garten waitin'. Hoopee! Hoopee!"

And having thus partly urged and partly led her down the stairs he halted her in the trellised entrance of Mr. Helmholz' incongruous garden, a walled inclosure with a roof of black night. Half a dozen oil lamps left indeterminate yet definitely unfamiliar the shapings of foliage, scrawled in gargoyle shadows against the patched stucco walls; but one of the lamps stood upon a small table which had been set for three people to dine, and the light twinkled there reassuringly enough upon commonplace metal and china, and glossed amber streaks brightly up and down slender long bottles. It made too—not quite so reassuringly—a Rembrandt sketch of the two men who stood waiting there—little, ragged-faced, burnt-dry Helmholz, and a biggish young man in brown linen clothes with a sturdy figure under them. His face was large, yet made of shining and ruddy features rather small than large; he was ample yet compact; bulkily yet tightly muscular everywhere, suggesting nothing whatever of grace, nevertheless leaving to a stranger's first glance no possibility to doubt his capacity for immense activity and resistance. Most of all he produced an impression of the stiffest sort of thickness; thickness seemed to be profoundly his great power. This strong young man was Mr. Helmholz' surprise for Bertha and her father.

The latter could not get over it. "Supp'ice!" he cried, laughing loudly in his great pleasure. "'I got a supp'ice for you and Miss Bairta,' he tells me. 'Comes efening dinnertime you git a supp'ice,' Jake says. Look, Bairta, what for a supp'ice he makes us! You nefer seen him before. Guess who it is. It's Louie!"

"Louie?" she repeated vacantly.

"Louie Schlotterwerz!" her father shouted. "Your own cousin! Minna's Ludwig! Y'efer see such a fine young feller? It's Louie!"

Vociferating, he pulled her forward; but the new cousin met them halfway and kissed Bertha's hand with an abrupt gallantry altogether matter-of-fact with him, but obviously confusing to Bertha. She found nothing better to do than to stare at her hand, thus saluted, and to put it behind her immediately after its release, whereupon there was more hilarity from her father.

"Look!" he cried. "She don't know what to do! She don't seen such manners from young fellers in Cincinneti; I should took her to Chermany long ago. Sit down! Sit down! We eat some, drink cless Rhine wine and git acquainted."

"Yes," said Helmholz. "Eat good. You'll find there's worse places than Mexico to come for German dishes; it'll surprise you. Canned United States soup you git, maybe, but afterworts is *Wiener Schnitzel* and all else German. And if you got obyeckshuns to the way my waiters look out for you, why, chust hit 'em in the nose once, and send for me!"

He departed as the husk-colored servitress and another like her set soup before his guests. Schlotterwerz had not yet spoken distinguishably, though he had murmured over Bertha's hand and laughed heartily with his uncle. But his expression was amiable, and Bertha after glancing at him timidly began: "Do you ——" Then blushing even more than before she turned to her father. "Does he—does Cousin Ludwig speak English?"

Mr. Hitzel's high good humor increased all the time, and having bestowed upon his nephew a buffet of approval across the little table—"Speak Eng-lish?" he exclaimed. "Speaks it as good as me and you! He was four years in Eng-land, different times. Speaks Eng-lish, French, Mexican—Spanish, you call it, I guess—I heert him speak it to Jakie Helmholz. Speaks all lengwitches. Cherman, Louie speaks it too fest."

Schlotterwerz laughed. "I'm afraid Uncle Fritz is rather vain, Cousin Bertha," he said; and she was astonished to hear no detectable accent in his speech, though she said afterward that his English reminded her more of a Boston professor who had been one of her teachers in school than of anything else she could think of. "Your papa and I had a little talk before dinner, in German," Schlotterwerz went on. "At least, we attempted it. Your papa had to stop frequently to think of words he had forgotten, and sometimes he found it necessary to ask me the meaning of an idiom which I introduced into our conversation. He assured me that you spoke German with difficulty, Cousin Bertha; but, if you permit me to say it, I think he finds himself more comfortable in the English tongue."

Mr. Hitzel chuckled, not abashed; then he groaned. "No, I ain't! A feller can't remember half what his olt lengwitch is; yet all the same time he like to speak it, and maybe he gits so's he can't speak neither one if he don't look out! Feller can hear plenty Cherman in Cincinneti." His expression clouded with a reminiscence of pain. "Well, I tell you, Louie, I am gled to git away from there. I couldn't stood the U. S. no longer. It's too much! I couldn't swaller it no longer!"

"I should think not," Louie agreed sympathetically. "Many others are like you, Uncle Fritz; they're crossing the frontier every day. That's part of my business here, as I mentioned."

Old Fred nodded. "Louie tellss me he comes here about copper mines," he said to Bertha; "for after-the-war bissnuss. Cherman gufment takes him off the navy a while once, and he's come also to see if Chermans from the U. S. which comes in Mexico could git back home to fight for the olt country. Louie's got plenty on his hants. You can see he's a smart feller, Bairta!"

"Yes, papa," she said meekly; but her cousin laughed and changed the subject.

"How are things in your part of the States?" he asked. "Pretty bad?"

"So tough I couldn't stood 'em, ain't I tolt you?" Mr. Hitzel responded with sudden vehemence. "It's too much! I tell you I hat to hate to walk on the streets my own city! I tell you, the United States iss Eng-lish lovers! I don't want to go back in the U. S. long as I am a lifin' man! The U. S. hates you if you are from Chermans.

(Concluded on Page 70)

The HOME SHE OWNS

SHE will never be happy until she has a home of her very own. Hardly a day passes that she does not think of *her* home, as she would have it. It is to be a place of comfort, contentment and harmony; it is to be practical, convenient, beautiful.

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(Concluded from Page 68)

Yes, it's so! If the U. S. is goin' to hate me because I am from Chermans, well, by Gott, I can hate the U. S.!"

Bertha interposed: "Oh, no! Papa, you mustn't say that."

The old man set down the wineglass he was tremulously lifting to his lips and turned to her. "Why? Why I shouldn't say it? Look once: Why did the U. S. commence from the beginning pickin' on Chermany? And now why is it war against Chermany? Ammunitions! So Wall Street don't git soaked for Eng-lish bonds! So bullet makers keep on gittin' quick-rich. Why don't I hate the U. S. because it kills million Chermans from U. S. bullets, when it was against the law all time to send bullets for the Eng-lish to kill Chermans? Ain't it so, Louie?"

But the young man shook his head. He seemed a little amused by his uncle's violent earnestness, and probably he was amused too by the old fellow's interpretation of international law. "No, Uncle Fritz," he said. "I think we may admit—between ourselves at least, and in Mexico—we may admit that the Yankees can hardly be blamed for selling munitions to anybody who can buy them."

Mr. Hitzel sat dumfounded. "You don't blame 'em?" he cried. "You are Cherman *offizier*, and you don't ——"

"Not at all," said Schlotterwerz. "It's what we should do ourselves under the same circumstances. We always have done so, in fact. Of course we take the opposite point of view diplomatically, but we have no real quarrel with the States upon the matter of munitions. All that is propaganda for the proletariat." He laughed indulgently. "The proletariat takes enormous meals of propaganda; supplying the fodder is a great and expensive industry!"

Mr. Hitzel's expression was that of a person altogether nonplused; he stared at this cool nephew of his, and said nothing. But Bertha had begun to feel less embarrassed than she had been at first, and she spoke with some assurance.

"What a beautiful thing it would be if nobody at all made bullets," she said. "If there wasn't any ammunition—why, then ——".

"Why, then," said the foreign cousin, smiling, "we should again have to fight with clubs and axes."

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "I mean if there wouldn't be any fighting at all."

He interrupted her, laughing. "When is that state of the universe to arrive?"

"Oh, it could!" she protested earnestly. "The people don't really want to fight each other."

"No; that is so, perhaps," he assented. "Well, then, why couldn't it happen that there wouldn't ever be any more fighting?"

"Because," said Schlotterwerz, "because though peoples might not fight, nations always will. Peoples must be kept nations, for one reason, so that they will fight."

"Oh!" Bertha cried.

"Yes!" said her cousin emphatically; he had grown serious. "If war dies, progress dies. War is the health of nations."

"You mean war is good?" Bertha said incredulously.

"War is the best good!"

"You mean war when you have to fight to defend your country?"

"I mean war."

She looked at him with wide eyes that comprehended only the simplest matters and comprehended the simplest with the most literal simplicity.

"But the corpses," she said faintly. "Is it good for them?"

"What?" said her cousin, staring now in turn.

Bertha answered him. "War is killing people. Well, if you knew where the spirits went—the spirits that were in the corpses that get killed—if you knew for certain that they all went to heaven, and war would only be sending them to a good place—why, then perhaps you could say war is good. You can't say it till you are certain that it is good for all the corpses."

"Colossal!" the young officer exclaimed, vaguely annoyed. "Really, I don't know what you're talking about. I'm afraid it sounds like some nonsense you caught from Yankeedollarland. We must forget all that now, when you are going to be a good German. Myself, I speak of humanity. War is necessary for the progress of humanity. There can be no advance for humanity unless the most advanced nation leads it. To lead it the most advanced nation must conquer the others. To conquer them it must make war."

"But the Germans!" Bertha cried. "The Germans say they are the most advanced, but they claim they didn't make the war. Papa had letters and letters from Germany, and they all said they were attacked. That's what so much talk was about at home in Cincinnati. Up to the Lusitania the biggest question of all was about which side made the war."

"They all made it," said Schlotterwerz. "War was inevitable, and that nation was the cleverest which chose its own time for it and struck first."

Bertha was dismayed. "But we always—always ——" She faltered. "We claimed that the war was forced on Germany by the English."

"It was inevitable," her cousin repeated. "It was coming. Those who did not know it were stupid. War is always going to come; and the most advanced nation will always be prepared for it. By such means it will first conquer, then rule all the others. Already we are preparing for the next war. Indeed, we are fighting this one, I may say, with a view to the next, and the peace we make will really be what one now calls 'jockeying for position' for the next war.

"Let us put aside all this talk of 'Who began the war,' and accusations and defenses in journalism and oratory; all this nonsense about international law, which doesn't exist, and all the absurdities about mercy. Nature has no mercy; neither has the upward striving in man. Let us speak like adult people, frankly. We are three blood relations, in perfect sympathy. You have fled from the cowardly hypocrisy of the Yankees, and I am a German officer. Let us look only at the truth. What do we see? That life is war and war is the glory of life, and peace is part of war. In peace we work. It is work behind the lines, and though the guns may be quiet for the time, our frontiers are always our front lines. Look at the network of railways we had built in peace up to the Belgian frontier. We were ready, you see. That is why we are winning. We shall be ready again and win again when the time comes, and again after that. The glorious future belongs all to Germany."

Bertha had not much more than touched the food before her, though she had been hungry when they sat down; and now she stopped eating altogether, letting her hands drop into her lap; where they did not rest, however, for her fingers were clutched and unclutched nervously as she listened. Her father continued to eat, but not heartily; he drank more than he ate; he said nothing; and during moments of silence his heavy breathing became audible. The young German was unaware that his talk produced any change in the emotional condition of his new-found relatives; he talked on, eating almost vastly, himself, but drinking temperately.

He abandoned the great subject for a time, and told them of his mother and brothers, all in war work except Gustave, who, as the Hitzels knew, had been killed at the Somme. Finally, when Cousin Louie had eaten as much as he could he lit a cigar taken from an embroidered silk case which he carried, and offered one to his uncle. Old Fred did not lift his eyes; he shook his head and fumbled in one of his waistcoat pockets.

"No," he said in a husky voice. "I smoke my own I brought from Cincinneti."

"As you like," Schlotterwerz returned. "Mine come from Havana." He laughed and added, "By secret express!"

"You ain't tell us," Mr. Hitzel said, his voice still husky—"you ain't tel. us yet how long you been in Mexico."

"About fourteen months, looking out for the commercial future and doing my share to make the border interesting at the present time for those Yankees you hate so properly, Uncle Fritz."

Hitzel seemed to ruminate feebly. "You know," he said, "you know I didn't heert from Minna since Feb'wary; she ain't wrote me a letter. Say once, how do the Cherman people feel towards us that is from Chermans in the U. S.—the Cherman-Americans."

His nephew grunted. "What would you expect?" he inquired. "You, of course, are exempt; you have left the country in disgust, because you are a true German. But the people at home will never forgive the German-Americans. It is felt that they could have kept America out of this war if they had been really loyal. It was expected of them; but they were cowardly, and they will lose by it when the test comes."

"Test?" old Fred repeated vacantly.

The nephew made a slight gesture with his right hand, to aid him in expressing the obviousness of what he said. "Call it the German test of the Monroe Doctrine. Freedom of the seas will give Germany control of the seas, of course. The Panama Canal will be internationalized, and the States will be weakened by their approaching war with Japan, which is inevitable. Then will come the test of the Monroe Doctrine! We have often approached it, but it will be a much better time when England is out of the way and the States have been exhausted by war with Japan."

Bertha interposed: "Would England want to help the United States?"

"Not out of generosity," Schlotterwerz laughed. "For her own interest—Canada." He became jocularly condescending and employed a phrase which Bertha vaguely felt to be somewhat cumbersome and unnatural. "My fair cousin," he said, "listen to some truth, my fair cousin. No nation ever acts with generosity. Every government encourages the proletariat to claim such virtues, but it has never been done and never will be done. See what the Yankees are claiming: They go to war 'to make the world safe for democracy.' One must laugh! They enter the war not for democracy; not to save France nor to save England; not to save international law! Neither is it to save Wall Street millionaires—though all that is excellent for the proletariat and brings splendid results. No, my fair cousin, the Yankees never did anything generous in their whole history; it isn't in the blood. You are right to hate them, because they are selfish not from a glorious policy, like the great among the Germans, but out of the meanness of their crawling hearts. They went to war with us because they were afraid for their own precious skins, later!"

"I don't believe it!"

Bertha's voice was suddenly sharp and loud, and the timid blushes had gone from her cheeks. She was pale, but brighter-eyed than her father had ever seen her—brighter-eyed than anybody had ever seen her. "I don't believe it! We went to war because all that you've been saying has to be fought till it's out of the world; I just now understand. Oh!" she cried, "I just now understand why our American boys went to drive the ambulances in France, but not in Germany!"

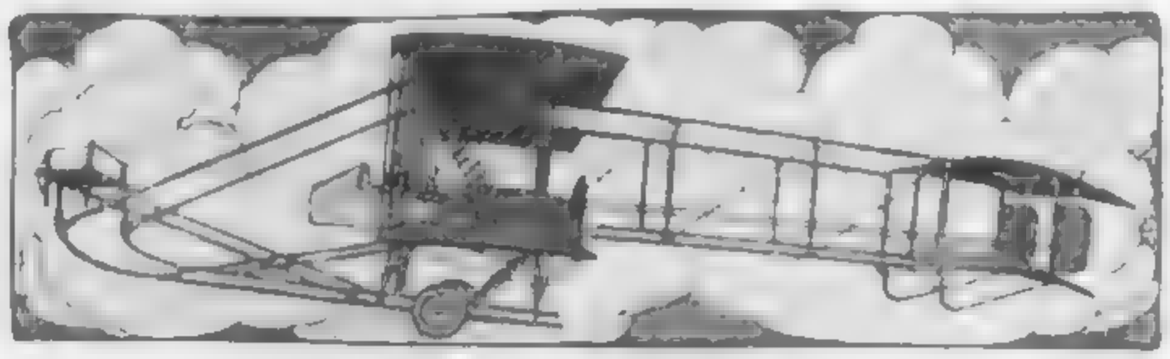
Captain Schlotterwerz sat amazed, staring at her in an astonishment too great to permit his taking the cigar from his mouth for better enunciation. "We," he echoed. "Now she says 'we'!" His gaze moved to her father. "She is a Yankee, she means. You hear what she says?"

"Yes, I heert her," said his uncle thickly.

"Well, what ——"

Old Fred Hitzel rose to his feet and with a shaking hand pointed in what he believed to be the direction of the Atlantic Ocean.

"What you subbose, you flubdubber?" he shouted. "Git back to Chermany! Git back to Chermany if you got any way to take you! Git back and try some more how long you can fool the Cherman people till you git 'em to heng you up to a lemp post! Tomorrow me and Bairta starts home again for our own country. It's Cincinneti, you bet you! We heert you! It's too much! It's too much! It's too much!"



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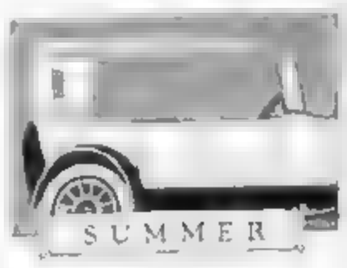

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A total of 6,655,383 carloads annually for these nine commodities.

* These figures are the latest obtainable and are approximate.

For information write
Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager, Union Pacific System, Chicago

ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR

(Continued from Page 8)

Mr. Docker once sought a contract for building railroad cars for Russia. Four other British car builders had ambitions to land the same contract. The result was that five highly competitive British bids were entered. In this contract the specifications called for dining, freight and sleeping cars. Each bidder bid on all three types. They were too high and American firms got the work.

This incident set Mr. Docker to thinking. He reasoned out that if there had been teamwork among the British bidders, and if three firms, each specializing on a specific type of car, had entered a bid at the lowest possible price, they could have landed the business. In other words, by concentrating on dining cars, for instance, John Brown could have produced in quantity and, therefore, at a cheaper rate than if he were turning out freight and dining cars on the same job.

Mr. Docker called a meeting of some of his colleagues and put the proposition squarely up to them. He proposed that the leading British manufacturers of all kinds should each subscribe five thousand dollars a year—this was later reduced to five hundred—and form a group that would pool resources and get as much of the business of the world as possible. Out of this grew the Federation of British Industries, which today has a membership of five hundred and three firms and seventy-eight trade associations. It has tabooed politics and tariffs until the end of the war. The one object is, Get Together! It is the Congress of British Manufacturers, and through a growing alliance with labor it is developing into a Parliament of Industry that is bound to exercise a tremendous influence in the shaping and the making of all after-the-war trade.

The formal objects of the federation are: To deal with the urgent problems and difficulties caused by the war; to insure that the interests of manufacturers shall receive proper consideration from the government and from the government departments; to promote oversea trade and to safeguard the interests of British manufacturers abroad.

The real purpose, however, was summed up to me in a compact and illuminating fashion by Mr. Docker himself. He said:

"The big lesson England must learn is that you may begin to produce an article at a pound and end by turning it out at a shilling if you make enough of them. We must keep our factories going all the time, even if the profit is reduced."

Mr. Docker practices what he preaches, whether with tanks or sleeping cars. His colleagues are doing the same thing. Now you begin to understand that quantity output has come to England to stay. It is the driving wheel of the reborn British industry.

The Federation of British Industries is really the watchdog of imperial trade. Being British, it is a bulldog and won't let go. It has a parliamentary committee that scrutinizes every bill affecting business; it is establishing a staff of legal advisers in foreign capitals to look after British business abroad; it keeps its members abreast of the march of international economic events.

Imperialism Dramatized

You will perceive, from this brief explanation of its activities, that the Federation of British Industries is the custodian of industry at home. Now let us turn to its full mate, the British Empire Producers' Organization, which does for all the dominions over the seas what the federation does within the confines of the United Kingdom. Here is where you find the almost thrilling dramatization of imperialism; the incarnation of the doctrine of self-sufficiency in scope of empire.

The beginning of this organization was characteristic. Before the war began the United Kingdom depended upon Germany and Austria for more than eighty per cent of its sugar. This supply ended with the beginning of hostilities and there was a great scurrying round to locate new sources. For one thing, the imports from America were largely increased; but these were not enough. Two years are required to lay out and harvest a sugar-beet crop. Something had to be done.

In the latter part of 1916 it was discovered that a draft form of contract for dealing in German beet sugar after the war was going the rounds in Mincing Lane, one of the busy commercial highways in the financial district of London known as the City. The contract was being circulated by Englishmen who were more commercial than patriotic. Just as soon as the self-respecting sugar producers and dealers of the country heard of this they rose in arms against the procedure. They did not know what they could do, but they realized that something must be done, and at once. After an active canvass by various public-spirited business men a sugar conference was called in London, in 1916, to discuss ways and means of establishing an all-British sugar industry.

Fortunately for the promoters, W. M. Hughes, of Australia, was then in the midst of his triumphal tour of the kingdom. It was Hughes who first declared economic war on Germany in the great oversea commonwealth; who broke the Teutonic monopoly of the antipodean metal fields; and who was now rousing Britain to her commercial responsibility. Hughes lives, breathes and thinks in terms of imperialism. He became sponsor for the revolt of the sugar industry against returning, so far as Britain was concerned, to German rule after the war. In a brilliant speech at the sugar conference he urged the producers to make themselves, and through themselves the whole empire, independent of the Hun. As usual, he carried everyone with him.

A League of Producers

At that conference was born the British Empire Producers' Organization, which is now one of the most dynamic agencies for the economic reconstruction of the whole empire. It has drawn to its standard the South African Federated Chamber of Industries, comprising forty-two producing and manufacturing industries in South Africa; the Australian Sugar Producers' Association, with thirteen hundred growers; the New Zealand Farmers' Union; the British Sugar-Beet Growers' Association; the Indian Sugar Producers' Association; the National Sugar Association; the United Planters' Association of Southern India, with its thirteen separate bodies; the Indigo Planters of the Empire; the Ceylon Association; and the Rubber Growers' Association, with its four hundred and eighty-nine companies, which comprise almost a world rubber monopoly. With it are affiliated the Associated Chambers of Manufacture of Australia; the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; the Chamber of Agriculture of Mauritius; and the West India Committee, which controls the commercial destinies of the British West Indies. Thus, the resources of the empire are linked up for a common development purpose.

The whole purpose of the organization is to make the British Empire self-supporting and to build up a close-knit economic commonwealth. I can state its concrete purpose no better than to quote the following extract from its prospectus:

"Forming our conception of a commonwealth of Britannic nations, each governing its own affairs but perceiving its deep interest in the progressive welfare of the rest of the empire, the first proposition toward mutual self-help is that British materials should be developed primarily for British manufacture. In other words, the proper customers for our boundless stores of metals are the engineering and allied industries in the United Kingdom and other dominions. The proper customers for such materials, again, as rubber, sugar, cereals, copra, palm kernels, cotton, wool, jute, and many other riches of our empire, are the British factories and mills in which these products are refined or worked up for general consumption, or the British homes to which they are distributed direct.

"Conversely, the proper customers for British machinery and other manufactures are the farming, planting and mining industries developing the vast national resources of an empire that is still largely unexplored virgin territory."

Thus, it becomes an organization for the construction of a system of empire trade communication and combination. You get a hint of the completeness of its purpose, and how it touches all the people, when you analyze its program with reference to sugar. Again let me quote the prospectus:

"The people, for example, who have a business interest in the increase of British sugar growing are not merely the planters and the refiners and the makers of sugar machinery. They must embrace, also, the manufacturers of electrical apparatus to drive that machinery, and the shipping and rolling-stock to distribute the product. We must go further and include the manufacturers of confectionery and other commodities, who see now the importance of securing continuous supplies of cheap sugar by the encouragement of intensified production on British soil, instead of being dependent on the good graces of unfriendly neighbors.

"Finally, there is the community of housekeepers, still amazed and disgusted to find that they have been carelessly enjoying cheap sugar on sufferance from an enemy who had always cherished the hope of sooner or later reducing the British Isles by starvation."

The British Empire Producers' Organization has one definite idea in mind, and that is to recreate, through the stimulation of new industries and agriculture, a self-supporting empire. It has drawn into its membership practically *every* economic organization over the seas, and it is waging a continuous and relentless campaign that has already borne fruit in the establishment of a whole new sugar industry. The great moral it is hammering into the British producers everywhere is: "Let there be co-operation between the British producers. Keep all your fighting trade strength for the German after the war."

There is another equally big idea behind the British Empire Producers' Organization: Before the war began, Great Britain's national debt was about three and a half billion dollars. After the war, assuming that it shall end this year, it will not be less than twenty billions—possibly much more. The government's income before the war was about one billion dollars. After the war the income it will need to pay its way will be approximately two and a half billions. If the taxation is to produce the whole additional billion and a half a year everybody will be worse off, as less money will circulate; people will have less money to spend; saving and new enterprises will be checked.

By exploiting the resources of the empire it is expected to secure a new and larger income, with which to pay interest on the national debt; and, also, an immense unearned increment, out of which the whole colossal national debt can be ultimately paid.

This may sound impossible; but here are the facts to substantiate the claim, reproduced from an official document:

"The resources of the empire which it is proposed to develop are to be found both in the United Kingdom and overseas. The wealth of the United Kingdom was valued before the war at seventy-five billion dollars and the wealth of the empire at one hundred and fifty billions. This valuation takes no account of any of the undeveloped resources of the empire, which, in the tropical regions of Africa alone, are known to be of great importance. The wealth of the United States is valued at upward of two hundred billion dollars. The natural resources of the British Empire are immeasurably greater, and it should not be difficult by state action to bring the value of our empire wealth up to at least this figure. If the greater portion of the increase is the result of state action, the national debt will be fully covered."

Problems of Peace

Whether this economic millennium can be brought about remains to be seen; but no one can doubt that through the efforts of the British Empire Producers' Organisation the productivity of the whole empire is being stimulated, and it will help tremendously to make Britain and her dependencies imposing trade factors to be reckoned with after the war. It points to the United States the precedent for an intensive development of Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and possibly Cuba.

As the climax to all these agencies of industrial mobilization and development comes the Ministry of Reconstruction, which gives the final and official touch to Britain's preparations to meet the problems of peace. John Bull has taken off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and, through the medium of a new and completely organized

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You know that drugs should not be necessary. If continued, they lead to a laxative habit. The trouble lies in wrong hygiene.

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Denatured wheat—wheat robbed of bran—is unbalanced. It has nothing to offset the clogging effects of starch.

So all doctors advise a bran-mixed diet. And nearly everybody knows its necessity.

The Right Bran Dish

Means a Better Breakfast and a Better Day

Folks don't like clear bran. If they eat it at all, they soon quit it, and doctors know that.

So, by their advice, we make a cereal dainty which is 25 per cent flake bran. Flake bran—not ground bran—is the proper form.

We hide this bran in luscious soft cereal flakes. One hardly knows it is there.

The result is a rolled cereal dainty which everybody likes. No one ever tires of cereal. It starts the day with a delightful dish which has sufficient bran.

It has no radical effects. It is not for a sudden remedy, but to keep you at your best.

This bran-food is called Pettijohn's. Served once a day, it will supply your daily need of bran.

Try it for one week. Note how you enjoy it, and note its effects. See how your spirits improve. We do not believe you will ever go back to the old, wrong, branless habit.

Order a package now.

Pettijohn's

A Cereal Dainty—25% Bran

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food
is a flavory cereal dainty, whose delicious flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran. Sold in packages.

Pettijohn's Flour
is 75 per cent white patent flour mixed with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

branch of the government, is building the way to an orderly and scientific rehabilitation.

This infant ministry has the giant task of empire. At the head of it is Dr. Christopher Addison, a lithe, energetic little man, whose almost youthful face is in curious contrast with his prematurely white hair. In him you behold one of the many miracles of transformation the war has wrought. Ten years ago he was a professor of anatomy at University College, Sheffield. He got into Parliament and lined up with Lloyd George in the great reform campaign that made his career as chancellor of the exchequer one continuous storm.

It was Doctor Addison who wrote the famous Health Insurance Act. It won him the friendship of the little Welshman; and when the Ministry of Munitions was organized, in 1915, he became one of his coworkers. He showed such administrative and organizing ability that upon the retirement of Lloyd George he succeeded him as minister.

Such is the dramatic span in the life of this one-time doctor. It is only equaled by the career of Sir Auckland Geddes, brother of the virile and many-sided Eric, and who was graduated from a professorship of anatomy at McGill University into the directorship of national service of Great Britain. The big jobs in the war seem to have a peculiar affinity for anatomical experts.

To Doctor Addison has been put up the really stupendous job of readjusting the army of men and machines to peace, so there will not be the slightest dislocation of industry, traffic, temper or society. Britain must be maintained as a going concern in the perilous interregnum between the end of the war and the resumption of normal life. This means the transfer of more than five million men from France and all the other theaters of fighting, together with their equipment, animals, mechanical transport and supplies, back to England.

It further embraces the adapting of all these men to their old jobs or to new ones that will need them more. A still further demand will be the shifting of the entire mechanism that produces munitions of war to the output of peace. The very contemplation of the magnitude of this performance is well-nigh staggering. Yet you can go to Doctor Addison's office, in a building in London that faces Queen Anne's Gate, and find the whole vast scheme of reconstruction mapped out on charts, with every task outlined and the way it is to be done.

Six Great Branches

The work of the ministry is divided into six main branches, each one indicated by a letter. The first is A, and deals generally with production, raw materials and trade organization. It coördinates all combinations of British manufactures, scientific research for industry and commercial intelligence into one huge working unit; and also provides, among other things, for an imperial mineral resources bureau. It is making a survey of the metal, building, chemical and textile trades and their markets, with a view to finding out their needs in men and money after the war. This branch has a close working arrangement with the Board of Trade for the control and regulation of raw materials.

The next branch, B, is devoted to finance, transport, shipping and disposal of government stores, and includes an organized scheme for adapting all the houses and huts used for war purposes to the needs of the civilian population. A picturesque annex is working out a plan for the development of a commercial air service. Every war lesson will be capitalized. One very important adjunct of this department is a bureau to devise ways and means of giving financial assistance to industrial and agricultural expansion. The plan of government subsidy of corporations, which began during the war, will continue afterward. John Bull is in business for keeps. Credits, coinage and customs are also part of this section.

Branch C, which is dedicated to labor and industrial organization, has as its principal function the enormous work of army demobilization, which I will explain a little later. It is arranging to set up a whole new system of industrial training and will establish a joint council of employers and employees to prevent labor complications during the transition period.

The fourth branch, D, is devoted to rural development, having in mind more particularly the increased production of food, new agricultural industries, like tobacco and the sugar beet, rural education, the betterment of village life through cooperation, forestry and rural transport; while to the fifth division, E, is assigned social development, which includes a new department of public health, health insurance, war pensions, housing, taxation and physical education.

The sixth department will handle the countless legal questions affecting land, leases, contracts, and all of the other interminable litigations that will crowd so thick and fast upon the troubled days when the nation shall take stock of itself after the shock of peace. It will be as great a shock as war.

Each one of these main divisions is in charge of an undersecretary, who has his own organization. Each of the important wings, like labor, finance and the demobilization of men and industry, has a complete and separate staff of statisticians and expert investigators. One secretary is charged with the work of keeping in touch with the reconstruction work done by other governmental departments. This will secure coördination of effort and prevent overlapping.

Because the United States will face a kindred process of restoration sooner or later, it may be well to look more closely into some of the specific details of the British plan. First and foremost in the work of reconstruction is army demobilization. That this immense turnover of men may be made without friction is probably the greatest anxiety of England to-day. How is it to be done?

Business Reconstruction

The army is being indexed by trades. According to Doctor Addison's present scheme, they will be classified into forty-two groups of industries. The men belonging to the essential industries will be released at once. Regard will be taken, of course, as to whether they are married or single, and in what part of the world they happen to be. It follows, therefore, that the artisans in France will be rushed home first. Soldiers whose places in industry have been reserved for them will come first in the order of return to lathe and bench. It is estimated that they number approximately one million.

To facilitate this procedure a complete register of industrial firms and their after-the-war needs is necessary. This census is now being taken; and if the war should come to a sudden close it will be ready. Firms desiring the return of their old employees will be able to get them from the army at once.

The country is being divided into demobilization districts. In each the munitions area office—there is one for each district—will be converted into a sort of employment exchange and provided with a list of men in the army from that district, and of the trades in which they were engaged before the war.

This whole process will have the active coöperation of the Ministry of Munitions, the national service department, the labor exchanges and the trade unions. This coöperation will do more than years of talk to bring about a better understanding between capital and labor, because Work for All! will be the slogan. Industrial peace can arrive with the laying down of arms.

Second only in importance to demobilization of men is demobilization of industry. In order to grasp the difficulties of this work you must first realize that thousands of firms in the engineering and allied trades are engaged in war work. Many of these firms had government and civil contracts at the outbreak of hostilities, and these contracts have been interrupted. To this list you must add what might be called international contracts—that is, orders from foreign governments and foreign firms for all kinds of goods. How is this stupendous readjustment to be made?

You have seen from the army demobilization plan just how the men will be provided and allotted. In order to expedite the shifting of contracts from war to civil work, a clearing branch has been set up in the Ministry of Munitions to deal with the task. This branch will allot machines as well as men, to the end that every manufacturer who has contributed to the munitions output will have a fair chance at the output of peace.

All antebellum contracts, interrupted or held up by war work, are being mobilized in

(Continued on Page 77)

Drift *with the* Zephyr *and keep the breeze at your back*

Race *with the* Gale *and put the wind in your face*

Like a feather on a fitful summer zephyr the Peerless Eight will pause and drift or dart this way or that with the changing current of congested city traffic.

But at will, you can utterly change its character. You can transform that delectable softness into resistless power and speed.

For the Peerless Eight with its two separate and distinct power ranges is capable of exactly opposite kinds of performance.

You have eighty horsepower under the most remarkable control. You may drift with an idle zephyr and hold it back, or, in a flash, you may race with the gale and keep the wind in your face.

The new Two Power Ranger accentuates those delightful contrasts of performance that distinguish the Peerless Eight among even the master cars of the day.

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For every need in ordinary driving you will find response, entirely within its "loafing" range, that will completely answer your every demand for ultra soft, smooth, lively performance.

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The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Stewart Lens $2 per pair

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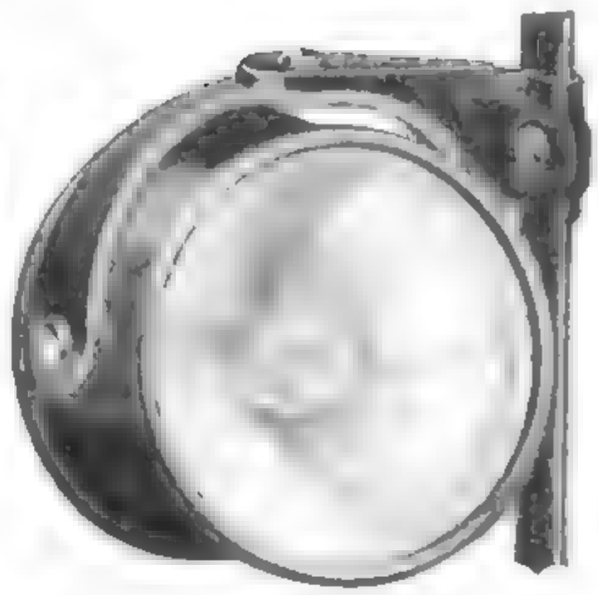

Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $5

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When you buy Stewart Accessories you get

Prestige Because back of each Stewart Accessory stands the world's greatest automobile accessory plant.

Quality Because the name "Stewart" is to an automobile accessory what "Sterling" is to silver, signifying quality to the highest degree.

Service Because in addition to the built-in service in Stewart Accessories, they are backed by a chain of world-wide Service Stations, located in all principal motoring centers.

Satisfaction Because when your car is equipped with Stewart Accessories you know you have the best that money can buy.

Stewart Accessories represent the standard by which all other automobile accessories are made, sold and judged.

When you want an automobile accessory it will pay you to first see if Stewart makes it. It is a safe name to look for *first*.

You will find Stewart Automobile Accessories everywhere. Every jobber, dealer and garage sells them and displays them prominently. Look in any automobile accessory catalogue; you will find Stewart Accessories given preference. The name "Stewart" is a by-word in the automobile industry.

Most cars are equipped with Stewart Accessories; 95% of the car manufacturers use the Stewart Speedometer; over 75% use the Stewart Vacuum System. The Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal, Hand Operated Signal, Searchlight, Autoguard, Lens and V-Ray Spark Plug are popular equipment with all car manufacturers.

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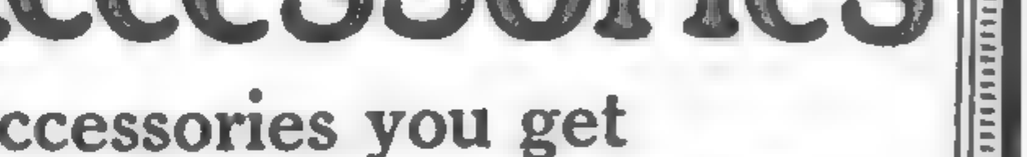
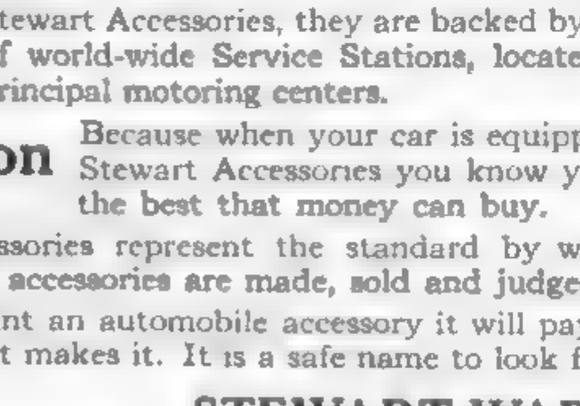
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart Vacuum System $10

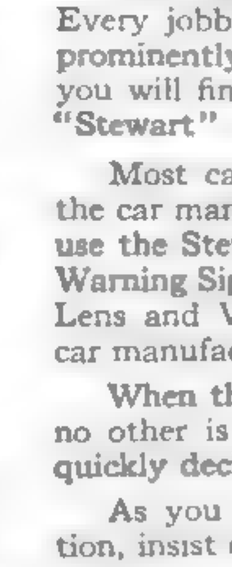


Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Fords $12
Western price $12.50

$3.50 Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal



Stewart Autoguard $9
Western price $9.75
Ford Model $7.50
Western price $8.25
Ford Rear Autoguard Tire Carrier $11.50
Western price $12.50



$1 Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug

Stewart PRODUCTS
PRESTIGE
QUALITY
SERVICE
SATISFACTION
USA

(Continued from Page 74)

what might be called a contract pool. The firms that make new contracts now are required to report and enter them in this pool. A central authority will later allot them among firms, according to their capacity, with instructions to begin work as soon as peace is declared. The index of firms being made for army demobilization will serve here.

The Ministry of Reconstruction realizes that when the war is over there will be a world shortage of raw materials. More than forty million men of all nations have been diverted from production to destruction. What they might have produced during the red years is so much loss. Doctor Addison has provided for a central committee, which is investigating Britain's requirements in raw materials and supplies, and the quantity that will be available. This includes an estimate of both allied and enemy needs. If the Allies can obtain the control of the Argentine and South African wool they will practically have a monopoly of the universal supply. This is one of the ambitions of this central committee.

Priority of claim will also be a very important nut to be cracked. A group of British business men is now considering how to correlate the demands from various industries for such supplies as will be accessible at the close of the war. The demands of India for railroad material, for example, would practically take a whole year's output from England. Its claims, therefore, must be considered in relation to the demands of home railroads, of the other colonies, and of foreign countries. The demands for machinery for the shipbuilding plants and other absolutely essential enterprises will be dealt with in the same way.

No feature of reconstruction is more typical of the new British creed than the Imperial Mineral Resources Board, formed to explore and exploit the mineral resources of the empire. The colonies are also setting up similar organizations. In this work the government has an active and ardent aid in the British Empire Producers' Organization. Britain is determined that what Doctor Addison aptly calls "the daughter and granddaughter companies" of the great German Metal Company shall be blocked in their game to obtain, through every kind of dummy organization, control of the mineral deposits of the world.

The most perfectly laid plan for reconstruction, however, will fail without a definite understanding with labor. The man behind the machine can disrupt the whole program, should he see fit. England realizes that there must be a bigger output after the war. This involves improved methods of production, on one hand, and security of employment, on the other. Labor organization will not encourage improved plants and labor-saving machinery if there is any fear that a proportion of men will be dismissed at the end of the week. In order to work out a plan that will do away with restricted output, guarantee jobs, and give organized labor most of its ancient prerogatives, a national alliance of employers and employees has been formed to coöperate with the Ministry of Reconstruction. It corresponds in certain details with the national civic federation of the United States.

The National Health Scheme

Any summing up of the work of the Ministry of Reconstruction would be incomplete without a word about two great new national benefactions, which must take their places among the real compensations of the war. One is the Ministry of Health, first suggested by Lord Rhondda when he was head of the Local Government Board—the "wet nurse of England"; the other is the so-called housing plan.

The Ministry of Health proposes a whole national health scheme. It involves universal sanitation and hygiene, and a house-to-house education of every citizen in how to take care of himself. England has come to the realization, born of the ravages of war, that the health of a nation is its chief asset.

The housing plan aims to provide a million houses, containing, in all, five million rooms, within four years after the declaration of peace, at a cost of a billion and a quarter dollars. It is proposed to equip each house with a kitchen range, stove, sinks, storage for food and fuel, and a bath. Each of these proposed model cottages must stand in its own garden of not less than one-eighth of an acre.

In these twin agencies of home and health lies the real conservation of the kingdom. By making a people physically fit and comfortable you likewise make them more efficient and happy. The whole British reconstruction program meets the challenge of the late German Imperial Chancellor, Doctor Michaelis, who, commenting on the Teutonic preparedness for peace, said: "To be ready is everything!" England is getting ready.

You have seen how the raw resources of the empire, mobilized, controlled and distributed by imperial decree, will be dumped into the giant hopper of a galvanized and expanded industrial machine, driven by national energy. From it will flow, with the advent of peace, a continuous stream of commodities to stock the shelves of England. Though the world will have been stripped bare and some goods will be self-selling, a dynamic salesmanship will be required to turn over these stocks, and more especially to meet the grilling competition that will eventually develop. This competition will test every selling resource. England will see that her promoters are equal to the task.

One glorified school of salesmanship and production has been established in the reorganized and rejuvenated Board of Trade, which has been converted from an amiable and drowsy trade regulator into a live business getter—a genuine Ministry of Commerce. Here you get a lesson in teaching a nation how to increase its trade.

The whole system is based upon the belief that when the war is over we shall all live in a new world of trade. Business will have to be guided in a different way because trade will involve an economic life-and-death struggle.

The Board of Trade has unfurled the motto of self-sufficiency from its masthead, and has undertaken to encourage old industries and establish new ones. It said to British manufacturers in substance: "We have hitherto relied upon Germany and Austria for needles, optical glass, dyes, leather goods, toys, hardware and woodenware. Let us produce them ourselves."

Subsidized Industry

It assembled samples of all these German goods and held so-called Exchange Exhibitions throughout the country. Sometimes they were under the auspices of the local chambers of commerce or boards of trade. In other cases the building that would correspond to an American city hall was engaged. A publicity campaign was started in the newspapers and the local manufacturers were invited to attend. They were all asked: "Can you make these articles?"

If a manufacturer said he could produce a certain piece of merchandise that was formerly imported from an enemy country, the board immediately retorted:

"There is a definite market for it. Start to manufacture and the government will back you up."

Now began an organized and subsidized promotion of industry. The most conspicuous example is afforded by British Dyes, Limited. A year ago, when I was in England, it was an infant industry. To-day it is a growing and successful concern that will be a worthy rival of the Kaiser's dye trust. Its importance to the life of British trade is evidenced by the fact that the annual turnover or output of British goods dependent upon the supply of dyes and colors is not less than a billion dollars, while the production of these goods furnishes employment to fifteen hundred thousand people.

The Board of Trade first organized what was to all intents and purposes a coöperative association of British dye users. It made them realize the necessity of independence of Germany and suggested the formation of a dye-producing company.

"But we shall need millions of capital," said the dye users.

"All right!" said the Board of Trade. "For every dollar you subscribe the government will advance five dollars, up to seven and a half million dollars, which will be secured by four-per-cent mortgage debentures."

The dye users accepted the offer and formed a company with a capital of ten million dollars, in shares of five dollars each. This enabled the small manufacturer to come in and enjoy the fruits of the enterprise. One of the stipulations of incorporation—or registration, as it is called in England—is that users of dyes who are shareholders in the company have priority in the available supplies produced. As a result of the government subsidy, the company was able to get its money at four per cent, whereas it would have had to pay five per cent in the open financial market.

Though the production of dyes has been limited by the shortage, caused by the war, of certain materials, the company was able to declare a dividend of six per cent at the annual meeting, on October 31, 1917. It met every government requirement for dyes for military purposes and supplied scores of manufacturers. It has developed colors that were formerly believed to be the divine right of German dye makers. To facilitate the scope of work it has established research departments in the universities of Oxford, Leeds and Liverpool, in addition to the work done in the various laboratories attached to its plants.

The Board of Trade has also encouraged the establishment of private dye concerns. One of these is now bigger than the British Dyes, Limited. The whole dye activity has proved to England that she can make herself independent of the main dye products of Germany.

The board achieved the same beneficent result with glass. It found the industry scattered and took it under its wing. There was a great scarcity of pots for glass making; so the board pooled these pots and then distributed them. On account of the war, a famine in sand for glass making developed. The board secured an ample supply through governmental channels. The glass industry has been revived and put on a solid, profit-making basis.

Surveys of Local Resources

This procedure was repeated with tungsten, which is necessary for the making of high-power steel. Nearly all the tungsten formerly came from Germany. A control of the raw and refined materials was part of her world-trade strategy. The board sent scientific experts to Burma and Australia, opened up new fields, and England now gets her supply from within the confines of the empire.

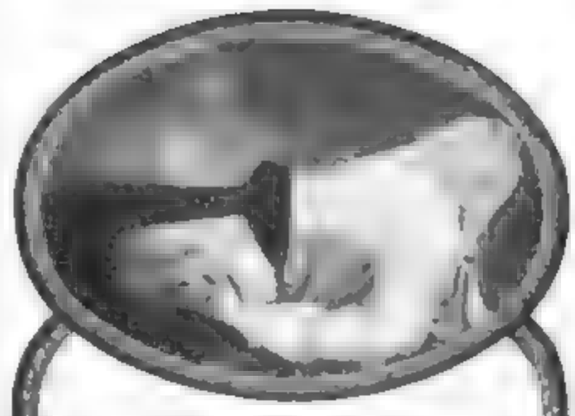
Not content with this, the Board of Trade has made a complete geological survey of England to find out just what mineral resources the country has. It revealed the presence of tungsten and manganese ores, feldspar, gypsum, and baryta, which is used in making pigments. Pamphlets were at once issued showing how all these minerals could be used at home.

The board has become the foster father of commercial enterprise that reaches out in all directions. A year ago the British Trade Corporation—it was then called the British Trade Bank—was knocking at the doors of Parliament. It then existed only on paper, and consisted of a large and comprehensive plan to provide financial facilities for British oversea trade development. It aspired to be a sort of Deutsche or Dresdener Bank of London. On my last visit I found it incorporated by royal charter, installed in offices near the Bank of England, with Lord Faringdon at the helm. Its capital of fifty million dollars was nearly all subscribed.

In this institution you get a striking example of the new England-for-the-English trade policy. All applicants for stock must declare that they are British-born subjects; that they have never taken the oath of allegiance to any foreign sovereign or state; and that there is no arrangement by which they can or will allot any of the shares to the control of any foreigner, foreign corporation, or corporation under foreign control.

I cite this condition because it clearly shows that England is determined to profit by her past experience. When the war began it was found that scores of leading British corporations were literally honeycombed with German stockholders. Many were spies for huge concerns in the Fatherland, who wanted to ferret out British trade secrets. It was part of the familiar program of Teutonic economic penetration. By censoring all stockholders the British Trade Bank armors itself against such insidious attacks.

The British Trade Corporation is well worth scrutinizing, because one of its many functions—it has a charter as elastic as those issued in the good old days when New Jersey was the mother of trusts—is to comb the world for trade opportunities and place them before the British investor. It is authorized to act as agent for the British Government, which gives it the prestige of



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Tri-Continental Corporation, Buffalo, N.Y.

a semi-imperial institution. It is projected as a training school for the British youth desirous of entering the foreign-trade or financial field. It will be a sort of up-to-date East India Company, with branches everywhere.

Here is a concrete story that shows how it protects British interests: Some men in London wanted capital for a new enterprise and sought it from the British Trade Corporation. "Where do you expect to operate?" was asked.

"In the United States," was the reply.

"Very sorry; but we cannot let you have it," came from the bank.

If these men had planned to build up a British industry on British soil the chances are they would have secured the necessary working funds.

There is another way by which this corporation can and will become a booster of British trade: One of its activities will be to lend money to foreign corporations. A condition under which these loans are made will be to employ the proceeds—if the loan is for construction—in British material and manufacture. This means a close teamwork between finance and industry. In this cooperation lay the secret of Germany's marvelous economic advance.

An additional activity of the British Trade Corporation was explained to me by Lord Faringdon, who said: "We will act as a pioneer in world trade. One of our tasks will be to feel out investments. In this way we can protect the public from the unscrupulous promoter."

The Board of Trade stands squarely behind the British Trade Corporation. Its chief sponsor is Sir Albert Stanley, the energetic Americanized president of the board, whose maiden speech in Parliament was made in support of it.

It would take a book to explain the entire trade exploitation scheme of the Board of Trade. As a follow-up of the Exchange Exhibitions of German and Austrian goods it inaugurated the British Industries Fair, in London. It was launched for the double purpose of bringing English manufacturers and their customers together, and to develop home patronage of home products. Three of these fairs have been held, each bigger and more successful than its predecessor. It is the nucleus of a World Exposition to be held annually after the war and patterned after the famous Leipsic Fair, which was Germany's great annual clearing house of her arts and crafts, and which increased her business by millions of marks each year.

England is giving many evidences of her determination to take every possible leaf out of the book of German efficiency. In the Board of Trade is a special German department to study German newspapers and German economic literature. The papers are called the Kaiser's postal cards.

A pet sponsorship of the Board of Trade is the encouragement of organization of specific industries for the foreign field. The precedent for this is the well-known German cartel, or syndicate, which is a group of small manufacturers sharing the overhead cost and uniting for expansion in the foreign field. It is a striking example of cooperation among competitors.

A National Trade Policy

However, no undertaking of the Board of Trade is quite so significant or so far-reaching in its effects as its establishment of an adequate commercial intelligence department. This is the real first aid to all international economic development—the light that points the way to the trade conquest of the world.

Commercial intelligence is the one really invaluable asset—after capital—to the commercial pathfinder, because it is his trade scout. It is as valuable as credit information, the lack of which has always been the principal obstacle in the way of American international business aspiration.

For fifty years the British Government took no real part in directing the development of foreign trade. The commercial attaché existed, to be sure; but he was regarded as one of the necessary evils of the diplomatic service. Thanks to the stimulation of the Board of Trade, aided and abetted by the Foreign Office, the government is now committed to a national trade policy that may in time dominate all foreign policies. The reason is that competition, which was once merely a part of the natural economic progress of a nation, will hereafter be nothing more or less than a fight for existence.

British commercial intelligence is being organized on a scale adequate to meet the requirements of British trade after the war. It will attain the dignity of a Parliamentary Secretary, who will occupy the position of additional Parliamentary Secretary at the Board of Trade and additional Parliamentary Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs. This double-headed arrangement results from the fact that the intelligence department must have the sanction and coöperation of the Foreign Office, because in all foreign countries it is attached to the diplomatic service.

England is training a whole new line of business diplomats. They will include commercial attachés, trade commissioners and trade counselors. The latter will be full-fledged ambassadors to the courts of trade opportunity. The scheme provides a regular scale of promotions, just like the diplomatic service. A young man will be given every opportunity to qualify for a real career as a trade envoy. This is in keeping with the whole European school of diplomacy, which, unlike America, regards statesmanship as a career and not a job

One phase of the commercial intelligence plan may well be followed by the United States: It embraces a foreign trade department created under the Foreign Office and working in close coöperation with the Board of Trade. It includes three divisions—the consular section, which is the world-wide organization; the commercial intelligence section, which is the actual business news getting; and the commercial section, which will place that news directly in the hands of business men. It is proposed to establish panels of trade advisers, recruited from the best industrial and commercial experts in the kingdom, who will advise with the department about the needs of industry at home and the development of opportunities abroad. Thus it gets the aid of practiced men of affairs

Another function will be the stimulation of British chambers of commerce abroad. One reason why these institutions have not been able to accomplish much in the past is that they are formed by local business men, who are disposed to regard the general expansion of British trade only as an encouragement of competition with themselves. The British Government is now determined to wipe out this narrow idea and to make every British chamber of commerce, whether in Madrid, Paris, Hong-Kong or Manila, a live outpost of imperial trade expansion.

Our Broadening Outlook

After the war the commercial intelligence department will take over the staff and records of the war trade intelligence and statistical departments. No ally could be more powerful. The War Trade Intelligence Department—or W. T. I., as it is commonly known—has been built up since the beginning of the war and is to-day the repository of the trade secrets of the world. It is the secret service of British commerce—close-knit and close-mouthed—and has followed the trail of the German trade spy all over the globe. It bears the same relation to business that military and naval intelligence bears to war. It made up the British black list; in its endless files is the business news gleaned by the censorship. Convert all this mass of information into active support of British trade expansion and you have an asset of incalculable value.

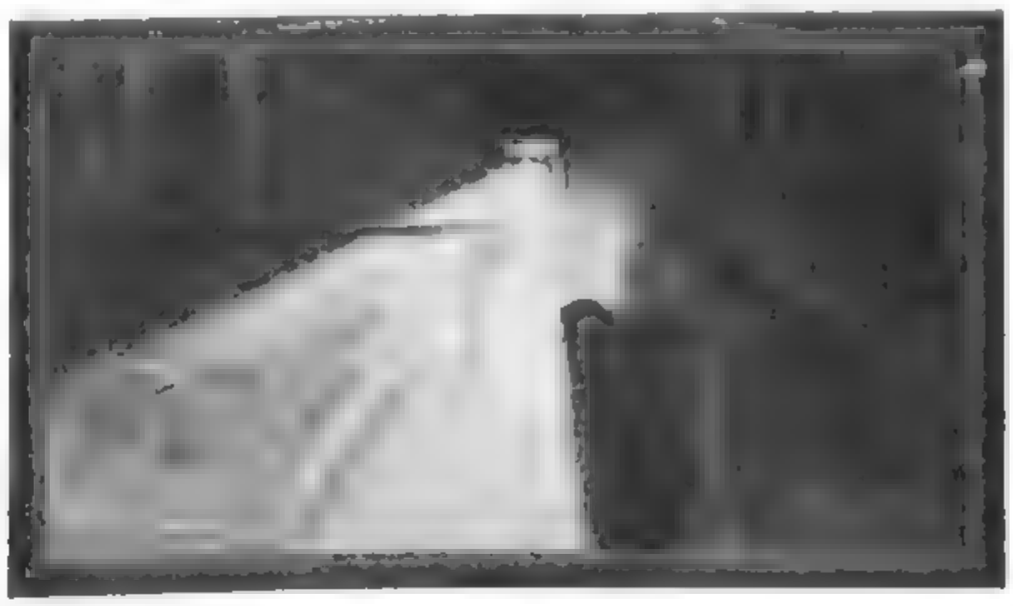
What does this endless panorama of preparation for peace mean to the United States, and what is her new world-business position in view of her entry into the war?

Analyze the situation and you find that we have gained immeasurably in international respect by joining the great cause. Whatever price we pay in possible loss of inflated foreign trade after the war, the nation will have had its highest compensation in being a partner of justice. It can hold up its head proudly in the councils of the world for all time to come.

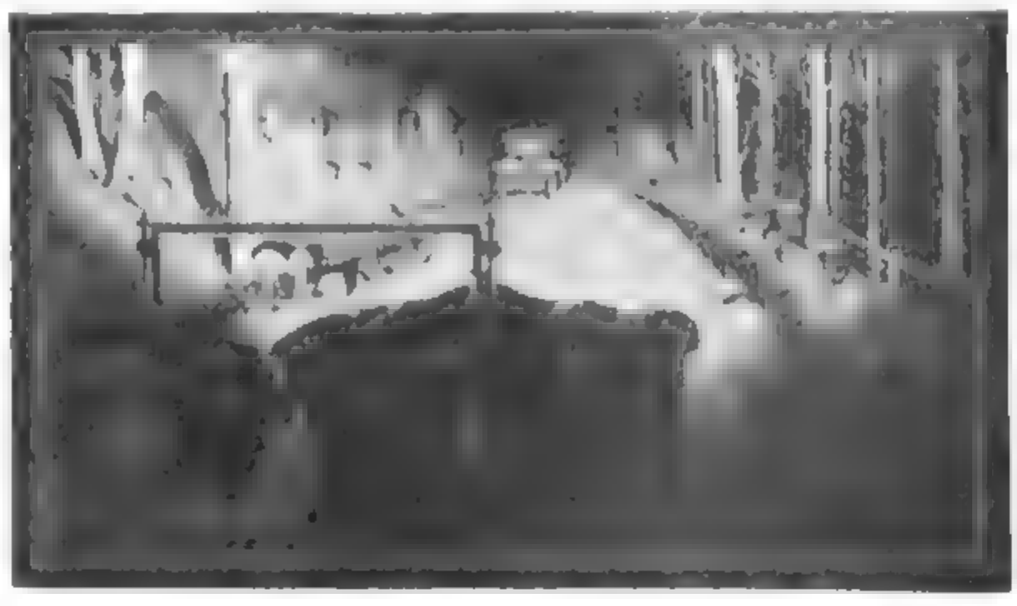
Taking the coldly practical point of view, a year ago we faced the problem of fighting the battles of peace without a merchant marine; of intrusting our freight to vessels that flew the flag of one-time foes or friendly but determined trade rivals. Now every American shipyard is crowded to the limit of its capacity with ship construction that will restore the Yankee ensign to the Seven Seas. This will give us one card to play.

A year ago we were amateurs in the world financial game. One great bar to our international financial ambition was that we did not have the international mind.

(Concluded on Page 81)



From Narrow Rays



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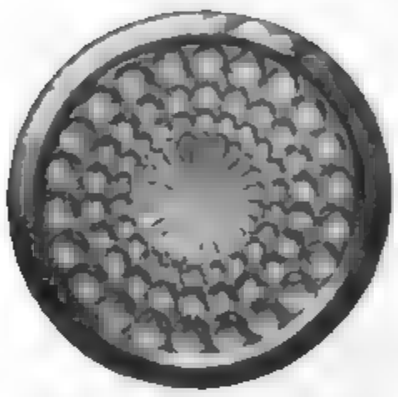
The Overwhelming Verdict

From Men Who Know Lenses Best



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MARK the famous makers who now equip every car with the Warner-Lenz.

Mark that practically every car maker, when he changes from old types, comes to the Warner-Lenz.

The trend is just beginning. The Warner-Lenz is new. Statewide laws forbidding glare are only lately in effect. This year will multiply the users of this ideal glareless light.

Exacting Tests

A motor car owner may make a mistake. He may be misled by sophistries. He may not make comparisons.

Not so with the motor car maker. His engineers make exacting tests. All lenses are usually compared. When famous makers adopt Warner-Lenz, their verdict fixes the logical lawful light. And motorists should accept it.

The Reasons

These are the reasons which engineers give for adopting the Warner-Lenz.

It is legal everywhere. That fact has been certified by countless authorities. And by every commission appointed under any state law.

Its light has no restrictions. There is no direct beam—no glare rays—to be limited in height.

It gives a widespread, all-revealing light. Near and far, close and wide, it floods one's entire field of vision.

It lights the road and roadsides, the curves and turns, the upgrades and the downgrades. It lights them all like daylight.

The light is not affected by rise and fall of the car, nor by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important.

The Warner-Lenz gives the ideal light. Drive for five minutes behind it and you never will drive without it. Compare it with other lawful lenses and you are bound to choose it.

The evidence lies in these engineers' verdict. Compare all types as they do and you will surely vote with them.

An Urgent Question

In 22 states there are statewide laws forbidding glare lights now. Also in most cities. The old-time shaft-light is almost a universal outlaw.

In country driving dimmers will not do. They give too little light.

The right step is to change at once to the Warner-Lenz. Then your full light will be legal. You will also have a ten-fold better light.

More Warner-Lenz are in use than any other kind. Note the cars you see everywhere equipped with them. Talk to the drivers. They will tell you that you miss much every day you wait.

Such a little price never bought so much in motor car enjoyment. See your dealer or write to us. To avoid mistake, look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

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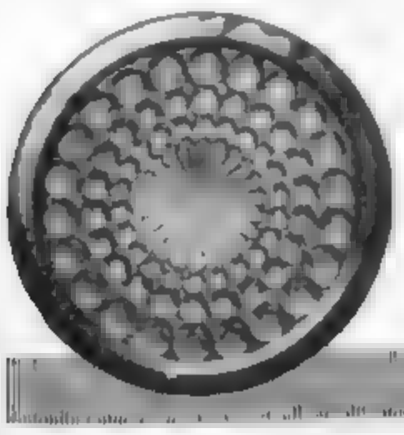

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YOU can save a dozen shovelfuls every day right in your own kitchen and never miss it, by using a Florence Oil Cooking Stove. Kerosene is plentiful, cheap, and for cooking it is one of the best forms of fuel. With a Florence there is no wick to tend, to smoke and to smell. You just turn a lever, light a match, and get a clean, hot flame close to the pan. It cooks quickly, bakes evenly, and is easy and pleasant to use. "Look for the Lever."

Now is the time to begin saving—today, not tomorrow. And to think every single day "I am helping win this war. I am *saving coal.*"

Most of the best dealers sell Florence Oil Stoves; if you can't find one in your vicinity, write us for the name of your nearest Florence Dealer.

Central Oil & Gas Stove Company
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Save Coal

(Concluded from Page 78)

We lacked the ability of the German financier to put himself in the other man's place; to comprehend his needs. It is one of the secrets of successful world banking and merchandising.

The lack of this quality and the lack of adequate world knowledge spell financial provincialism. Our entrance into the war changed all this. With international responsibility we have come to think in international terms. The presence of millions of our men in foreign lands will make them, and all who minister to them, citizens of the universe. Henceforth our capital can go adventuring with courage and insight.

A year ago we were without the power to combine for foreign trade. Thanks to Congress, we shall soon be in a position to form syndicates among producers for exploitation and exportation everywhere.

A year ago we had a Government not altogether friendly to Big Business. Today you have the spectacle of Uncle Sam practically commandeering business brains for war effort, and easing the way of all commercial combination and expansion. No permanent war benefit means more for the future.

A year ago we were wedded to a rigid tariff that would place us at the mercy of the dumper when the war is over. Contact with the war and the growing realization of a war after the war are educating statesmen and laymen alike to the urgent need of a flexible and bargaining tariff, which will permit us to protect ourselves and hold our own in the struggle for the markets of the world.

The war has made us richer. The largest trade balance ever known is on the right side of the national ledger. Gold and raw materials will rule the world of peace. We shall have both.

We are training our men to fight. With that training comes a larger discipline, which will be a bulwark for peaceful pursuits. These men will know how to deal with big things and with big vision. It will be a trained America, schooled to sacrifice and developed in resource, which will bind up the wounds of war and renew our commerce and industry.

Whatever economic attitude our colleagues of the Entente may have toward us when peace comes—and self-preservation will dictate a swift and unsentimental rehabilitation—we shall have the supreme advantage that lies in the enormous Allied financial debt to us. It will help to counteract the poison of bitter trade rivalry.

Our whole productive machine will be expanded and ready to cope with the enlarged demands of peace. Despite the flying start England has made in the preparations for after the war—a very distinct advantage should the conflict end suddenly—we shall have on our side the temperamental adaptability for quantity output that is our industrial birthright.

Finally, and not least of all, we shall have a seat at the peace table, where the world-trade map will be remade. Favored-nation treaties will be one of the specialties of that momentous conference, and we shall have a voice in their shaping. There can be no discrimination against the United States. If walls of restriction and exclusion are reared we shall be inside.

So much for the advantages. Now let us make an inventory of the disadvantages: Twelve months ago we were up against an almost complete exclusion of our commodities, not essential to war and life, from England. The ban is still on. The reasons—all logical and true—are that every square foot of cargo space is needed for munitions and food; that the trade balance against Britain must be kept down; and that luxuries must be curtailed.

In view of England's industrial development these restrictions take on a new meaning. Prohibition now becomes protection after the war. England is learning—and it is worth repeating—not only to do without things but to make the things she does without when the time comes to make them. Within a comparatively short period after peace is declared she will be able to supply herself with many of the articles with which we furnished her before the war. The Yankee invasion may cease to invade. Instead of freeze-out by restricted import, it is likely to be a case of outsell or outmake unless American industry steps lively.

Wherever you go in the foreign-trade field you find England building up goodwill, and in enterprising fashion. Here is an example: I went one day last autumn to a big aëroplane-engine factory near Paris. Seventy per cent of the machinery installed was British-made, while the rest was French and American. How did this happen? The answer is simple: England is buying foreign-made machinery for herself, for use at home, and is selling her own mechanical output in other countries. When the war is over she will have established many new markets, which she can then furnish from her own mills. John Bull has waked up to the new salesmanship.

Confirmation of this is found in the speech made by Sir Albert Stanley at the dinner of the American Chamber of Commerce, in London, December, 1916. He said: "America will find a stronger and keener competitor in England after the war. This is not a challenge. We are willing to pit our nine against your nine, or any other nine, if we have a fair umpire; but we are not willing to play against a team with crooked umpiring and with the bleachers packed, every man with a brick in his pocket."

With these remarks, Sir Albert not only revealed a first-hand knowledge of the great American game but he also expressed the British decision that trade Prussianism can never run amuck again.

Nor must we forget that when the war is ended London will still be the financial center of the world, with the pound sterling as the universal unit of exchange. Backing this up will be an industrial system that will yield to none—first, because it will be reorganized; second, because it will be monarchial. John Bull himself will stoke the furnace. There will always be sufficient imperialism left in the Mother Country to permit the strong man to rule.

Despite her losses through the submarine—replacement is now almost equal to destruction—England will have more ships than anyone else; her freight rates will be cheaper; she will do a large part of the carrying business of the world. Her old shipping rival, Germany, will be depleted by loss, seizure, and decay of tonnage during the rotting years of internment.

A tremendous asset is the new union of an empire self-contained. It not only means vast natural resource but effective coöperation. Britain has drawn her colonies to her bosom with hooks of steel and bonds of blood. The kinship of the battle line, where Anzac, Indian and Scot stood side by side for a common faith, will endure.

I know of no better way of summing up than to repeat what one of England's greatest economic statesmen said to me just before I left. It is the new Anglo-Saxon creed. Here it is:

"The destiny of the world depends upon how the United States and Great Britain act toward each other when the war is over. If the United States has the narrow view, and desires to get all she can out of the war, she is doomed. If she decides not to play with anyone, and go it alone economically, she is also lost, because the whole world will organize against her.

"I do not mean that she must make entangling trade alliances. They can be keen trade rivals and compete to the limit—as they will. But between the two great English-speaking peoples there must be coördination and understanding. It will be up to them to police the world and make it free, not only for democracy but for trade."

Meantime England is being converted into a monster trust. With peace, there will be no imperialized Sherman Law to curb its power.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with business conditions in Europe now and after the war. The next will be devoted to France.

THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 26)

parents can send them out of the city to country boarding schools and afterward to college, where they will get plenty of athletics; but think what army life would mean for the city boys who otherwise would be working indoors in banks and factories! Think, too, what it would do for Jack and his like in the way of discipline and making men of them!

I sometimes wonder what the ultimate effect of the fierce life of the trenches, particularly if the war continues for several years, will be upon the youth of this country. Dr. Alexis Carrel tells me that the war has produced in France a race of warriors—men who eat, sleep and think only in terms of war. He says that one day, while on his way from one part of the Front to another, as he passed through a half-ruined village he was hailed by a burly whiskered soldier, in a major's uniform, who was leaning against a shattered wall.

"It was my old friend X——," he explained with a smile, "though at first I failed to recognize him. When I had last seen him he was a clerk in the Crédit Lyonnais. He had been shy, anæmic, narrow-chested, clean-shaved. Now he was vigorous and masterful. Moreover, he had a huge beard, which added to the fierceness of his appearance. He had lost all interest in anything except fighting, and could talk of nothing else. The years prior to the war no longer counted for him. He had become a gladiator. He will never be anything else. When the war is over he will spend the rest of his life reliving the 'battles, sieges, fortunes' he has passed through."

"But they are not all like that!" I protested. "How about the young men and the boys?"

"X—— is not an unusual case," he answered; "there will be many like him. But for the youth of France—those who are left—the war has done much. It has sobered them and taught them to bring their wills and their bodies into subjection. It will mean a great deal to France to have the rising generation know the value of discipline and the necessity of obedience to authority."

"Do you think the war will have the same beneficial effect on American youth?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly!" he replied. "Your young men will come back with a new respect for law and order; a new regard for their Government; a keener appreciation of the ideals which that Government represents."

I hope Doctor Carrel is right. Certainly they will return with a new and broader outlook, a sense of solidarity as Americans and a militant patriotism that will bode ill for any purveyor of sedition, however insidious his methods.

But I cannot see these young men of ours, after the excitement of trench raiding and fighting above the clouds, settling down very speedily to desk work in office buildings, however airy. Neither will they be willing, the majority of them, to resume the threads of their interrupted education. There will be a new movement toward the ever-vanishing frontier, a setting westward in the search for wider ranges, for life in the open air.

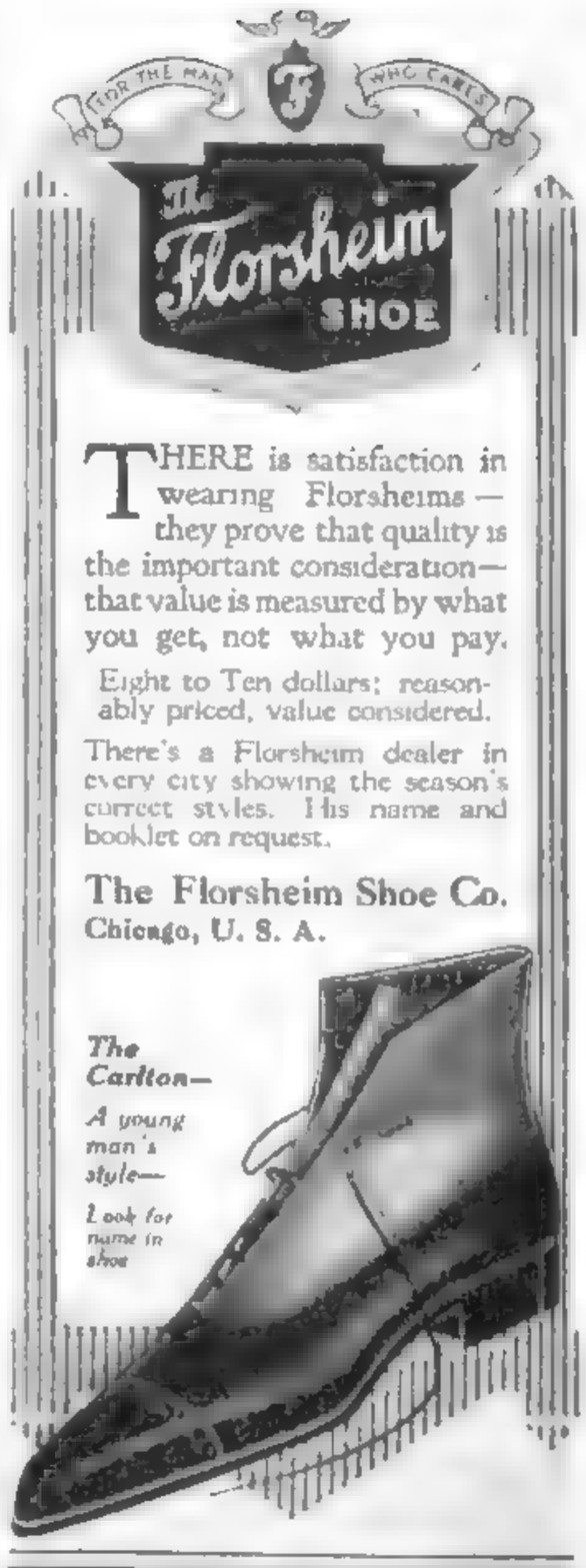
We reached the shed twenty minutes before train time and sat down on a damp bench under a smoking kerosene lamp. Above our heads the rain drove upon the roof in a never-ceasing tattoo. Jack was inhaling the omnipresent cigarette. A pall—I believe that is the word—had fallen upon our conversation, engendered by our mutual consciousness that all this mere informative talk was beside the mark.

I hadn't come down there in the mud to try the beef and test the beds. I knew it and he knew it. The beds and the beef had nothing to do with what had been uppermost in our minds and hearts all day. But the words wouldn't come. Jack lit another cigarette and changed his position, and a water-soaked tramp edged in and slumped down in the corner, with his head on his chest. More than ten minutes had gone by. Then Jack suddenly said awkwardly:

"I suppose you and mother would like to know before I go what I think about things—religious things, you know. Some of us get together by ourselves here and talk them over now and then. We didn't before we came. But, you see, we can't help knowing, of course, that we mayn't come back; and—and—so you wonder if there would be anything else afterward if you didn't."

I nodded. It had come.

"Well, honestly, dad"—how sweet the word was!—"I don't know. I haven't much faith, I guess, of the orthodox kind; but I can't help feeling that it doesn't make much difference so long as you know you're doing the right thing."



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"No," I muttered. "Yet how can you know it's the right thing?"

He shook his head.

"But I do know it!" he said. "To fight—to die—for one's country is bound to be the right thing. It doesn't matter that I can't tell you why. It's the thing itself that's worth while—not the reason."

In the grimy old shed I put my arm about his strong young shoulders.

"Listen, Jack," I whispered, though the tramp was oblivious of our presence: "Years ago I heard a Memorial Day address by Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, and it made such an impression on me that I learned it by heart. It is the answer to my question. What he said was this:

"'I do not know what is true. I do not know the meaning of the universe. But in the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing I do not doubt—that no man who lives in the same world with most of us can doubt—and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use.'"

Jack made no reply.

"'For high and dangerous action,' I continued, 'teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism.'"

The bell beside the track began to ring its staccato warning and above the noise of the rain there came the whistle of the up train. We got to our feet.

"That's pretty good stuff," he said in an embarrassed fashion. "You might send it to me—if you will. I'd like the other fellows to see it."

The sailing of Jack's regiment was a topic never referred to by us, save indirectly. Sometimes Helen would begin a sentence and abruptly discontinue it, such as "I suppose he'll need ——" And I would have verbal evidence of what she was thinking in addition to the pile of neat packages and bundles that gradually accumulated on the hall table for Jack to take away when he should come to say good-by. But we had a sneaking idea that maybe it wouldn't be necessary for him to go after all.

Downtown they were saying the war would be over in six weeks—in three months, anyway. News of a peace conference might come at any moment. Germany, it was predicted with confidence, had no wish permanently to antagonize the United States and would see to it that hostilities should be over long before our boys could get within range of the guns. That hope was always shining through the gray clouds of our depression. And we were so proud of him that we'd hardly condescend to speak to those of our friends who hadn't a service flag with at least one star on it.

Being the father or the mother of a soldier is the next thing to being one yourself. Unconsciously I aped Jack's manner of standing, and walked and talked in a military sort of way, arrogating to myself a special knowledge of the purposes of the War Department by virtue of my vicarious connection with the service. We didn't more than half believe that anything more would come of it. Germany would probably back down at the last minute and there would be all the honor and glory without any actual fighting; and Uncle Sam would be sitting at the head of a Thanksgiving peace table, handing round slices of Turkey as he saw fit.

Of course I knew the transports were sailing right along and that we had thousands of troops on the other side; but that knowledge was literary rather than actual. It was like the background on an enlistment poster. The phrase "Our boys are already in the trenches" didn't mean anything more to us than "Food is Ammunition" or "Ring it again!" You can't have your boy lounging in a brand-new uniform, smoking a cigarette by the library fire, with the sun pouring in through the Seventy-second Street window, and grasp the fact that in three weeks he may be sitting in a listening post within ten yards of a gang of Prussians who would cut his throat rather than bother to take him prisoner. You can't do it. You don't believe any of it. Things like that might happen to other men's sons, but never to yours. So we dreamed on, as the sailing was postponed from week to week.

Then, late one afternoon, a message came that if I wished to see my son before he sailed the next morning I must immediately present myself at a certain place and receive the special written authority to accompany him aboard the transport which had been accorded me by the War Department. I hung up the receiver weakly. That curt voice on the other end of the wire had paralyzed my motor centers. They couldn't be going to ship him off like that, without giving him a chance to say good-by to his mother! It wasn't human! But I had no time to waste if I was to meet him, for the place of embarkation was a long distance from New York City.

I scribbled a hurried note for Helen, who was downtown, put the bundles and packages in a valise, summoned a taxi, and within an hour had been given my pass and full instructions as to what I must do. I took a train to a certain nameless town, and shortly before midnight was hurrying down a side street leading to an empty railroad yard near the water front.

I can see every detail of it as vividly now as I could then. Night after night I find myself there in my dreams. It is always the same—my sufferings are the same. I am stumbling along in the dark in my fur coat, carrying my bag, when out of the shadows a vague figure lurches forward and holds a bayoneted rifle against my chest. Under the yellow circle of a flash light my letter of identification and pass are examined and I am told to pass on. Half a block farther along I am stopped again and the process is repeated. At last I am turned loose into the network of tracks where the trains are to come in.

Over on the other side half a dozen forms are standing round a small fire, and I clamber across the railroad ties and make myself known to them.

It is cold and we huddle together, warming our finger joints over the tiny blaze—a large one might attract attention; for the Government has succeeded in keeping the location of the place a secret and no one may approach within half a mile without proper identification. We talk of things military and naval in a desultory way. The transportation officer thinks the war will last not less than five—very probably ten years. I am just recovering from the shock of his prophecy when a green semaphore swings up at the lower end of the yard. "Train's coming!" he says, and we all hasten after him down the track.

Round a curve chugs an old-fashioned locomotive with a dirty headlight. It stops, jerks, hesitates and heaves again, banging the cars together behind it like empty coal scuttles. There is no light except in the driver's cab; every car window is tightly closed, with curtains drawn. Slowly the antediluvian engine, with its antiquated smokestack, yanks its burden into the middle of the yard and, with a final cough, lapses into silence.

Where is Jack? I begin to be impatient. The quiet is getting on my nerves. No one speaks above a whisper. One of the officers taps me on the shoulder, leads me to one of the farther cars and goes inside. In a few moments he comes back with a tall-coated figure. Then two hands are clapped on my shoulders and Jack's voice whispers: "Hello, sir! Bully of you to come! Sorry I couldn't see mother again. But you'll explain to her, won't you?"

Together we stand in silence under the canopy of stars as one by one the sleepy men drop off the steps of the car and form in loose lines outside. Jack leans over and tells me that the boys are all very tired; that the cars are of the vintage of 1875—exhumed from some forgotten limbo for this purpose—and practically without ventilation. Do I know where he could buy them some coffee? I shake my head.

A noncom hurries up and says something to Jack in a low tone. There is a movement of expectation along the waiting line of men, which stiffens up and shuffles together. There is a muffled word of command; the line faces toward the right and the men march off in single file. I follow along with Jack, who has taken my bag away from me and tucked his arm under mine. We feel our way across the yard, skirt a pile of coal, stumble across a vacant lot covered with empty tin cans and clinkers and come to a wharf at which is tied up an ancient side-wheel steamer belonging to a bygone era of navigation. She shows no lights except a riding light. Her decks are empty.

We mount the gangplank and pile into the stuffy saloon.

At the end of forty-five minutes we hear the gangplank being run in and there is a jingle from the engine room. The wheels begin to turn and the old side-wheeler begins to strain and groan. From forward the transportation officer beckons us to join him and we ascend to the pilot house, where we find seven or eight others. All is darkness, except for the aura round the binnacle and the glowing tips of cigarettes.

We are about a quarter of a mile from shore and moving quite rapidly. A hundred yards ahead in the starlight I can make out the narrow hull of a destroyer, which leaves a sharp white wake, in which we follow. Here and there are scattered lights—distant windows along the water front. We light one cigarette after another, and I produce a couple of pounds of cake chocolate, which is quickly and gratefully consumed.

The time drags slowly. The shore fades out, then draws near again. Sometimes there are many lights; sometimes almost none. We pass a lighthouse. I recognize —— and then —— Then I recognize everything at once.

We turn, and just ahead I see the huge gray bulk of a converted German ocean liner against a pier. The destroyer has swung away, running free of us in a wide circle. Behind us I now discover three other similarly convoyed side-wheelers. From the smokestacks of the transport the smoke is pouring in dense masses, but no lights gleam from her portholes. She is simply a black blot against the skyline. The officers say good-by to me; we leave the pilot house and go back to the saloon.

"All right, boys!" says Jack. "A couple of hours more and you can get your phonographs going."

"Rather set my jaws going!" retorts a fat boy, and the crowd laughs good-naturedly.

The steamer bumps against the wharf and the gangplank is run out. The men pick up their rifles and adjust their clothes. Jack and I lead the way on to the dock, on the opposite side of which yawns a black hole in the side of the transport. The company files off one boat and directly on to the other, where each man is handed a slip with the number and location of his berth.

The system is perfect; the embarkation takes place almost in silence.

"Well, father!"

Jack has turned to me, and, smiling and happy, he lays his arm on my shoulder. The moment has come, then. What shall I say? There was so much of encouragement and affection that I had carefully planned to put into my parting speech—how we were all so proud of him and would think of him every moment until his return; how, of course, he would return—the war certainly would be over soon; and how we knew he'd do his duty; and so on.

How fatuous it would all sound! He knows everything I want to say—perfectly well. There is nothing to make a fuss about. Yet I can't let him go like that—just like that—without saying anything! While I hesitate, a private hurries up and, first saluting him, touches Jack upon the arm:

"Captain Stanton, the colonel wants you."

"All right!" answers Jack. He bends over quickly and touches his lips to my cheek.

"Good-by!" he exclaims cheerfully. "Kiss mother for me—and Margery!"

"Good-by, Jack! I hope —— Never mind! Good-by, old fellow!—Oh, Jack ——"

But he has gone!

The last company marches aboard and the sliding door is pulled to. The smoke is coming even thicker now from the transport's funnels and there is a white froth rising from beneath her stern. Silently the hawsers are slipped. Over behind the city's castellated skyline there is a yellow glow and the water of the river is tinted with purple. A cold wind creeps round my ankles. It is chilly after the warm pilot house.

Slowly the great leviathan separates herself from the wharf and backs away, out into midstream. Not a light is visible. Not a man is above deck. She looks like an interned empty German liner whose mooring is being shifted. Yet inside her black hulk ten thousand of the youth of America are starting on their great crusade for the maintenance of humanity—that Freedom shall not perish from the earth.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series by Mr. Train. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

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WILL DEMOCRACY WORK IN RUSSIA?

(Continued from Page 13)

is the people. But there is no little child to cry: 'The prince is only naked!'

"The revolution has shown us that the layer of civilization here is about one-thousandth of an inch thick. Some of us are even afraid that our beautiful revolution, like a soap bubble, will suddenly burst. We men of the universities are perhaps sufficiently socialized to take part in a socialist state; but for the bulk of the population long years of education and patient teaching are required—teaching of a practical kind. We should be sending thousands of our young men to America to study the methods on your farms and your great ranches in the West, and then come back as teachers.

"To try to change Russia at once by law is merely criminal nonsense. Already we see and hear the result. Landowners come and tell me of robberies on their estates. The peasants seize land and are keeping it idle when all Russia needs the food; and if this is done on a larger scale Russia will be drained of her wealth. And yet our new government has taken no decisive steps to put down such robberies. The Minister of Agriculture does not dare to speak too loud, for his political party depends upon the peasants' votes.

"How to handle these one hundred and fifty million peasants is hard for us to tell. Again and again I have seen the agents of our government, young college men with high ideals, surveyors and school-teachers and teachers of agriculture, go out among the 'dark people'—the peasants—and there soon lose all faith in their work, on account of the utter lack of response they find in the villages. For the average peasant's vision is as cramped and dim as the hut in which he lives.

"The teaching itself was to blame in part, for it was never real enough. The teachers had spent half their time in college studying Socialism and dreaming of revolutions, instead of setting themselves to the task of really learning their technic. I hope, now that we are free, our students of the future will center upon practical work and so become real teachers of the things we need to learn—all that modern science knows about the tilling of the soil. Then only will the peasants listen; and until they do we shall never have in Russia the bountiful land we saw in our dreams.

"Well," he ended patiently, "meantime we shall go on and do the best we can; but the plan is too big, and it comes too soon. The people are still in darkness."

Distribution of Grain

In Moscow, however, at the headquarters of the big local committee, I found a man who had kept his faith. He believed in the plan so deeply, and tried so hard to be friendly and convince us it would work, that I felt drawn to him at once. It is easy to patronize; but when the average practical Yankee comes up against a Slav like that he might do well to stop and ask: "With all my practicality, isn't it just possible that this Russian, who works day and night at a job for the common good, has something he can teach me about ideals of service and of human brotherhood and the power of deep faith? How do I know that he won't succeed, in spite of all his blunders, in building a free nation here that will make us all take off our hats?"

But he gave me, too, an impression of the involved immensity of the problems that he and all his kind were facing in Russia last summer; straining to fundamentally change, in a time of war and revolution, the national economic life of one hundred and eighty million people.

I found him in a building whose long dark halls were filled with soldiers and civilians, men and boys, and student girls. Some carried trays with glasses of tea, and all were talking rapidly and with the greatest good humor. The man we had come to see was a thin, ungainly chap, red-haired, freckled and washed out, a thoroughly uninspiring sort until he got into his subject. But then I forgot his unpleasant voice and saw only his eager, friendly smile.

"All this work of ours," he said, "is under one great national plan, which reaches, through committees, every village in the land." And he displayed a Russian map all speckled with committees—committees by the thousands; specks of every color and size. It really was a beautiful plan. "So far, my own committee deals only in grain," he went on. "For that, the system works like this: The district committees all over Russia gather statistics on the grain. They learn where there is not enough and where there is a surplus; and all this information is sent back to Petrograd. So the government maps out Russia according to supply and demand. As yet, this information concerns only wheat and rye, barley and corn; but we intend soon to build up statistics for oats and hay too.

"The government has fixed prices for all grain and forage, and lets the peasant sell both to cooperative societies and to private merchants whose agents go out from the towns. But these merchants are allowed to sell only to our committees, for only the government knows just where such grain or forage is needed most. The government then sends it there; and so it is distributed. In short, the government takes the place of the great wholesale merchants."

Supplies for Peasants

"I admit it is only a start," he went on. "Our main trouble has been this: We can't get the peasants to sell the grain until, in return, we supply them with what the peasants need themselves. To meet this situation the government has taken control of the buying and distributing of all the things the peasants demand. We have begun with cotton goods. Last month the government purchased such goods to the value of forty-three million rubles, and now it is distributing them to the places where they are needed most. It is also clearly important to bring to the peasant tools and farm machinery, horseshoes, nails, bars and sheets of iron, leather; but as yet our industries are not producing enough of these things.

"To meet this trouble, however, I believe that compulsory labor will soon be ordered by our Labor Ministry. For we must increase production at once—all thoughtful people realize that; and, by careful questioning, we are sure this method will meet with applause. The Bolsheviki will, of course, try to talk against it; but they are only a small percentage and will lose in the next elections. Everything will come out all right." And he smiled at us encouragingly.

"We need only to have patience," he continued. "Here in Moscow you go out on the streets and find that prices are still way up, and you see long lines of people waiting to get into the stores; and when they get in they find little there. But, when our whole plan has gone into effect and our government controls our life, these troubles will all be remedied. At such a job you cannot expect speed, for we have to implant in men's old minds new ideas; and that takes time.

"Then, too, the mails and railroads are so slow it makes it hard for us. In short, you must get the whole system going before you can make a real success of any one of its separate parts. Things here may seem bad enough; but without the work we have done you would find things infinitely worse. We have at least made a start."

It was indeed only a start. I went out to the villages in three different sections of Russia. There I talked with members of the small supply committees, and I heard the same thing everywhere.

"Yes; we are getting statistics," said the keeper of a village store. "I am chairman of our committee here. Our fellows go out to the peasants, look over their fields and into their barns, and find how much grain they have on hand; and we send the information on to the head committee of this district. But that is all the good it will do. The peasant will not give up his grain till he can be given, in return, not just money but actual goods."

"In Petrograd they have a plan," I remarked encouragingly, "to get these goods and send them to you."

The merchant looked at his empty shelves.

"I wish they'd hurry up!" he said.

In other villages I found that a few goods had already arrived. But this was the

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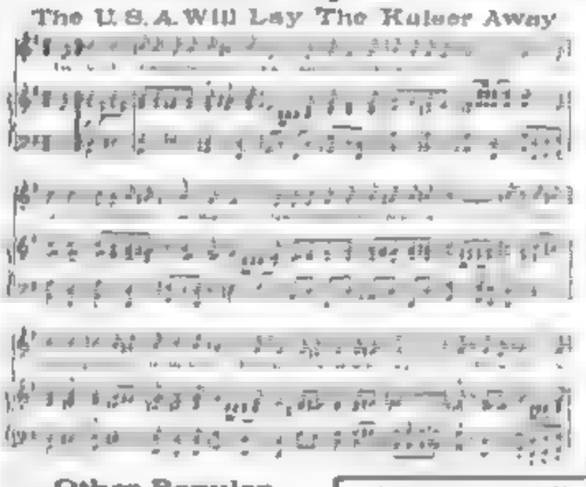

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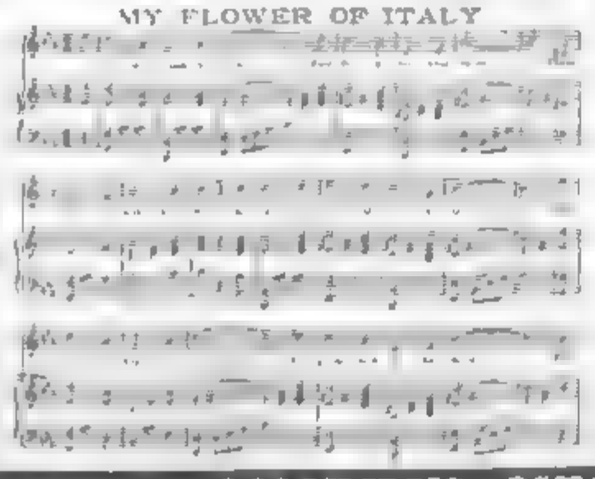
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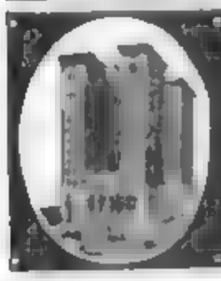

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exception; for to get the things the peasant demands, the government must bring back to life the mines and mills and factories; and in this immense problem they had made but little headway.

Steel, iron and coal are the foundations of a nation's industrial life; but last summer the iron and coal mines in Russia were producing less than half of their normal output. There had been strikes innumerable.

"My men," said an engineer who managed several iron mines, "used to work for a ruble fifty a day—about eighty cents in your money. Now they are getting eight times that, and are doing barely forty per cent of the work they did before. The trouble has spread to the salaried men. Yesterday I had a wire from one of our managers which said that, unless I raised his salary one hundred per cent within four days, he would resign his position. And it is like that everywhere—in the coal and gold mines too. All Russia is disorganized. Every fellow is out for himself, to grab all he can get.

"In a big mill here in Petrograd, a committee would come to see the boss, with demands for higher wages. He would agree and they would go back, and the work would go on for the rest of the day. But the Bolsheviki in the mills would call a meeting that same night, and the next morning the committee would come back to the boss and say 'It's all off!' And this happened time and again, till at last the boss got sick of it. The next time a strike was threatened he said: 'All right! This breaks me, and I'm through! I'm going to shut down to-night!' The result of his threat of a lockout was that his men went back to work and have never made trouble for him since. And this is the only way I can see to save our Russian industries."

This plan was tried last summer; but in scores of cases where employers threatened a lockout the men, instead of giving in, took over the mill or the factory and endeavored to run it themselves—as a rule, with such poor success that, even though they still had supplies of raw material, their output kept decreasing; and after the supplies were gone they could get no credit anywhere. In some cases they closed down; in others they called back the owner, and the work limped on as before.

So the iron and coal have not been mined, the mills have slackened down, and foundries of all kinds have suffered both from dearth of supplies and from troubles with their men. And so there are few plows or tools or horseshoes for the peasant. Nor is there any prospect of giving him the clothes he needs, or even the cloth with which to make them. In Russia, as soon as the war began, woolen goods grew very scarce; and now even cotton goods are low. Cotton from America was piled up in Vladivostok; and in Moscow the textile mills were having their own labor troubles. Their output had dropped nearly a half, and most of this had to be sent to the army.

A Manufacturer's Views

I had a long talk in Moscow with one of the great manufacturers there, a man who had wide interests both in cotton and other industries. His name was known all over the land. Though his grandfather had been a serf, he himself was a multimillionaire. He lived in a palace, with spacious grounds. In the rear was a large court paved with cobblestones, with a vegetable garden in the center and outhouses all round. A peasant gardener humbly bowed and took off his cap to us as we passed. Our appointment was for ten A. M.; and over the phone we had been told that we must be prompt to the minute, for the great financier was busy that day. We arrived thirty minutes late. This was because my interpreter, who was working in a bank where he said they were frightfully busy, had gone there first to tell his chief that he wanted a few minutes off. The few minutes became all the morning, because the busy financier talked calmly on till lunchtime. So many Russians are like that.

He received us in his study, a large room with a bare wood floor and a lofty ceiling. In one corner hung an icon, with its little holy light. A typewriter stood near by. On his desk was an abacus, or counting frame, with little steel rods strung with beads—I found it in all their offices; it is used for reckoning figures. There were also a Sphinx paper weight and a modern electric lamp. Through the open doorway I could see a great hall, where the walls were hung with tapestries; while in the study, on one wall, hung the portrait of his grandfather, who had been a common serf.

Our host was a man of about sixty. He wore a house jacket of black silk, and round cuffs with huge ivory buttons. His long gray beard was finely combed; he had a long, thin aquiline nose and small blue eyes. He smiled almost continually, and now and then gave a low chuckling laugh. He smoked many cigarettes. He was cautious in answering questions.

"It is hard to prophesy," he said, "about this revolution. Nobody knows what we are coming to. I, myself, keep out of politics; my friends all feel it is not our work. Moreover, affairs have for a time come into rather impractical hands, and will have to be left to run their course—until everything, so to speak, is suddenly melted in the pot. Then, I suppose, will come a time for some decisive action. There may be a dictator. Who can tell? But my friends and I are all against a return to the Old Régime. We want a liberal government. A strong constitutional monarchy, on the British model, might be the most workable government here, for, you see, it must be workable; we really can't go on like this."

Russia's Dangerous Illness

"How can they get food into the towns? The peasant will not give up his grain, because he cannot get goods in return. He has shut himself up in his village and gets along quite nicely there. He has plenty of food and forage, and he is making his own clothes. Only in villages near the towns have the peasants been used to ready-made clothes; in all the more remote villages they still make homespun garments of flax and wool and sheepskin. When the peasant does sell grain for cash he is soon quite choked with the money he saves; for, while we put our money in banks and so keep it in circulation, the peasant stuffs it into his boots. In the towns the workingmen also hoard. So the government is forced to continue issuing paper money, which declines in value week by week.

"We could get the peasant's money, for his wife is still eager to buy cotton goods; but in our mills we are producing only a little over half of our regular output, and most of this has to go to the army. The men in our mills are still working full time, but they do not work so fast as before. Still, their spirit is not bad. They seem to have a decided sense of the value of mills and factories. In ours, when the revolution broke out, they at once appointed a committee to guard against robbery, fire and breakage. They could not have been more careful if it had been property of their own. But through the summer their demands have kept increasing all the time. When the profit on a pood of cotton was only thirteen rubles they demanded a wage increase amounting to eighteen rubles a pood. We granted this and then raised our price; but at once our workers demanded a share in our new 'excessive profits.' And so there was another raise. What the end will be I do not know."

"What would you do," I asked him, "if you were the Russian Government now?"

He smiled and evaded my question.

"It is a time," he answered, "for taking a large view of things; I like to try to look ahead. And, doing that, I see at once that what Russia needs most is schools. Compulsory education will be the salvation of this land. For, no matter what disasters fall, the real Russian people are not through. We may make many blunders; but our resources are so vast we can afford to make almost as many mistakes as you made in America. You had such abundant natural wealth that you could afford to squander and waste; and so it is in Russia. Remember, we own one-sixth of the globe; and, except for potassium, tin, saltpeter, and a few other materials, we have everything we need in order to be independent. But we have even deeper resources in the hundred and eighty million minds of our common people. I come from the peasant class, and I know. Such a people cannot be spoiled by a short debauch of wild ideas. It is a dangerous illness, but Russia will recover; and her recovery will be made not by any miraculous laws but by the laborious process of industrial education.

"Hitherto we have been a nation of peasants; but now we shall turn to industrial life. Just think of the Ural Mountains alone! Perhaps in no place in the world is there so much mineral wealth in so small a region. Siberia has just been scratched, and

(Continued on Page 89)

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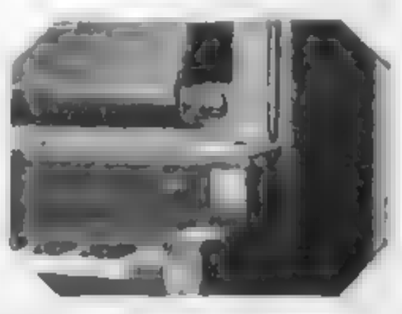

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The National Lamp Has Seen The Light on Hack Saw Buying

The National Electric Lamp Association—the leader in modern lighting development with a group of plant buildings so remarkable in architecture and layout that they look for all the world like a group of university buildings—is still another prominent user of Star Hack Saw Blades.

In this plant too, the one aim is quality of product. And quality tools that will help turn out this quality product are selected throughout.

The leaders of Industrial America have adopted Star Blades after exhaustive tests and continue to use them year from year regardless of price, because they give such unequalled service, both in the quality and quantity of work they turn out.

To get the greatest efficiency in your metal sawing, whether your shop is large or small, you too must follow the examples of these industrial leaders and use

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

Made from Tungsten Steel

Hand and Machine

Or best of all, make your own hack saw tests for endurance, for speed and for cost and prove to your own satisfaction the clear-cut superiority of Star Hack Saws.

There is the best reason in the world for this Star Blade superiority which is so universally recognized. First of all, they are made of the finest Tungsten steel that modern metallurgical science has developed. Star quality has come from the constant development of 30 years of relentless research on every possible phase of hack saws and hack saw making. The steel composition and tempering used in the Star Blade, the relative gauge and dimensions and the shape and setting of teeth for different kinds of cutting have been adopted after thousands of tests of all possible combinations.

Then to make the quality of this ideal blade absolutely uniform, special automatic machinery was developed with gauges to the finest limits that make the blades as nearly identical as is humanly possible. And these special automatics have also given us an enormous quantity production at a minimum factory cost which gives us a decided price advantage.

Flexible and All Hard

The Star has been the standard hack saw blade for more than thirty years, and in all that time its quality leadership has kept it by far the largest selling blade. Today this quality is higher than ever, as the most exacting tests or drastic use will prove.

If you are not satisfied with the metal cutting results you are getting or need help on your cutting problems, write our Millers Falls Office. Our Engineering Department and the results of our years of research are at your service.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CONTEST WINNERS NEXT MONTH

Unforeseen circumstances have made it impossible to announce the winners of the "How to Test Hack Saws" contest in this advertisement as originally planned. Instead, this announcement will be made in detail in our advertisement in the February 23rd issue of this publication. We can say as this advertisement goes to press that the contest has met with a response far beyond any thing we had hoped, both in the number of replies and their character. They show in a striking manner that manufacturers and individual mechanics are realizing fully the importance of getting the greatest efficiency in their metal sawing. All of us will doubtless find we can benefit from some of the unusual suggestions and practices which the contest has disclosed.

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

(Continued from Page 86)

the same is true of the Caucasus and of Northern Russia. The Russian people are beggars sitting upon bags of gold. For, to develop these resources, we lacked a strong national policy; we have had to fight hard against the general opinion here that we should remain a country of farms. The Russian people have not seen that our mills are for the good of all.

"In addition, the Old Régime feared the growth of industries because they thought that workmen were more dangerous than peasants. So it has been in the last fifty years. We argued with the government, and at last they did elaborate a careful system of tariffs like those that built up the United States. But they left such holes in the tariff wall that foreign companies like your American reaper concerns could make their machines in the United States and then assemble the parts over here, and so dodge the import duties.

"Still, we have made a tremendous start. Fifty years ago the coal and steel production in the Urals and Southern Russia was absurdly small, though at present millions of poods are mined and made in what were once wild, desolate prairies. And we have made that progress in spite of all that Germany has tried to do to keep us down through commercial treaties which protected her against Russian imports, and so kept us a nation of peasants all through the German industrial boom. For these treaties the members of the Old Régime were to blame. Nor did they help us by subsidies. We asked them to borrow money abroad in order to meet our industrial needs; but they used the money thus secured only for building railroads and strengthening the army.

"So we ourselves saw the value in the revolution last spring. And when our workingmen at once began to guard our property, we felt that they would remain our friends; for these socialist agitators have never been really close to the people. But we are close. Our fathers or grandfathers tilled the soil. And so it is with our workmen too. Most of them were peasants and still keep in touch with the folks at home. At mowing time they leave our mills and go home and help get in the crops. This is generally true in Russia. In each peasant family one or two of the sons go to the towns to work; but the others stay in the village.

"The war will make a difference there, for boys who have been in the army will grow restless in dull villages; by millions they will come to the towns and Russia will be industrialized. But we shall not be like the Germans. They naturally take to the plan of granting all the power to a strong centralized government. The Slavs have no such instinct. They are only too ready to split off into small local republics. This must not be allowed to happen; Russia must hold together as one tremendous nation. But that instinct for independence will keep state socialism down."

Compulsory Labor Needed

"We shall, of course, do all we can to improve the lot of our workmen. Even under the Old Régime considerable progress was made in this. Laws were passed to regulate labor conditions, and a most elaborate insurance system was worked out. If a workingman grew sick or was injured while at work he was aided from a fund created by compulsory contributions, both from employers and employed; and he was given free hospital care. The large mills all have hospitals; and most of us have theaters, too, and moving-picture shows, concerts, lectures, social clubs, and obligatory schools, both technical and general. The Old Régime favored all this, for they saw that such activities kept the men from the influence of revolutionists.

"In Russian mills and factories most of the work is paid for by the piece; but the rate of pay is higher for work in hours of overtime. And so, where the regular workday has been shortened in the last few months, the men slacken their pace in order to have more overtime work to do. Another trouble is the fact that, in addition to Sundays, we have nearly fifty holidays. A plan to abolish them came up before the old government and might possibly have been tried; but the new provisional government has promised so much to the people that now they do not dare to ask them to give up their holidays. And this is a pity, because we are in no condition to have our mills idle a hundred days a year.

"We need more workdays and more men, for the war took so many workmen away. At the very start we argued in favor of a selective draft. 'If you take all the men for the army,' we said, 'you will ruin the very industries that are needed in the war.' But the Old Régime was blind and took the best of our workers away. If the war goes on we must get them back. The new government should bring back all the skilled men from the Front and replace them by idlers from the rear; and they should, also, give us thousands of unskilled laborers. What Russia needs most is compulsory labor. Such a plan, if started in time, would also solve the problem of how, when our big army disbands, we are to get ten million men back into productive work."

I heard of this plan for compulsory labor from other employers and from men in the government, but I saw little chance that the workingmen would agree to any such idea—much less the idle soldiers. For the Russian people have been so overburdened in the past that they have had enough of duties; the talk now is all of rights. And the ideal of national service, so common in other nations to-day, is not felt among the masses in Russia—or rather, is felt in a different way. The soldier will serve his country—but only in what he feels to be the cause of the "real revolution." The workingman will serve day and night—but only on strike committees.

Common Ownership

Last summer the workingmen would not work. And in the face of a steady decline in production everywhere, both employers and employed displayed a calm, philosophical, thoroughly Russian attitude. They were deeply interested. "I wonder what's going to happen now?" was the question.

One Sunday night in Moscow I took supper with an architect who for years had been tearing down the picturesque old houses to put up apartment buildings. But now he was celebrating the start of a good long vacation. In the building trades, he explained, wages had been raised and raised until he could no longer put up a building, even at cost.

"And I have a few thousand rubles left; so I am going to live on that till it's gone," he said contentedly. "If it's gone before Russia returns to life—well, so much the worse for me. But my life is a small thing, after all. Meantime, how do you drink your tea? Clear, or with a little milk? I'm sorry there is no sugar."

The workmen seemed equally unperturbed.

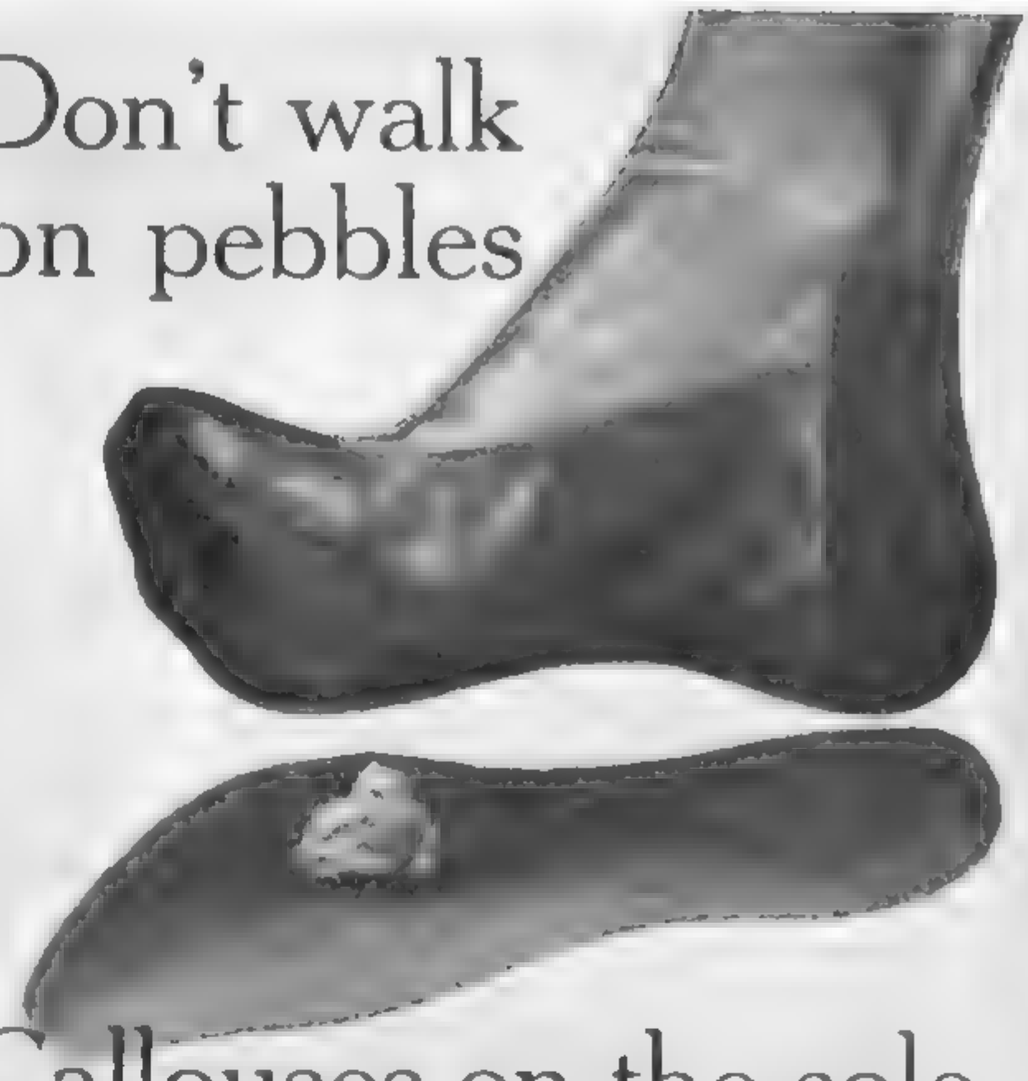
"Why should we worry," one of them said, "when we have everything in our hands? We work and get paid decently now. We stop work if we like and hold a meeting to talk about government questions. Perhaps we find that the prices of food have been raised again in the last few days. All right! Then we strike again; and so our wages are raised too. Or perhaps the boss is ugly and will not give us what we ask. All right again! We all go home and stay till we have used up our savings. Then we take his factory; and so the work goes on as before. The trouble with the mind of the boss is that he thinks he is needed here."

So the men watched over the factories with the loving care of future owners. The textile manufacturer who praised his men for guarding his mills perhaps did not understand them as well as he believed he did. Or perhaps he understood quite well, but did not care to confide his woes to American correspondents. He was a subtle gentleman. I met another employer, however, who was an American, and he was far from subtle; in fact, he fairly stuttered with rage as he smote the document in his hand containing the latest demands of his men. He pointed to Article Nine, which read somewhat as follows:

"And meantime the owner shall not sell or lease his factory, which is soon to be ours."

This plan of common ownership may soon be tried throughout the land, for the Bolsheviki propose to take over all "socialized industries." The railroads and the tram lines are already government-owned, as a rule; and the Bolsheviki propose to seize the larger mills and factories, as well as the coal and iron mines; and perhaps the oil fields too. But they are not all agreed as to the new form of ownership. Many are jealous of trusting even a government of their own with such enormous powers. For the Slavs are not like the Germans. By instinct they are opposed to any strong

Don't walk on pebbles



Callouses on the sole

of the foot are due to pressure, caused by the lowering of one or more of the metatarsal bones just back of the toes. Remove this pressure and the pain stops. Gradually the callous will disappear.

Most other foot troubles are also due to misplaced bones. Fallen arches cause pains in the instep, ankle, calves, thighs, and sometimes in the back.

Run-over shoe heels are caused by misalignment of heel and ankle bones, which lead to fallen arches.

The correction of these troubles is very simple—merely support the misplaced bones in normal position with a

Wizard

Callous Remover
Arch Builder *Heel Leveler*

These simple devices are made of soft, flexible leather, which you can wear in your shoe with perfect comfort.

Each device has overlapping pockets beneath the sole, into which inserts are placed. These form a support of any desired height and location needed to restore the misplaced bone to normal position. The moment the correct adjustment is made the pressure or strain is relieved, and the pain disappears. Wizards contain no metal. Unlike other devices, They require no breaking-in.

Don't suffer with foot troubles. Go to your dealer and let him give you relief.

Shoe dealers who sell Wizards

usually make a specialty of relieving foot troubles. They have studied the Wizard system of relieving foot troubles, which includes a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the foot. This knowledge also enables them to give you better service in properly fitting shoes. It will pay you to patronize a store where such service is rendered.

"Orthopraxy of the Foot" is a simple treatise on foot troubles. Write for free copy today.

Wizard Foot Appliance Co.
1644 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Callous Remover
raises lowered bones to normal position. Relief is

Arch Builder
No metal.
Soft, flexible, featherweight. Inserts in pockets permit instant

Heel Leveler
straight.

HOME OFFICE RECORD

NAME Anderson, H. C.

AGE 25

SALARY $47.00 per week

EARNINGS $400.00 per month (with commissions)

BIGGEST DAY $72.00

REMARKS: No previous experience. Began in spare time among neighbors. Gets 95% renewals each year. Business growing steadily. Average time getting an order--10 minutes.

Mr. Anderson's record tells its own story. He is one of the many big, successful Curtis salesmen whose stories you have often seen if you are a regular reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

If you have never written us for details of the plan that makes possible the profitable investment of a spare ten minutes now and then or big pay like Anderson's for the full day—now is the time to drop us a line.

We Know There's Money in It for You

Address Your Inquiry

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

241 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa.

Get Genuine Solid Mahogany

By insisting upon solid wood the purchaser is sure of getting a good and lasting piece of furniture. Solid wood cannot blister or peel off. A profitable suggestion is never to accept a substitute wood or an imitation wood. It may seem cheaper than the real wood to start with, but costs dearer in the long run.

hesitate beware

Goblin SOAP

Works Wonders

Large Cake

10 full size Cakes in individual Carton

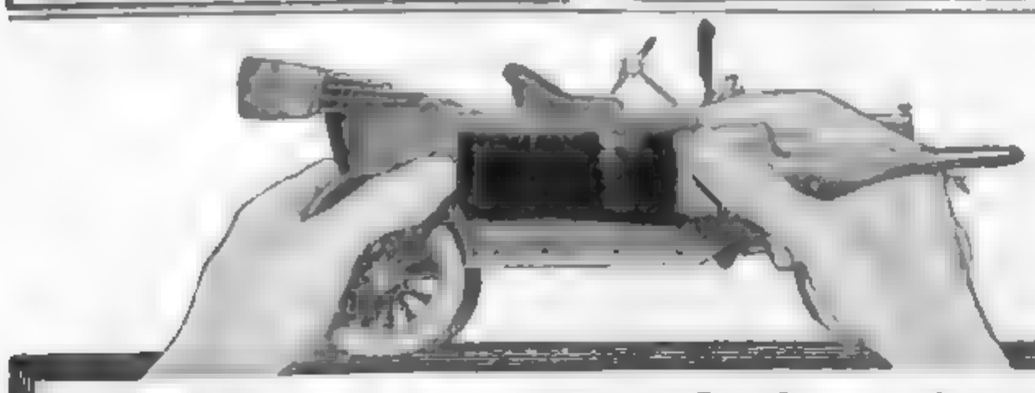
5¢

for toilet and bath

Easily and thoroughly removes obstinate dirt, stains, grease and grime.

Leaves a feeling of thorough refreshing cleanliness.

Sold by dealers everywhere



Paint Your Ford for $1.25

Think of it—only one cost of Glidden Auto Finish and you have a new looking car. You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again. You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction. Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $1.25 (Canadian Imperial Quart $1 50) for 1 quart of Auto Finish Black to—THE GLIDDEN CO., 1523 Berea Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Canadian Address, Toronto, Ontario.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

centralized government, and take rather to the idea that the industries should be owned and run coöperatively, by the workers themselves.

In the last ten years in Russia a coöperative movement has sprung up and has grown so rapidly that it includes already over twelve million members, organized in tens of thousands of local societies, large and small. Most of these, as yet, are unions of consumers for the purpose of purchasing goods; but a beginning has been made in coöperative production—especially in dairy work. These organizations form to-day one of the main constructive forces working throughout Russia underneath the turmoil.

As a rule, they have little sympathy for the Bolsheviki; for, though their goal is similar, they feel the road to it is long. They believe in steadily working on, increasing their societies and reaching out all over the land, and so at last attaining the coöperative commonwealth, where all industries will be owned and run by the people as joint partners. As yet, they have worked in silence. There has been little mention of them in the news; for their work does not make sensational headlines. Later, however, their voices will be heard.

Meantime the Bolsheviki may soon seize the factories, mills and mines, and run them—like their armies—on a committee basis. How Russia can stand more committees it is a little hard to tell. In the first chaotic months attending such a radical change, with the resulting dearth of food and other great necessities, can the Bolsheviki hold their workingmen supporters in line? It must not be forgotten that among the workers everywhere are many who are sick of disorders; men who want good wages, steady jobs and a peaceable life. Though they favored the first revolution, they have been against the excesses that followed. As yet, they have not dared to speak out.

I talked with one on a crowded train going into Moscow one Sunday night. On the two bare wooden benches of our double seat, besides my interpreter and myself, were a mother and her daughter, and a little hunchbacked student; and there were also a workingman and his wife and three small children. They had been out spending Sunday with his parents in a village. His wife was also of peasant stock, a handsome healthy young woman who never took her smiling eyes off her brood—except once, when she devoutly and rapidly made the sign of the cross, as the train passed a graveyard.

"We go back to the village every Sunday," the man explained. "In Moscow I am working in a munitions factory. There, when the revolution began, all the fellows got together and said: 'Now we must show what work we can do to help the great revolution make our new free Russia safe from the German Kaiser!' We went round ourselves and took stock, to see how much we had produced; and we tried to turn out more to help our comrades at the Front. But then came the Bolsheviki, and they have been with us ever since.

"There are only a few of those fellows; but they have tin-plated throats. They never get tired of talking; and yet they don't know what they want. They say we must tear everything down; but what to build up they do not know. Still, they keep talking right along, and nobody dares to get up and talk back. When one of our fellows spoke for the war that night they shot him down on the street. And, after that, what can we do? You see my wife and little kids? Can I afford to take a chance on being shot and leaving them when Russia is in such a state? So men like me keep our mouths shut. In our factory the output has kept going down and down, while our wages still go up.

"That's fine, of course. I am getting thirteen rubles a day, but I would be willing to give up some to save the revolution. For what is ahead of us we don't know. The price of food keeps rising. It's hard for my wife to buy at all." His lean, kindly face had grown anxious. But then he said with a sudden smile: "It's good to get out of all that talk and go back to my village, where my brother Ivan is really working—in the woods and on the fields. For such real work makes a fellow believe again in our Russian life. Those others are not Russians. What we need is a government with a strong hand."

How many workers in Russia to-day feel like that fellow on the train? I wish I could talk to him to-night and find out whether he has changed. But, whether he has changed or not, that Sunday visit of his to the village is mighty important to Russia in these days. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen still own little plots of family land back in the villages where they were born. All summer they visit their villages; and in winter, when work on the land is slack, the peasants go into the towns.

So the workingman talks to his Brother Ivan. And whether or not the workers are to continue to support the Bolshevik Government depends in a very large degree upon whether this same government can so reorganize the industries as to produce the necessities Brother Ivan is demanding. To give him more land will do him no good unless he can be given, too, the tools he needs to till the soil. These tools he must have before next spring; for his present equipment is so worn out that unless it is replenished he cannot do the work next year which is needed if Russia is not to starve.

And so all the problems in Russia to-day lead sooner or later back to the peasants. They form nine-tenths of the people there. And, until the peasant is satisfied, nothing is settled; nothing is sure.

Sense and Nonsense

A Lovely Time Was Had

GEORGE ADE, a member of the Indiana Council of Defense, at a recent meeting of the editors of the state with the council, was compelled to apologize for the absence of George Creel, the guest of honor, who was detained by snow-bound trains. Ade's apology was the following story:

"A colored cook," said Ade, "who was going to a wedding, was provided with a lot of discarded finery to wear on the occasion. The next morning she related, with much gusto, the happy time she had.

"'The bride wus jes' lovely in her white gown and slippahs,' she told her mistress.

"'How were the bridesmaids dressed?' the mistress asked.

"'Jes' lovely! Dresses as white as de snow!'

"'How was the groom dressed?'

"The cook fairly shook with laughter.

"'Do you know, missus, dat pore niggah never did show up!'"

Where He Was Eating

WHEN James E. Watson, United States Senator from Indiana, was on a campaign tour in the South, he spoke in a little town and later was escorted to the only restaurant in the village for dinner. The proprietor had but one kind of meat to offer the embarrassed entertainment committee—pickled pig jowls.

"This reminds me," said the chairman of the committee, "of a happening in my own town recently. After a severe storm, which blew down considerable fencing on my farm, I met an old negro who had once worked for me. I asked him to go out and repair the fence.

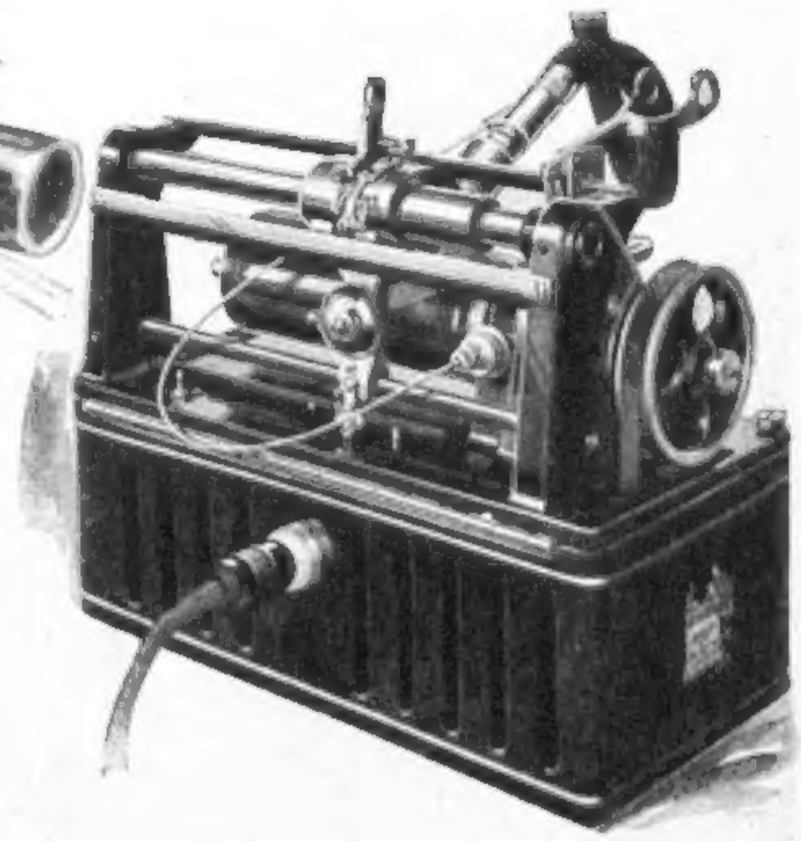
"'No particular hurry,' I told him; 'but we are going to butcher on Tuesday, and if you can be there on that day we'll give you the pig jowls.'

"'Mistah Chawles,' said Mose, with an apologetic look on his face, 'Ah suttinly will he'p yo'-all wid dat work; but since Ah's got muh pension Ise eatin' a little furder back on de hawg!'"

Domestic Duties

HAROLD, the only son of a wealthy widowed mother, was selectively drafted and duly arrived at the camp where he was to receive instruction in the manly art of warfare. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he was detailed to what is known as K. P. Duty. In this he became quite proficient, however, as the following quotation from his letter shows:

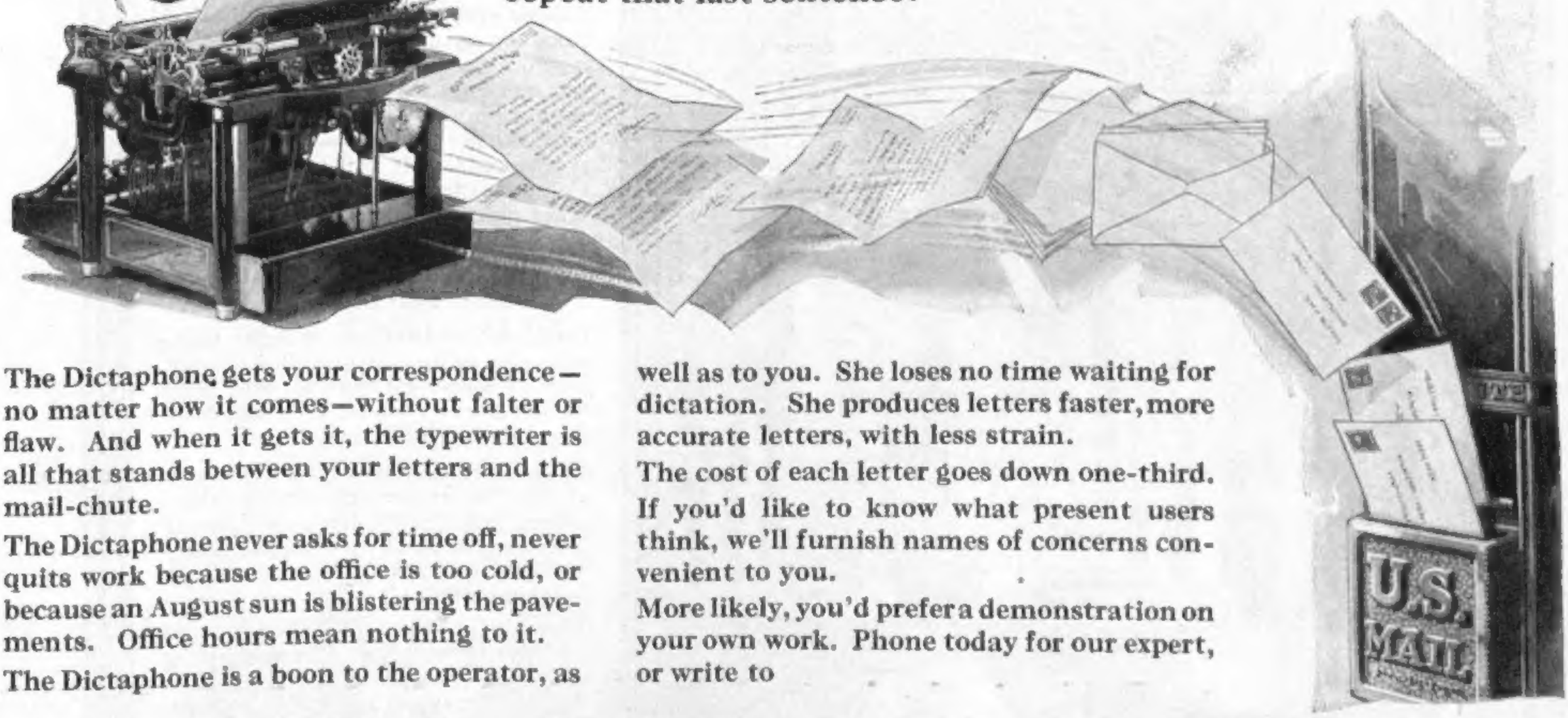
Dear Mother: I put in this entire day washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds and peeling potatoes. When I get home from this camp I'll make some girl a mighty fine wife!



The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute

It is The Dictaphone route. The Dictaphone has none of the human frailties. It cares not whether you're a driver or an easy boss; whether you hit a 200-word-a-minute clip or squeeze out your letters drop by drop.

It never says, "Please wait, you're going too fast"; or, "Will you repeat that last sentence?"



The Dictaphone gets your correspondence—no matter how it comes—without falter or flaw. And when it gets it, the typewriter is all that stands between your letters and the mail-chute.

The Dictaphone never asks for time off, never quits work because the office is too cold, or because an August sun is blistering the pavements. Office hours mean nothing to it.

The Dictaphone is a boon to the operator, as well as to you. She loses no time waiting for dictation. She produces letters faster, more accurate letters, with less strain.

The cost of each letter goes down one-third.

If you'd like to know what present users think, we'll furnish names of concerns convenient to you.

More likely, you'd prefer a demonstration on your own work. Phone today for our expert, or write to

THE DICTAPHONE

REGISTERED IN U. S. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Dept. 113-A, Woolworth Building, New York City

Albany	Arkay Bldg.	Cleveland	1375 Euclid Ave.	Los Angeles	745 S. Broadway	New York	55 Warren St.
Atlanta	63 N. Pryor St.	Columbus, Ohio	71 E. State St.	Louisville	403 South 4th St.	Omaha	1514 Howard St.
Baltimore	111 W. German St.	Dallas	1011 Elm St.	Milwaukee	601 Caswell Block	Philadelphia	210 N. Broad St.
Birmingham	American Trust Bldg.	Denver	1608 Glen Arm St.	Minneapolis	412 Nicollet Ave.	Pittsburgh	910 Bessemer Bldg.
Boston	137 Federal St.	Detroit	401 Woodward Ave.	Montreal	703 Shaughnessy Bldg.	Portland, Me.	43 Exchange St.
Buffalo	622 Main St.	Flint, Mich.	210 Walsh Block	New Haven	110 Meadow St.	Portland, Ore.	429 Washington St.
Chicago	812 N. American Bldg.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	130 Ottawa Ave., N.W.	New Orleans	517 Canal St.	Rochester	23 Clinton Ave., S.
Cincinnati	117 W. 4th Ave.	Indianapolis	44 N. Penn St.	Newark	910 Ordway Bldg.	Salt Lake City	221 S. W. Temple
		Kansas City	1017 McGee St.			San Francisco	334 Sutter St.

Seattle	309 Maritime Bldg.	Springfield	289 Main St.
Spokane	818 Sprague Ave.	St. Louis	1127 Pine St.
Springfield	289 Main St.	St. Paul	137 Endicott Arcade
St. Louis	1127 Pine St.	Toledo	628 Spitzer Bldg.
St. Paul	137 Endicott Arcade	Toronto	201 Stair Bldg.
Toledo	628 Spitzer Bldg.	Washington	1210 G St., N. W.
Toronto	201 Stair Bldg.		
Washington	1210 G St., N. W.		

Write for booklet "The Man at the Desk"

It is not a Dictaphone unless it is trade-marked "THE DICTAPHONE"

Food will win the war. Don't waste it.

Brascolite

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

One instance of Brascolite adaptability to a wide range of uses

The Light for Every Purpose

The use of an edifice, its effect, its beauty, depend at last on lighting. Brascolite has proved its superiority and earned its place by service—in churches, auditoriums, libraries, state capitols, public, commercial, and private buildings of every description.

A light for every purpose, a soft, clear, serviceable light, spread to the utmost area in even intensity—Brascolite has stood the test of universal usage because it achieves a high combination of scientific efficiency with economy. The science of optics underlies a positive and exact science of illumination expressed in Brascolite. It embodies the principles of reflection and diffusion as no other light does to the same degree.

It is better to let electricity wear the eye-glasses than have to wear them yourself

Uniform distribution of light units means no waste—putting all of the current to work—getting the most light for the money. Brascolite's month-to-month bills tell the story.

Efficiency to a higher degree than possible in other fixtures is insured by Brascolite's proper lamp ventilation, giving long lamp life, and by its easy-cleaning feature—both strong factors in Brascolite economy.

There is a Brascolite dealer in your community who is at all times willing to install a specimen to prove its claims. Write us for expert calculation and specific information of your lighting needs. Also we will send you a portfolio showing photographic reproductions of a variety of successful installations.

LUMINOUS UNIT CO., St. Louis, U. S. A.
New York, 30 Church St. Boston, Old South Bldg.
Chicago, 19 S. Fifth Ave. San Francisco, 132 Lick Bldg
Philadelphia, 1007 Land Title Bldg.
Canadian Distributors: Northern Electric Co., Ltd.

The Symbol of Safety

UNION **Lee** MADE

Union-Alls

TRADE MARK REG.

DANGER stalks perpetually and efficiency is handicapped in industrial plants where men are carelessly clothed. Statistics compiled by the National Safety Council show the terrible menace of loose ends, flapping jacket tails, broken suspenders, lost buttons, etc. **LEE UNION-ALLS**—not more expensive than old-fashioned work clothing—protect the wearer because loose ends are impossible and superfluous, unsanitary garments are done away with. Moreover, the suit binds the body nowhere, gives maximum ease, comfort and freedom to the muscles and keeps out dust and dirt. Efficiency engineers everywhere are recommending

LEE UNION-ALLS

enthusiastically.

THE H.D.LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY

KANSAS CITY, MO., KANSAS CITY, KAS., SALINA, KAS., SOUTH BEND, IND., TRENTON, N.J.

A Little
Old Dutch

Works Wonders

in the

Kitchen